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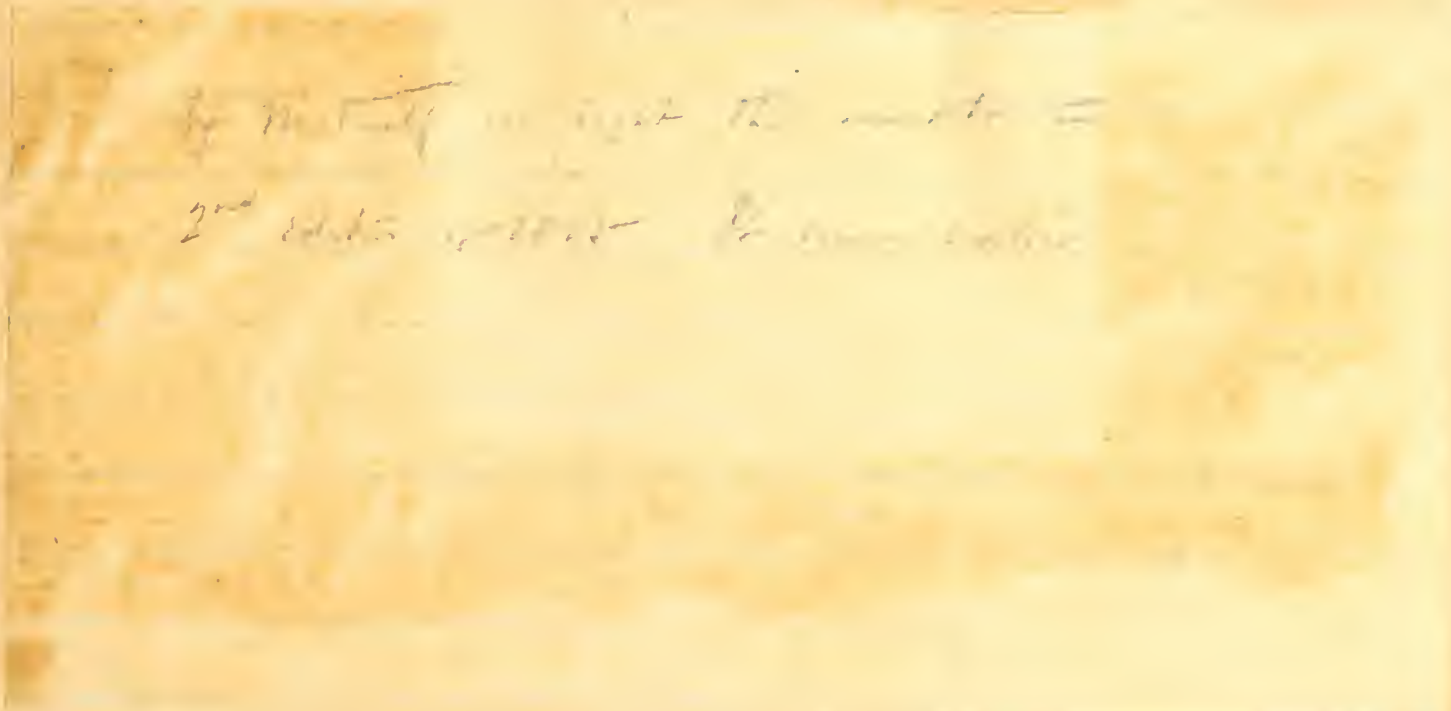
Sacred Musick for the Use of the First Church in Boston.
J. T. Buckingham: Boston, 1815.



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THE

FIRST CHURCH COLLECTION

OF

Sacred Musick.

..... Look, how the floor of heaven
Is thick inlaid with patens of bright gold ;
There's not the smallest orb, which thou behold'st,
But in his motion like an angel sings,
Still quiring to the young-eyed cherubim :
Such harmony is in immortal souls !....SHAKESPEARE.

SECOND EDITION.

Printed at Boston,

Boston, Mass
LIBRARY OF PRINCETON THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY
SEP 29 1932

PREFACE.

PRAISE is the pureſt kind of devotion, and the nobleſt work of an intelligent being: never do mortals more nearly reſemble the angels of light, than when celebrating the perfections of God.

The muſical powers of man are the happieſt means of this ſpiritual ſervice, and conſequently demand the labour of thought and cultivation.

The principles of harmony, like thoſe of every ſcience, exiſt in the human conſtitution; but it is the province of induſtry and art to develop and arrange them.

In the knowledge and practice of ſacred muſick, as might juſtly be expected, the pſalmodiſts of the elder continent are vaſtly ſuperiour to thoſe of America. But is this fact a ſufficient reaſon for the total diſuſe of American muſick? As well might our profeſſors content themſelves with reading German lectures, and our clergy with preaching Engliſh ſermons, becauſe they are excelled in learning and eloquence by the ſchoolmen and divines of Europe. Eaſily and rapidly to attain maturity of character belongs neither to plants, men, nor nations. You may attempt with equal ſucceſs to give the tyro a reliſh of Addiſon's ſtyle, as to enchant his unpractiſed ear with the ſtrains of PURCELL. The mighty oak is truly a grander object than the tiny acorn; but unleſs this had been planted, that had never adorned the mountain's ſide. The celebrated HANDEL is ſaid to be indebted to CORELLI for the elements, by which he breathes ſuch energy and ſenſibility, and which give to his performances ſuch inimitable expreſſion. If then there had been no CORELLI, there poſſibly had been no HANDEL; and if no HANDEL, the melodies of HAYDN, MADAN, and ARNOLD, never probably would have

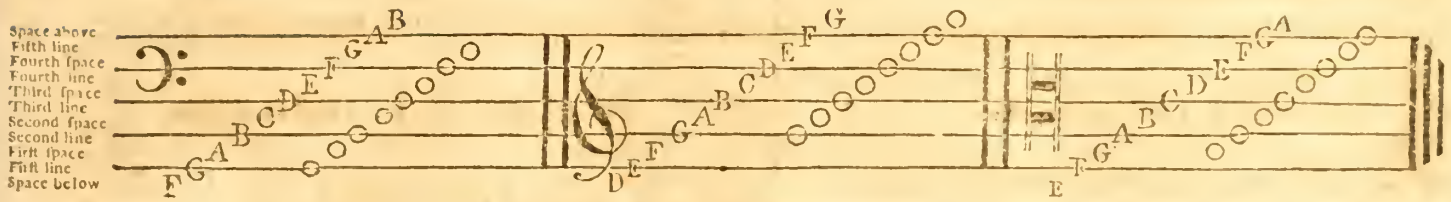
charmed the lovers of holy ſong. Inſtead therefore of ridiculing the productions of our age and country, and indiſcriminately condemning to oblivion the incipient efforts of the American compoſer, let us, while we reject his worſt, commend his beſt ; and, by uſing them alternately with the labours of able maſters, form him to a riper judgment and a purer taſte.

If of the domeſtick tunes in this collection, it ſhould be ſaid that we have not ſelected the beſt which our country affords, we can only reply, we are debtors to both the old and the young, the ſkilful and unlearned. In preparations for religious worſhip, as well as in the election of civil and eccleſiaſtical officers, the voice of the many muſt be heard above that of the few, that ſo the harmony of all may be promoted. In the exerciſe therefore of that charity, which teaches us not to pleaſe ourſelves merely, but our chriſtian brethren alſo, with a view to their edification, we humbly commit our endeavours to their uſe, and to the bleſſing of almighty God.

Boſton, Sept. 1806.

Elements of Musick.

GAMUT.



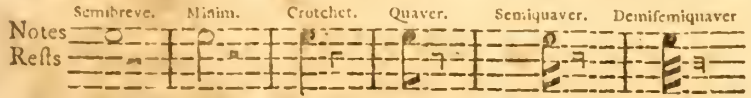
A CLIFF diſtinguiſhes the particular parts of a tune, and governs the order of the muſical letters.

Mi is natural is in B

If B is flat, mi is in	E	If F is ſharp, mi is in	F
If B and E are flat, mi is in	A	If F and C are ſharp mi is in	C
If B, E, and A are flat mi is in	D	If F, C, and G are ſharp, mi is in	G
If B, E, A, & D are flat, mi is in	G	If F, C, G & D are ſharp, mi is in	D

From mi to fa, and from la to fa, are not whole, but half tones. Above mi, ſay, fa, ſol, la, fa, ſol, la: below mi, ſay, la, ſol, fa, la ſol, fa, when you come again to mi.

NAMES and PROPORTIONS of the NOTES and RESTS.



One ſemibreve is equal to two minims, four crotchets, eight quavers, ſixteen ſemiquavers, and thirty two demiſemiquavers.

CHARACTERS EXPLAINED.

Stave — FIVE lines on which muſick is written.

Flat — Governs mi at the beginning of a tune, and before a note ſinks it half a tone.

Sharp — Governs mi alſo at the beginning of a tune, and raiſes a ſucceeding note half a tone.

Natural — Counteracts the effect of the two preceding characters.

Point of Addition Increaſes the length of a note by one half

Point of Diminution Reduces three notes to the time of two.

Brace Connects the parts to be ſung together.

Single bar Divides the time according to its mode.

Double bar, Marks the end of a ſtrain.

Cloſe Marks the end of a tune.

Repeat :S: or Indicates a repetition of part of the tune.

Figures Show that the note under 1 is to be ſung the firſt time, and that under 2 the ſecond.

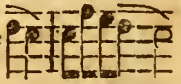
Ledger lines Are added when notes exceed the compaſs of the ſtave.

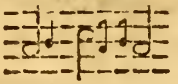
Trill Is deſigned to ſhake the note over which it is placed.

Marks of diſtinction Demand a pointed and emphatical manner.

Hold Prolongs a note at diſcretion.

Chooſing notes Give performers liberty to ſing either or both.

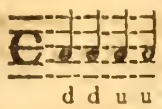
Slur or Tie  Marks the notes to be ſung in one ſyllable.

Apoggituras  Small notes to lead the voice more gracefully into the ſound of the principal note, with which they divide the time.

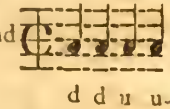
OF TIME.

There are three kinds of time, viz. Common, Triple, and Compound.

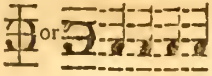
COMMON TIME.

First Mood 

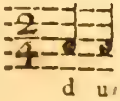
ADAGIO is measured by four crotchets, two down and two up.

Second 

Largo is measured by four crotchets, two down and two up, and marks a quicker movement than the first.

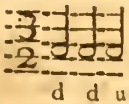
Third 

Allegro also has the same measure, and has one beat down and one up.

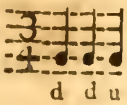
Fourth 

Fills its bar with two crotchets, and requires a quicker movement than the third.

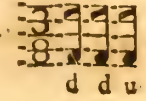
TRIPLE TIME.

First Mood 

Is measured by a pointed semibreve, or three minims, and has three beats, two down and one up.

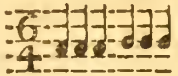
Second 

Is measured by three crotchets, and has three beats, two down and one up.

Third 

Is measured by three quavers, and has three beats, two down and one up.

COMPOUND TIME.

First Mood 

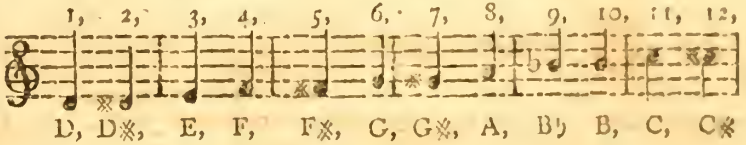
Is measured by six crotchets, and has two beats one down and one up.

Second
Is measured by six quavers, and has two beats, one down and one up.

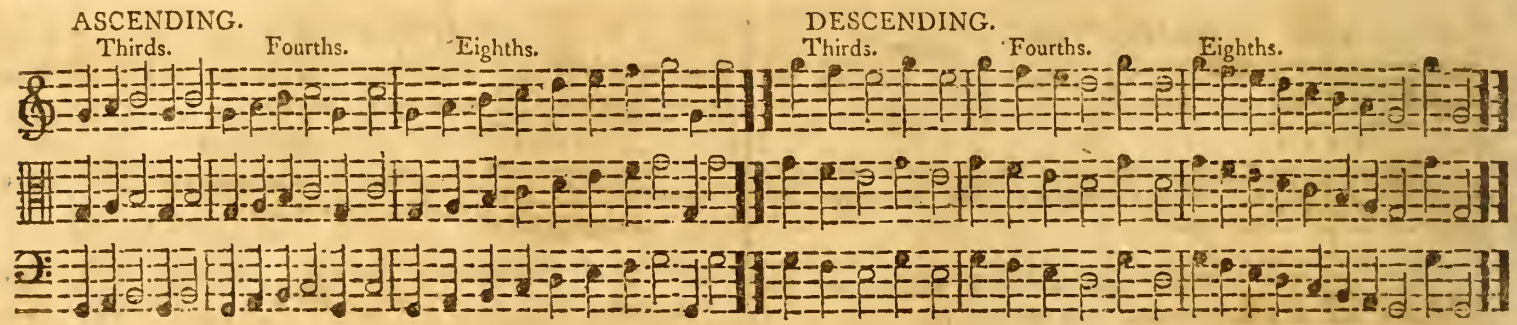
THE KEYS.

There are two keys in musick, the major or sharp key, and the minor or flat key. The last note in the bass is called the key note, and is always next above or below mi; if above, it is a sharp; if below it is a flat key.

SCALE OF SEMITONES.



The letters sharped in this scale, are the same as the letters next above flatted.

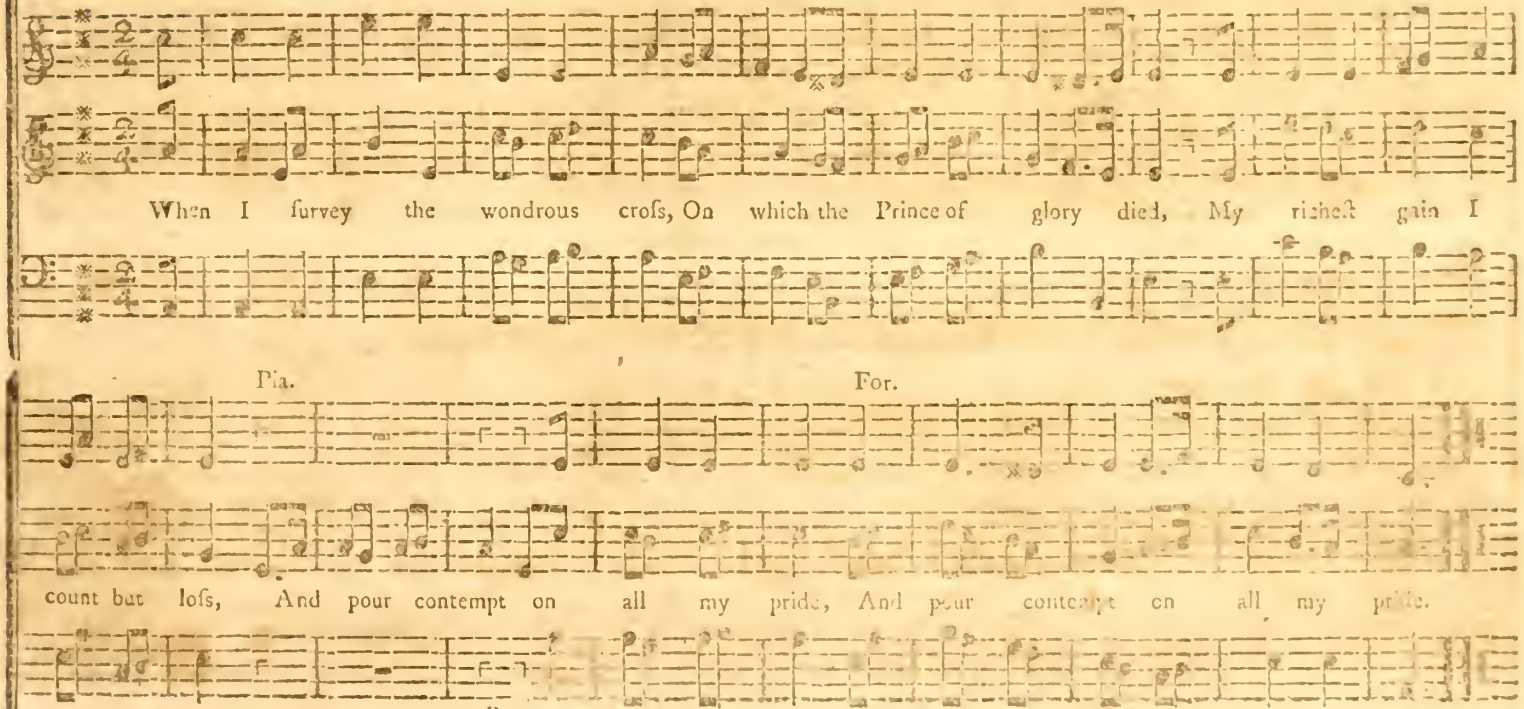


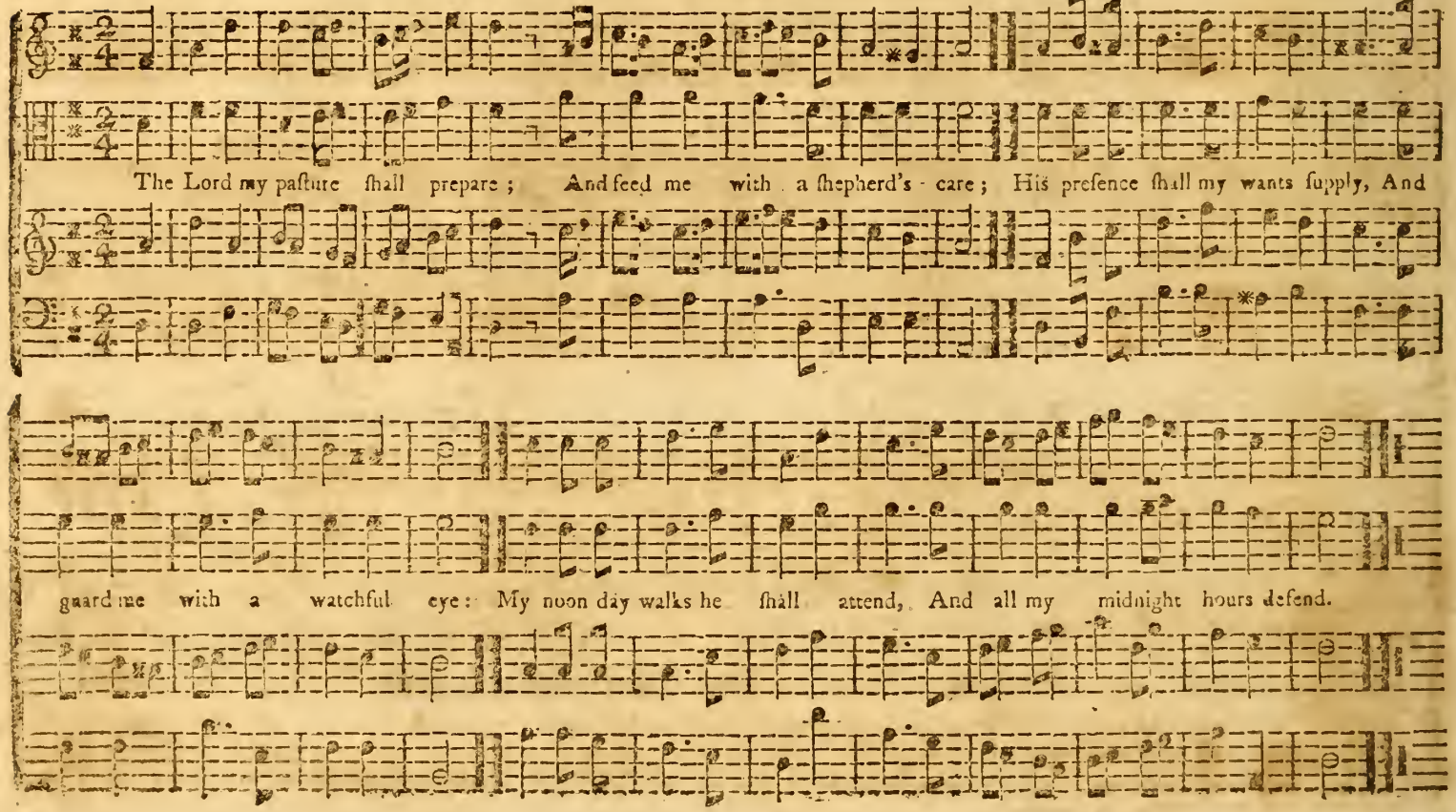
EXPLANATION OF MUSICAL TERMS.

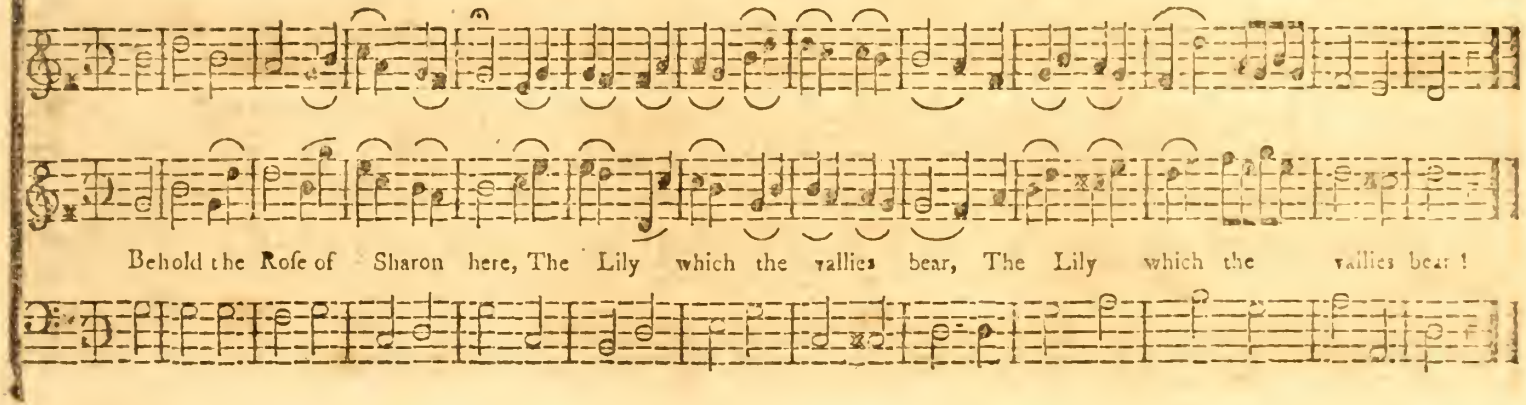
ADAGIO, floweſt mode of time.
Affettuoſo, or *Affettuoſo*, affectionately.
Air, leading part.
Allegro, a briſk movement.
Allegretto, not ſo quick as Allegro.
Andante, not too quick, alſo in a diſtinct manner.
Chora Grandi, Grand Chorus.
Creſcendo, increaſing the ſound.
Da Capo, cloſe with the firſt ſtrain.
Diminuendo, decreaſing the ſound.
Divoto, in a devout manner.
Expreſſivo, expreſſively.
Forte, loud.
Fortiſſimo, very loud.
Fuge, the parts falling in after each other in the ſame notes.
Grave, heavy and ſlow.
Mæſtoſo, with majeſty.
Mezza, or *Mez*, a natural degree of voice between the piano and forte.
Moderato, ſlacken the time.
Piano, ſoft.
Pianiſſimo, very ſoft.
Spiritoſo, or *Spirituoſo*, with ſpirit.
Symphony, or *Sym.* an interlude for inſtruments.
Uniſon, when two or more parts ſound the ſame note of an octave.
Vigoroſo, with energy.
Vivace, lively, quick.
Voluntary, an air played in the church without ſinging.

First Church Collection.

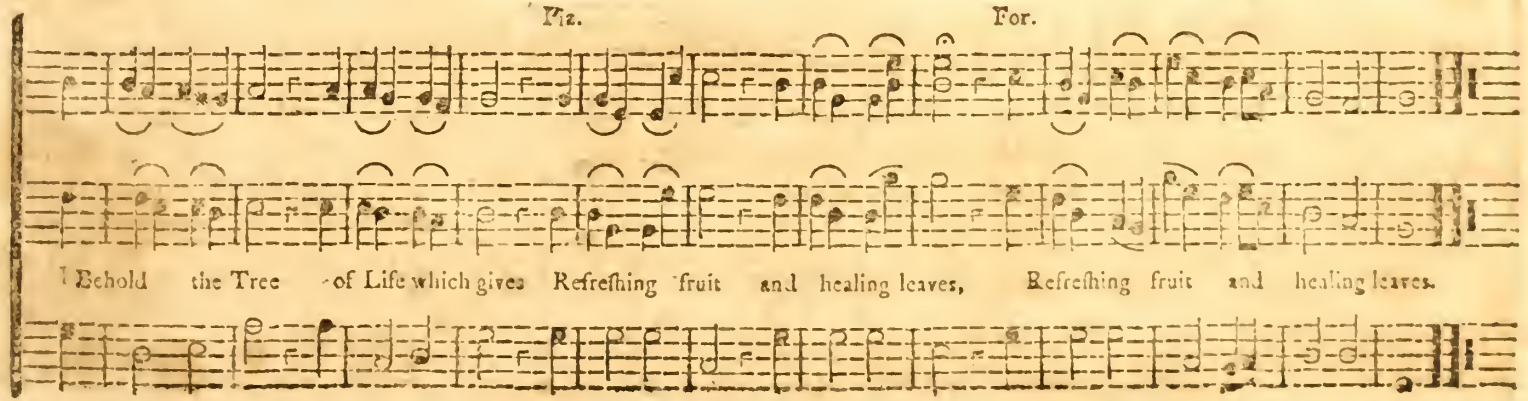
OPORTO. L. M.

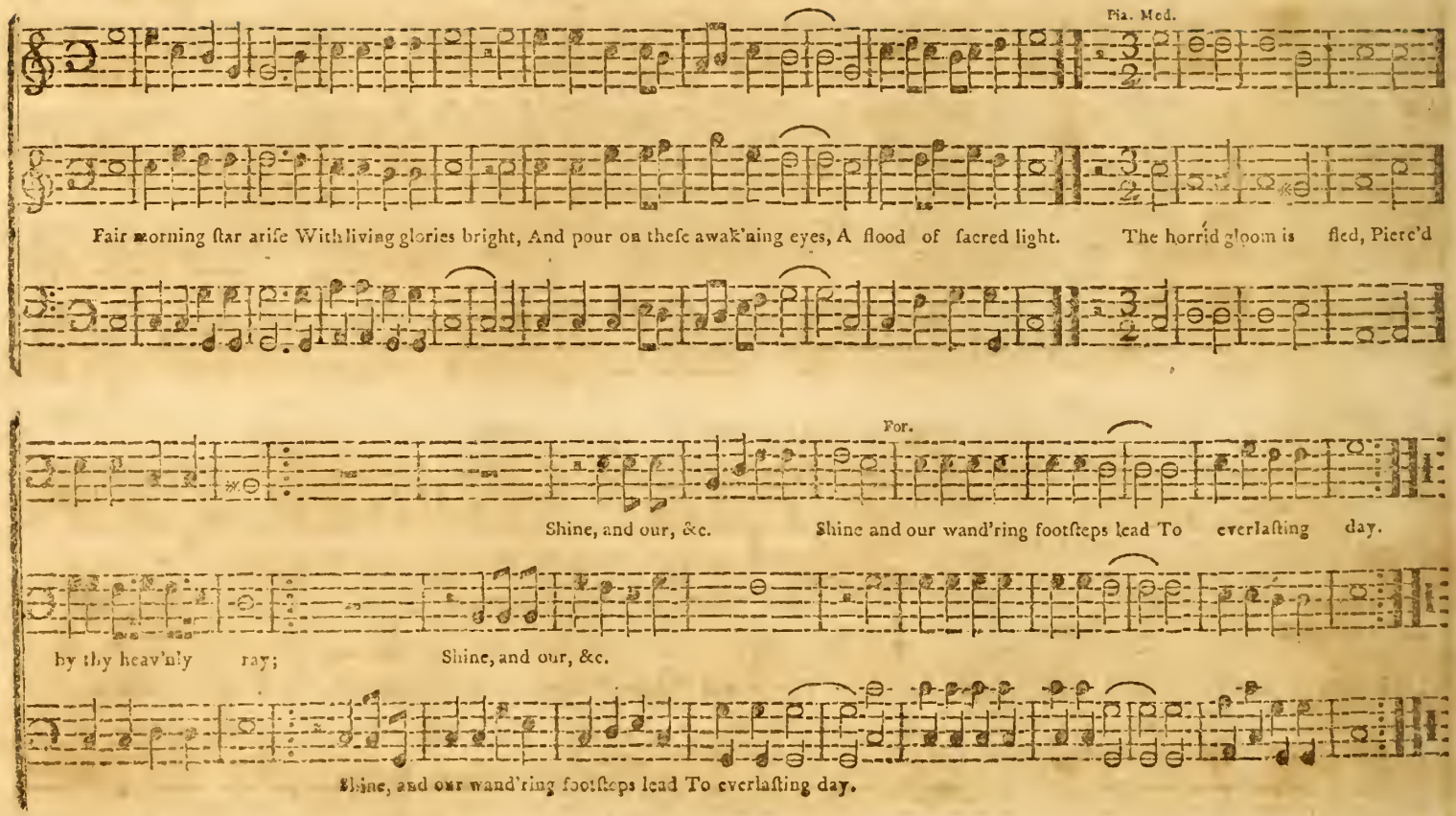


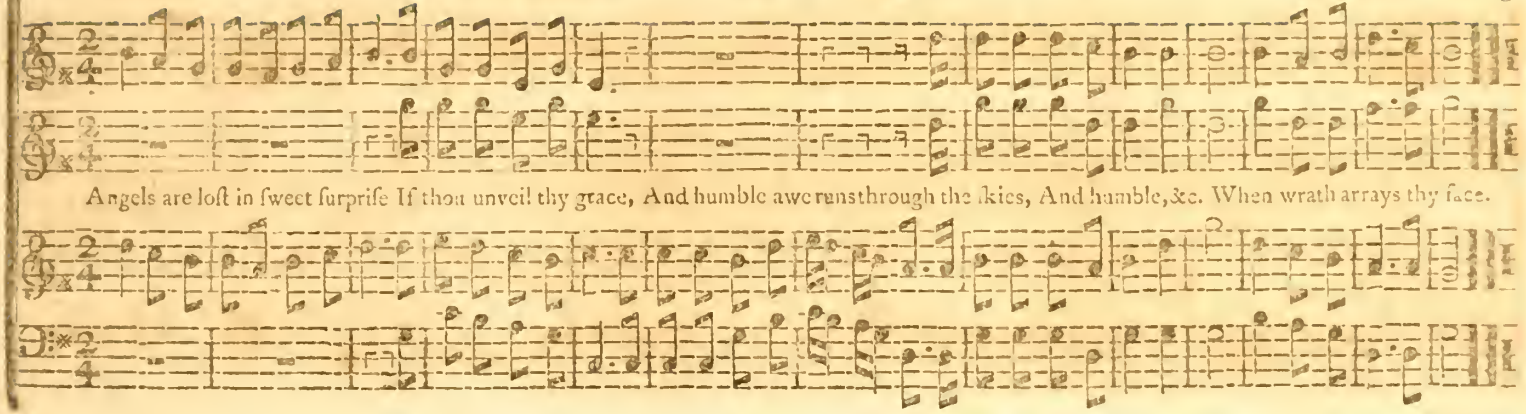

The Lord my paſture ſhall prepare ; And feed me with a ſhepherd's care ; His preſence ſhall my wants ſupply, And
guard me with a watchful eye : My noon day walks he ſhall attend, And all my midnight hours defend.


Behold the Rose of Sharon here, The Lily which the vallies bear, The Lily which the vallies bear!

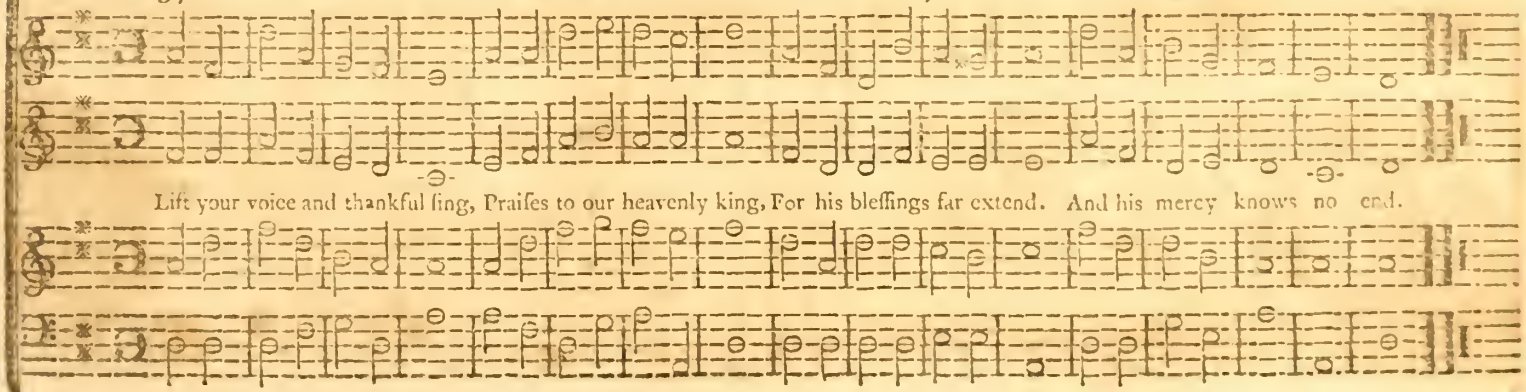
Viz. For.

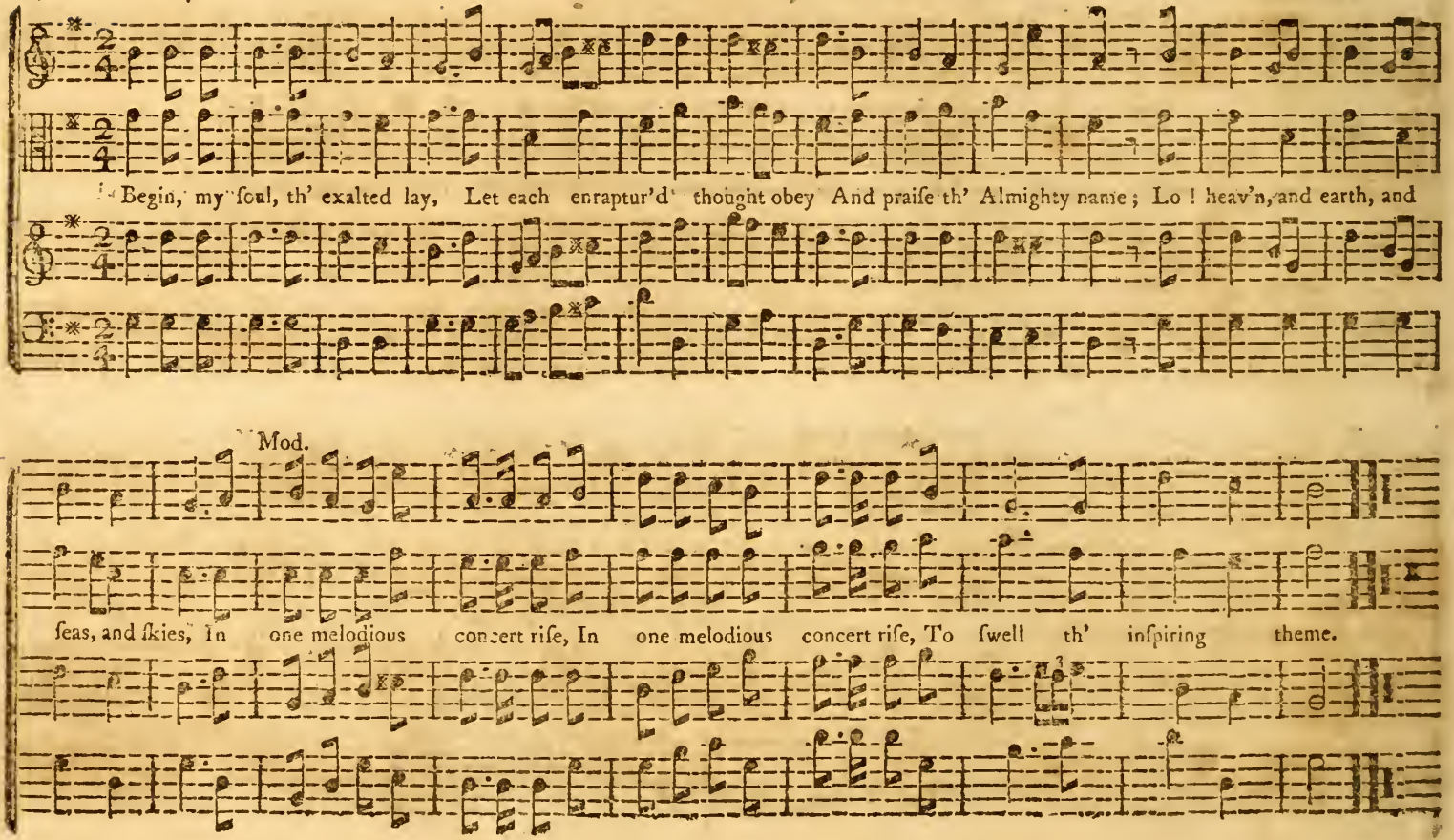

Behold the Tree of Life which gives Refreshing fruit and healing leaves, Refreshing fruit and healing leaves.


Fia. Med.
Fair morning ſtar ariſe With living glories bright, And pour on theſe awak'ning eyes, A flood of ſacred light. The horrid gloom is fled, Pierc'd
For.
Shine, and our, &c. Shine and our wand'ring footſteps lead To everlaſting day.
by thy heav'nly ray; Shine, and our, &c.
Shine, and our wand'ring footſteps lead To everlaſting day.

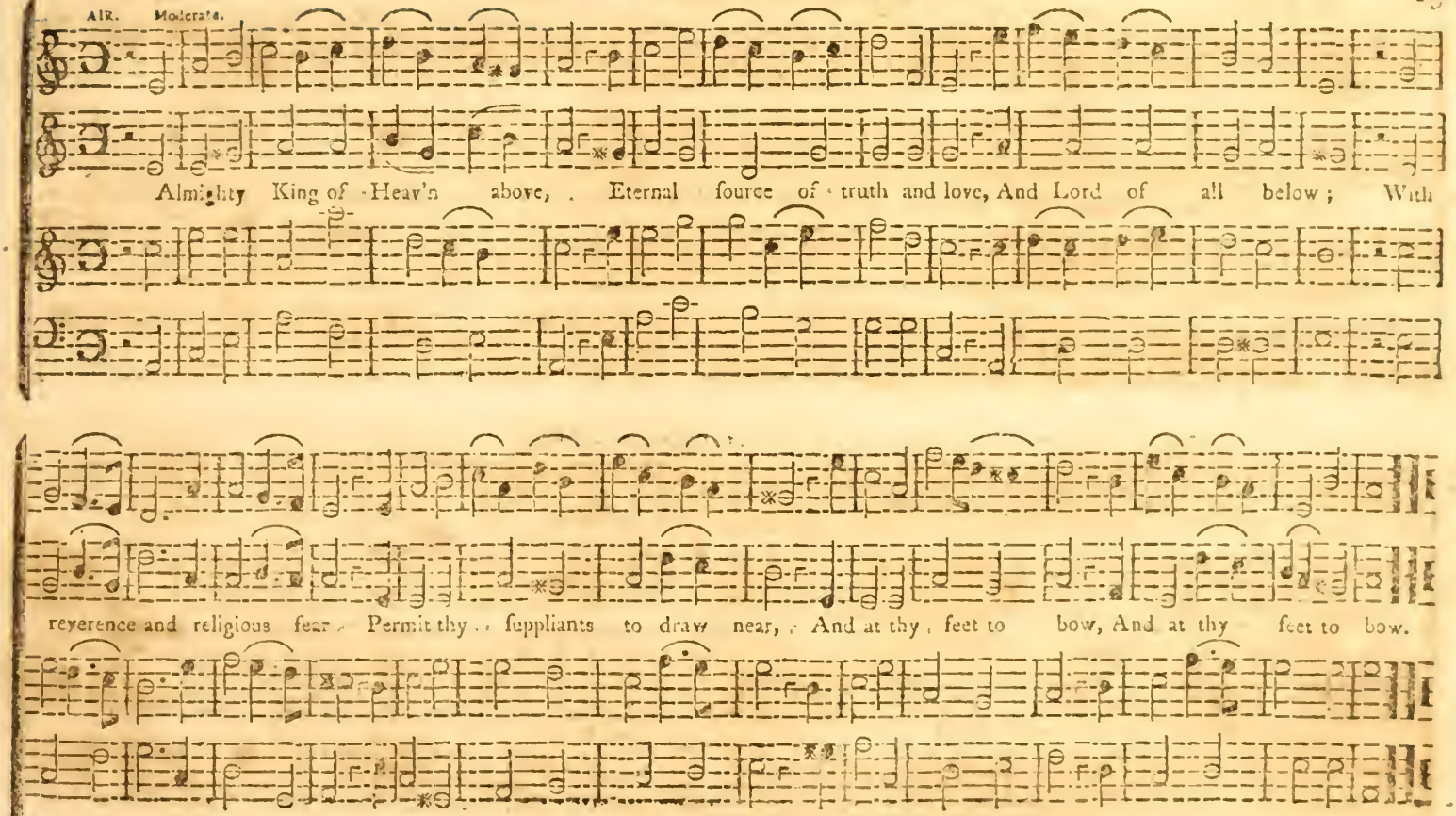


P. 137. LANCASTER. 7s.

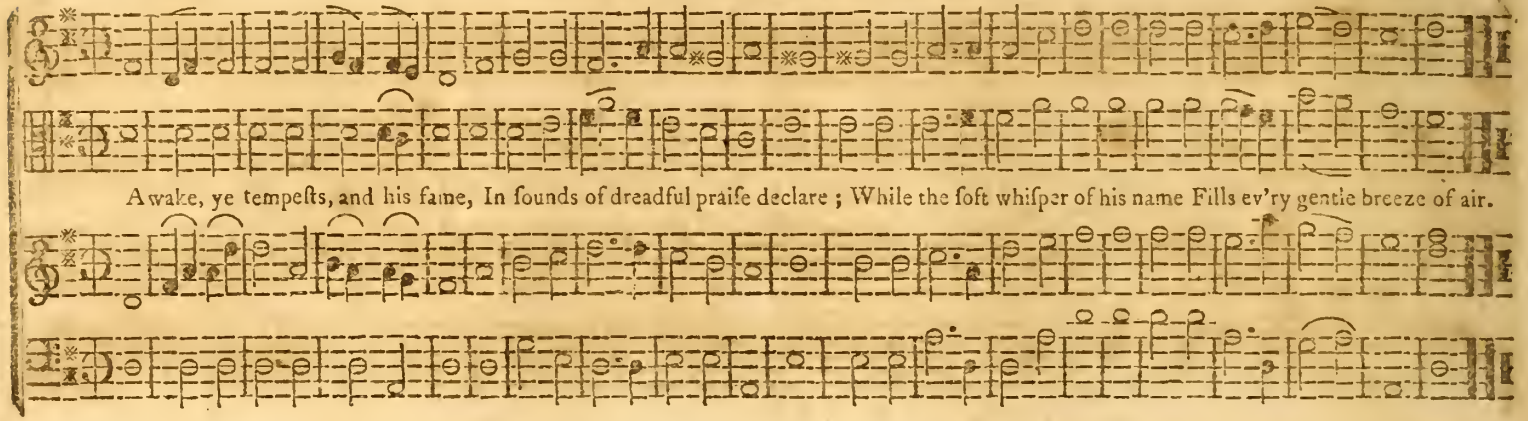



Begin, my ſoul, th' exalted lay, Let each enraptur'd thought obey And praiſe th' Almighty name; Lo! heav'n, and earth, and
Mod.
ſeas, and ſkies, In one melodious concert riſe, In one melodious concert riſe, To ſwell th' inſpiring theme.

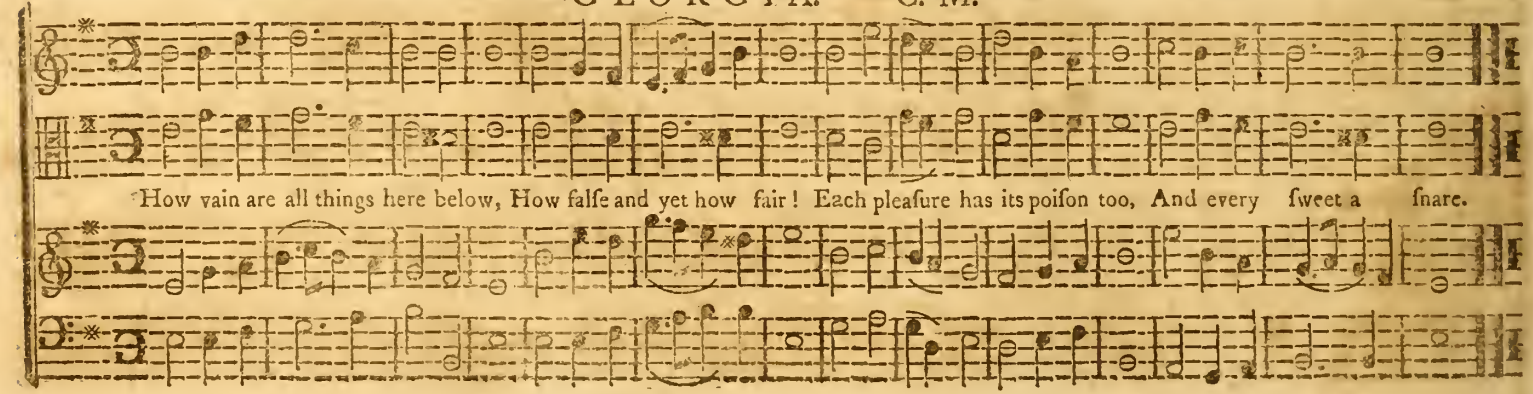
AIR. Moderate.



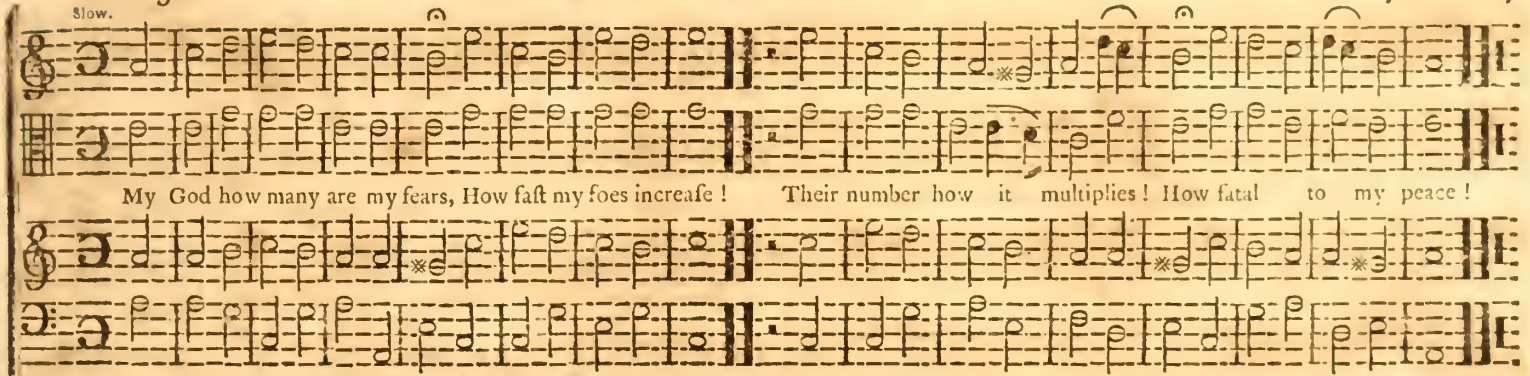
ARNHEIM. L. M. Holyoke.



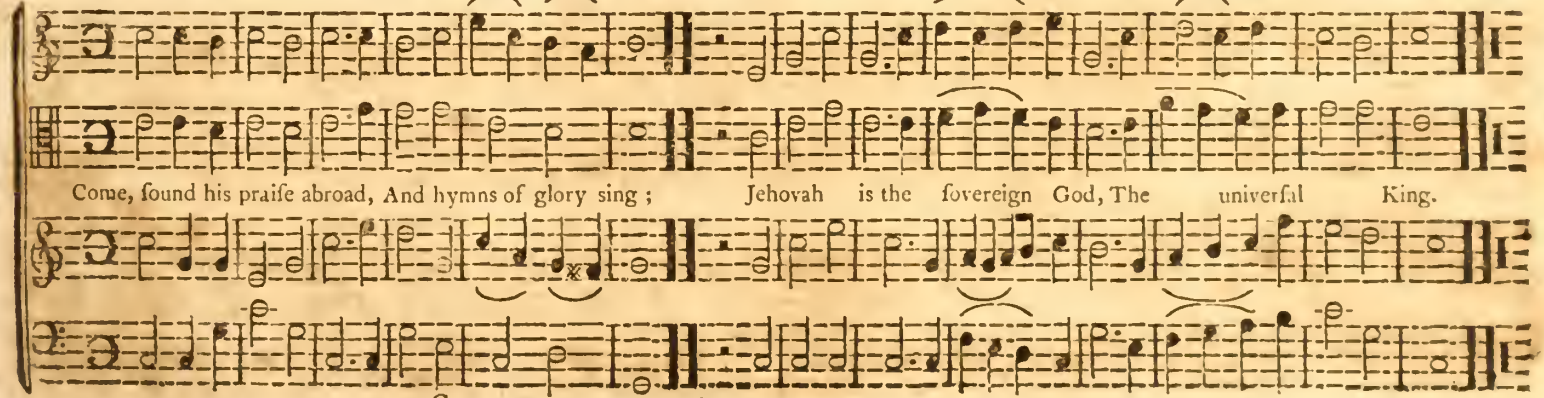
GEORGIA. C. M.

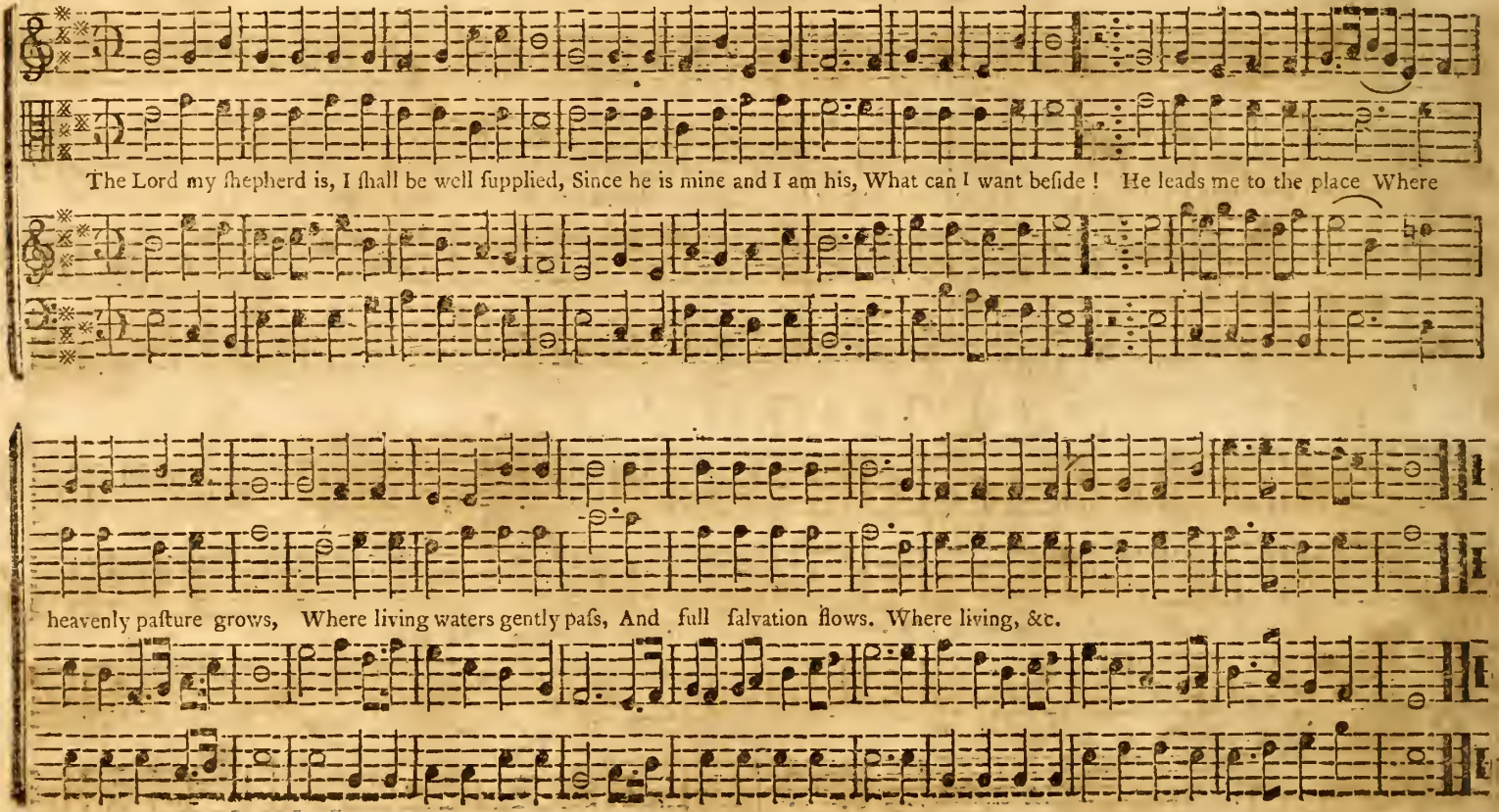


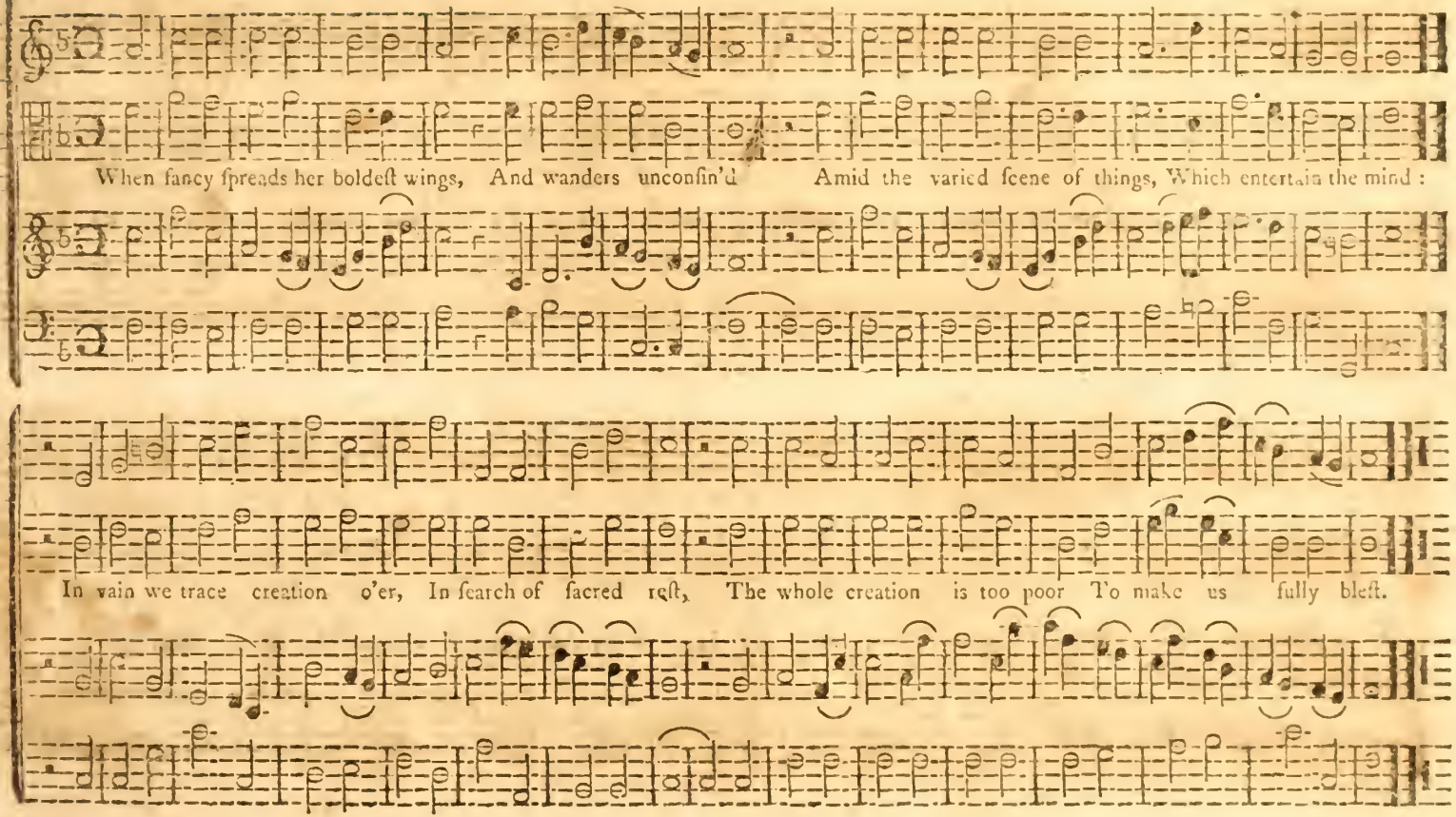
Slow.

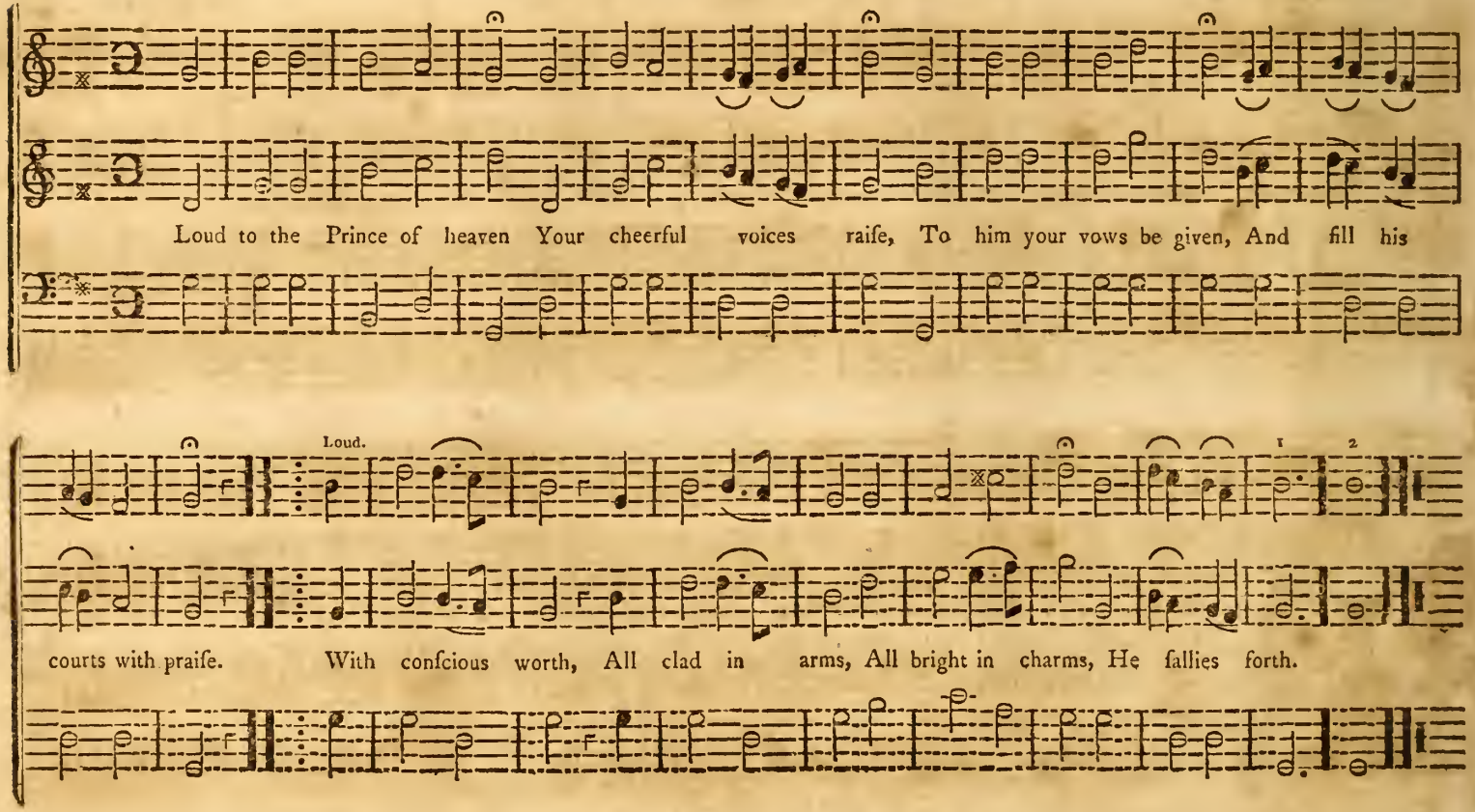


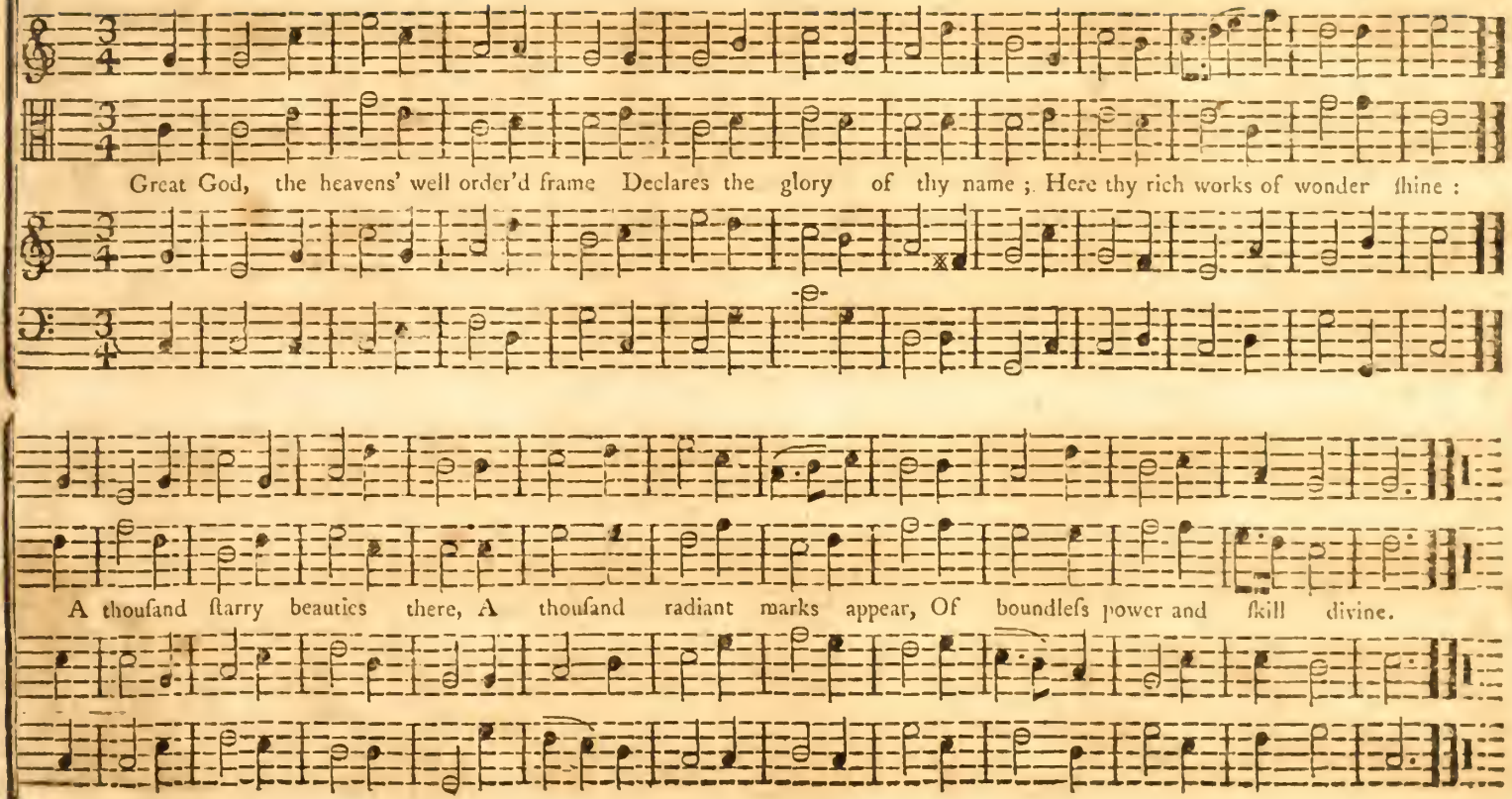
P. 95. SILVER STREET. S. M. Smith.

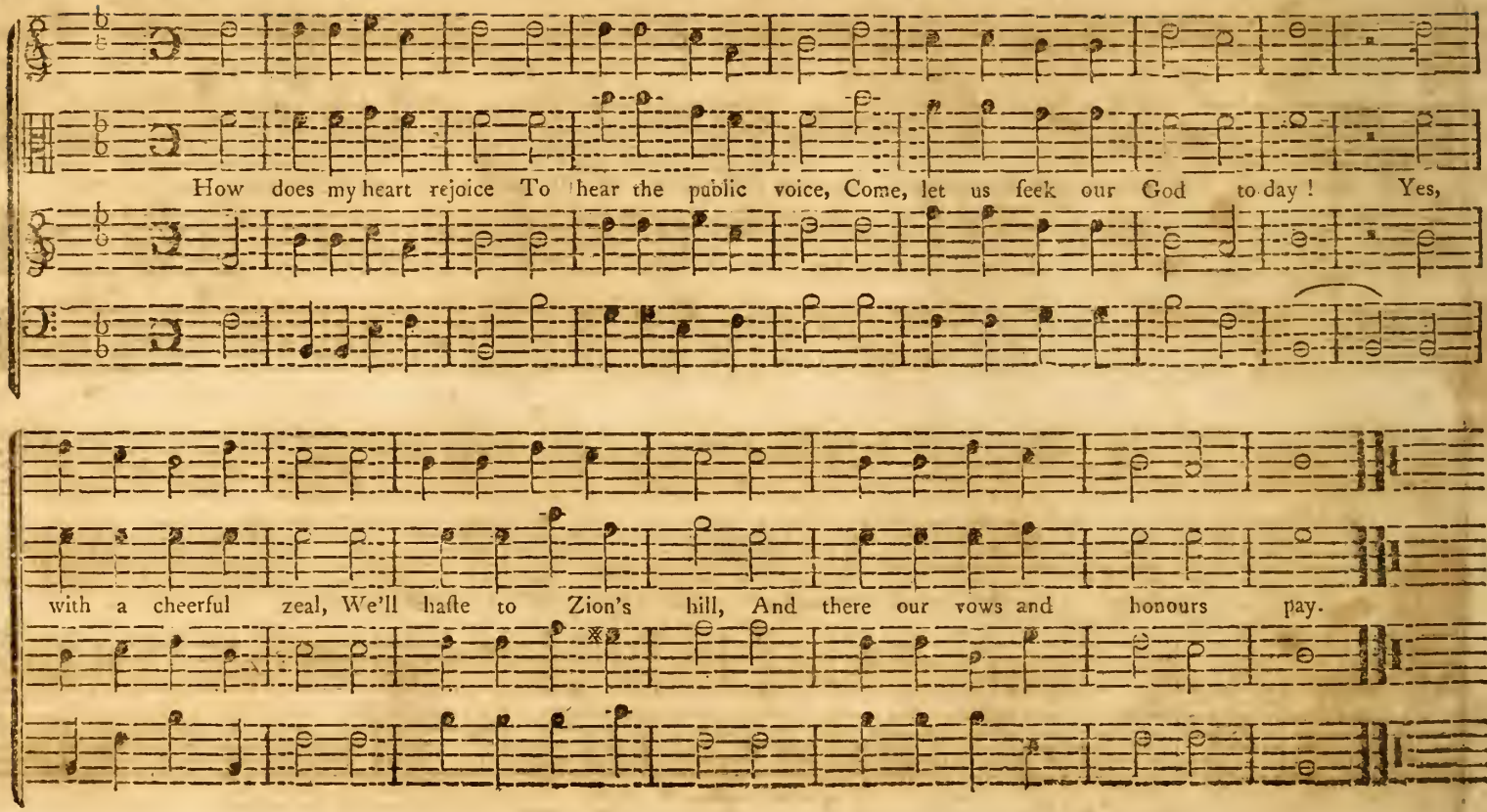


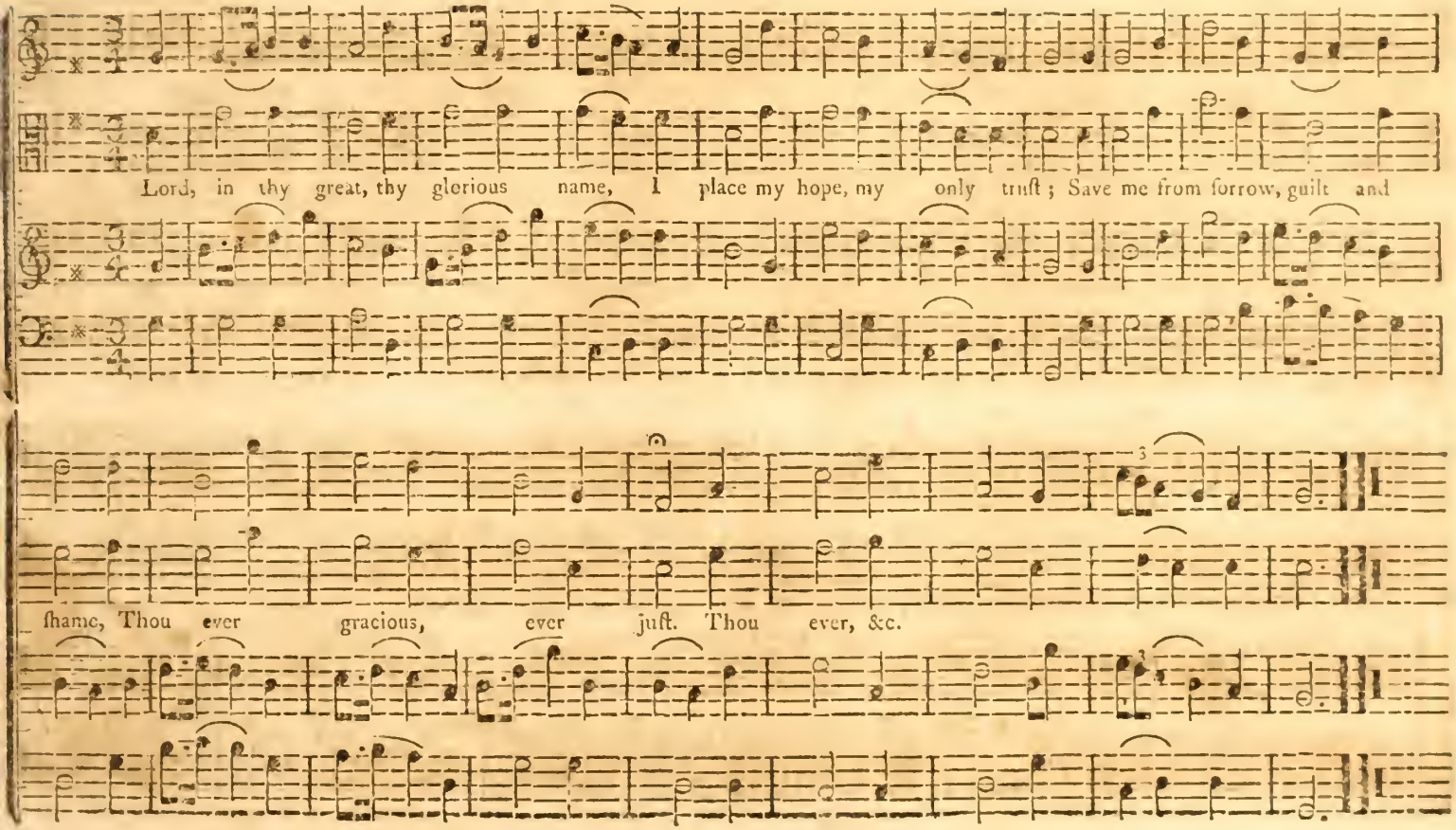

The Lord my ſhepherd is, I ſhall be well ſupplied, Since he is mine and I am his, What can I want beſide ! He leads me to the place Where
heavenly paſture grows, Where living waters gently paſs, And full ſalvation flows. Where living, &c.


When fancy ſpreads her boldeſt wings, And wanders unconfin'd Amid the varied ſcene of things, Which entertain the mind :
In vain we trace creation o'er, In ſearch of ſacred reſt, The whole creation is too poor To make us fully bleſt.

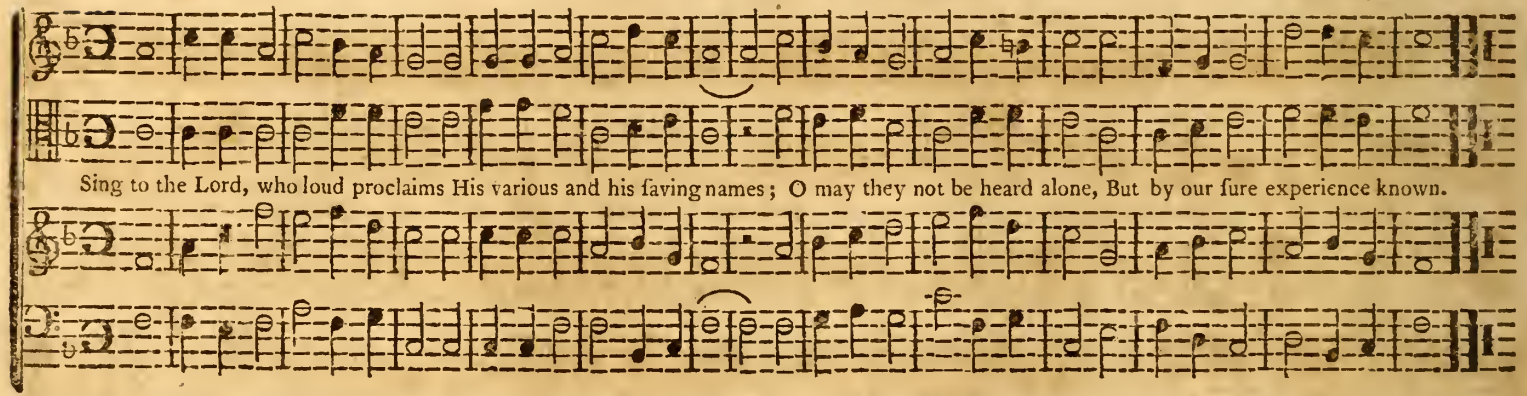

Loud to the Prince of heaven Your cheerful voices raiſe, To him your vows be given, And fill his
Loud.
courts with praiſe. With conſcious worth, All clad in arms, All bright in charms, He ſallies forth.


Great God, the heavens' well order'd frame Declares the glory of thy name; Here thy rich works of wonder ſhine:
A thouſand ſtarry beauties there, A thouſand radiant marks appear, Of boundleſs power and ſkill divine.

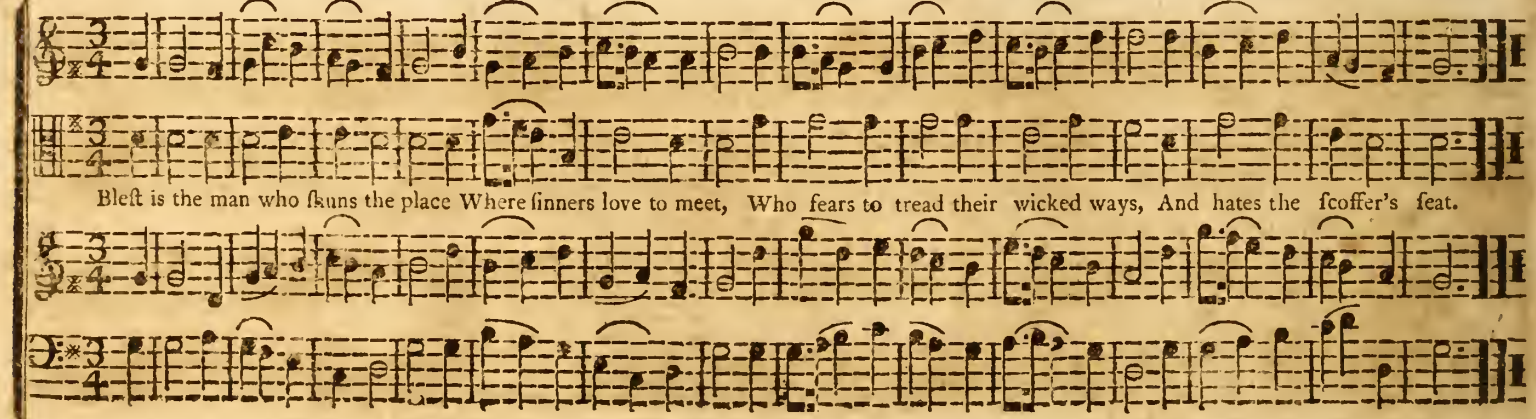

How does my heart rejoice To hear the public voice, Come, let us seek our God to day! Yes,
with a cheerful zeal, We'll haste to Zion's hill, And there our vows and honours pay.

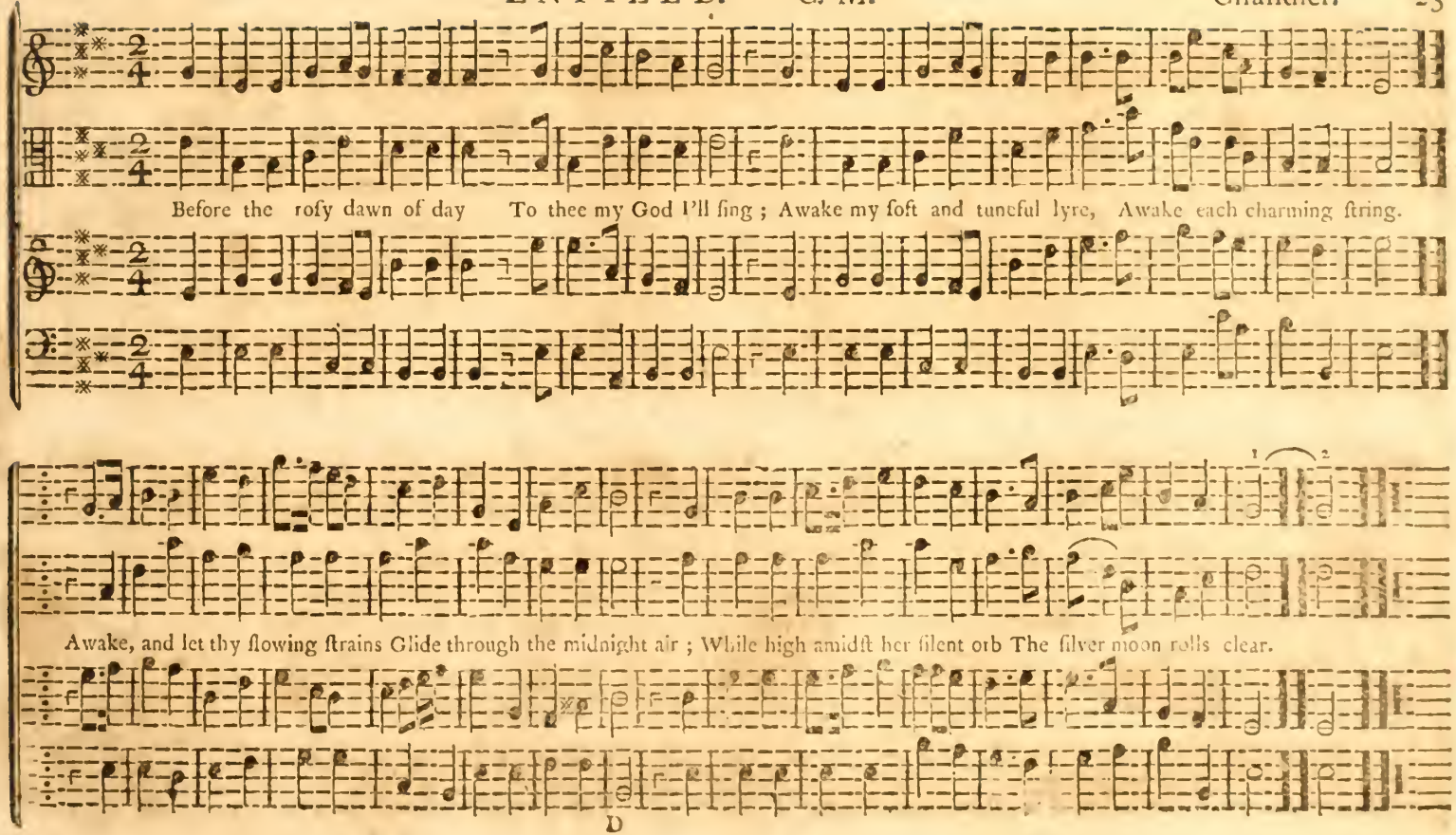

Lord, in thy great, thy glorious name, I place my hope, my only truſt; Save me from ſorrow, guilt and
ſhame, Thou ever gracious, ever juſt. Thou ever, &c.

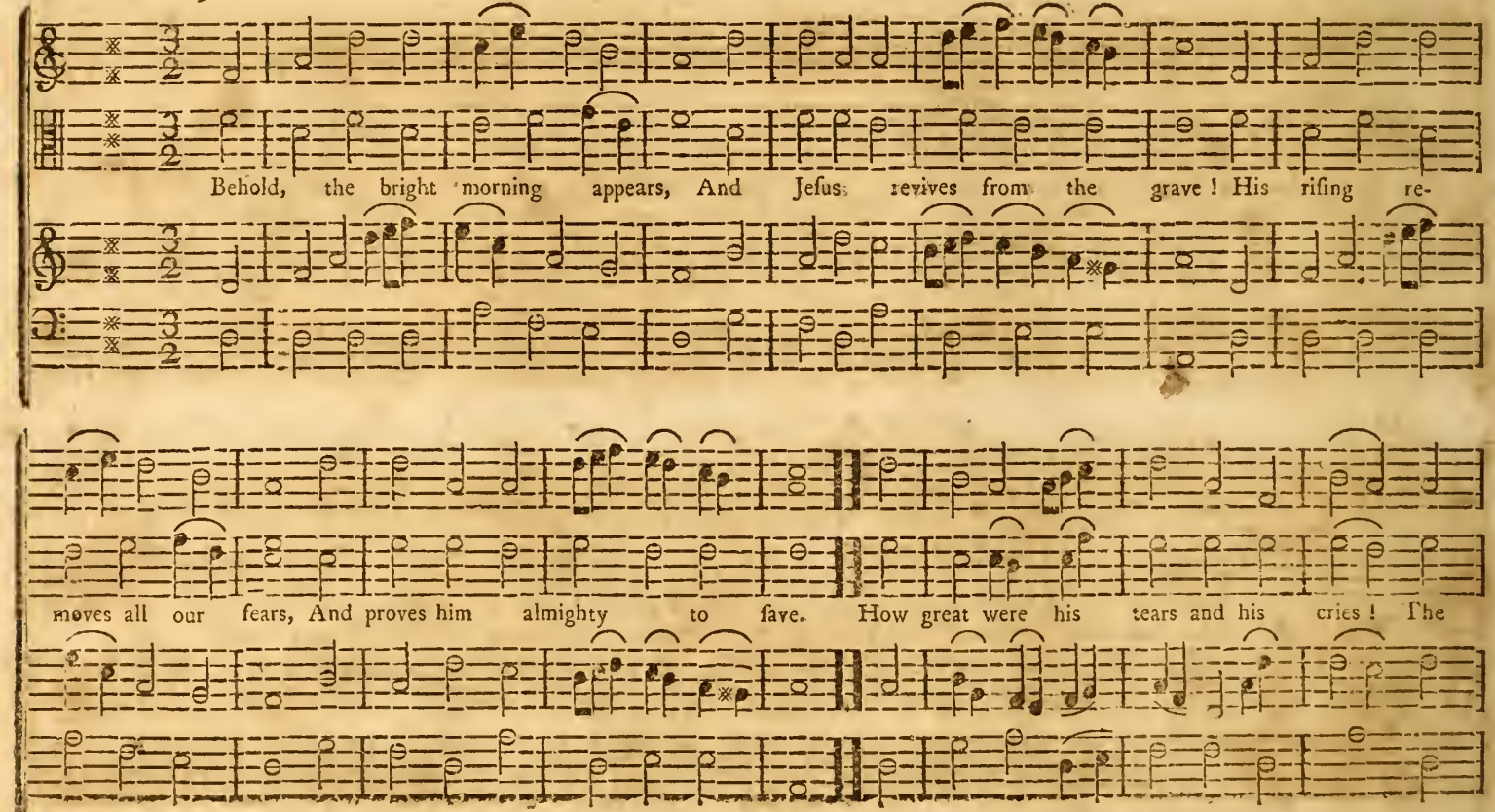
P. 9. WELLS. L. M. Holdrayd.

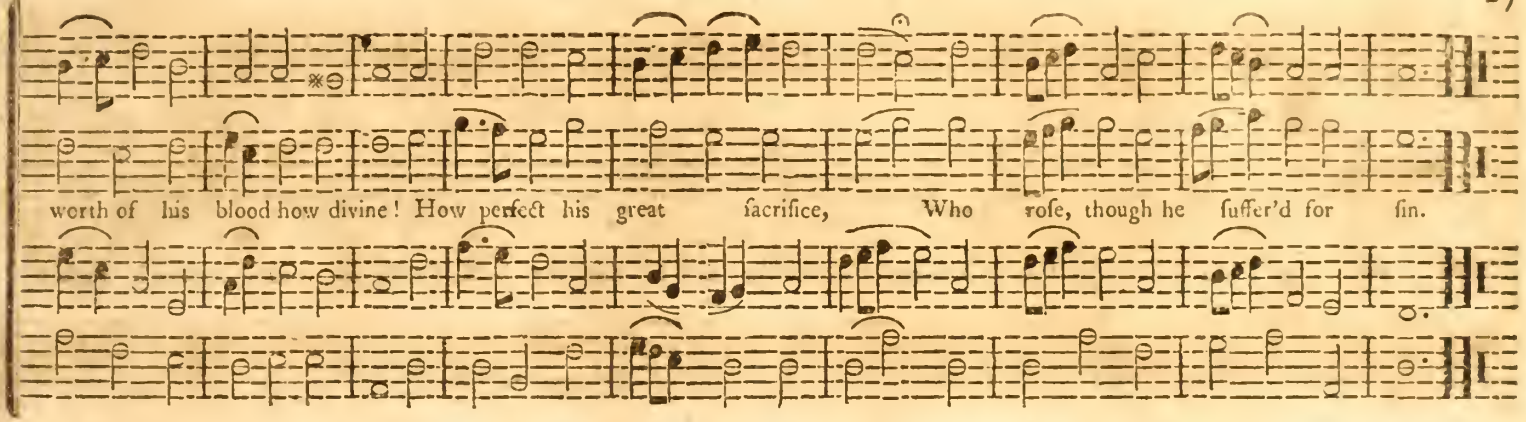


P. 1. St. PATRICK's. C. M. Williams's Coll.

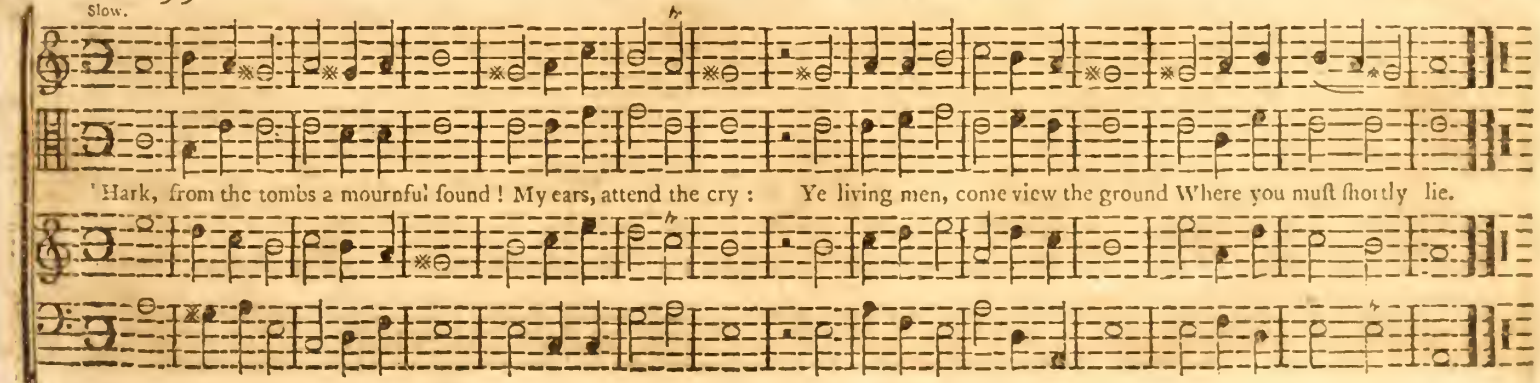


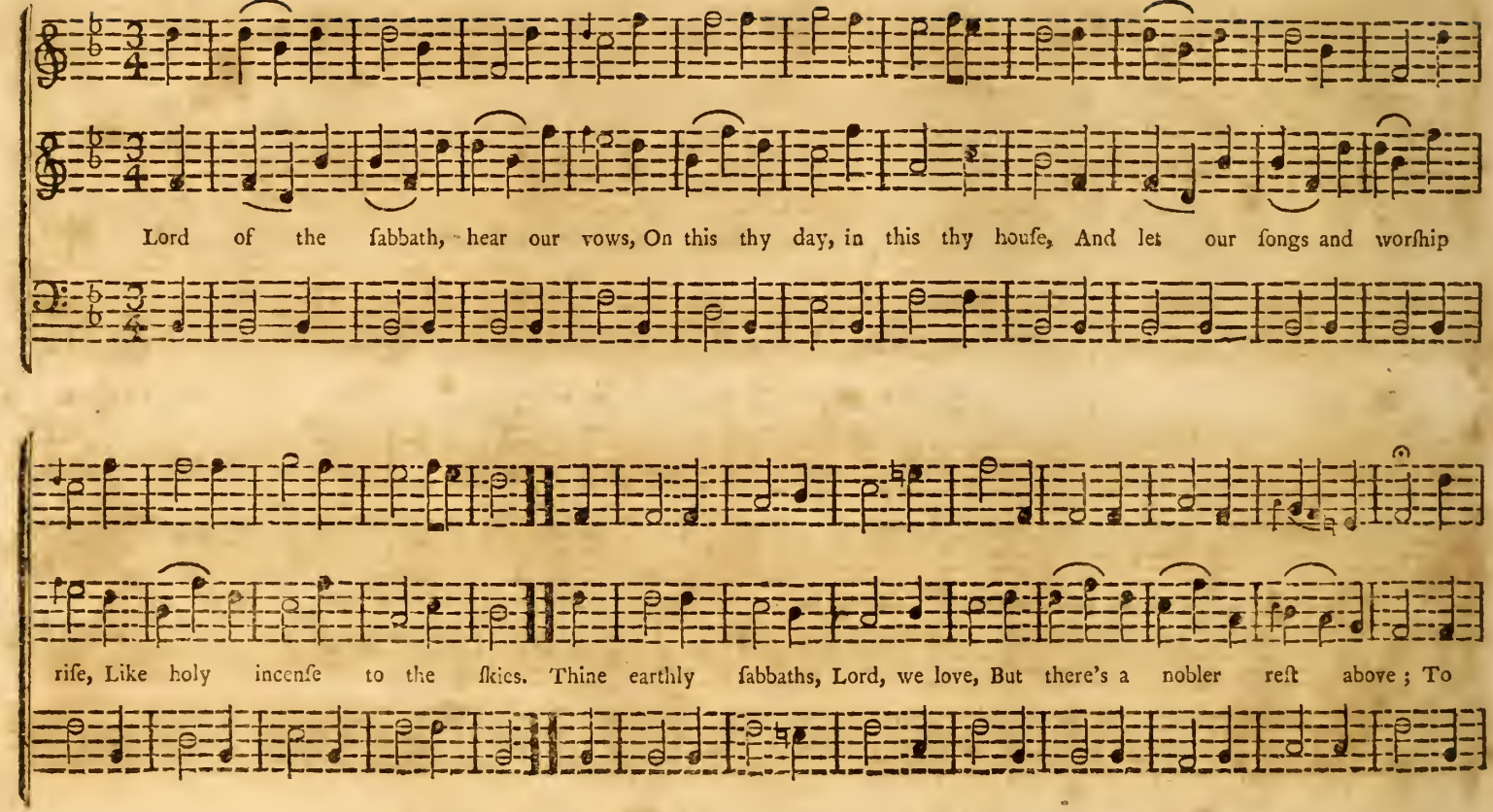

Before the rofy dawn of day To thee my God I'll ſing ; Awake my ſoft and tuneful lyre, Awake each charming ſtring.
Awake, and let thy flowing ſtrains Glide through the midnight air ; While high amidſt her ſilent orb The ſilver moon rolls clear.


Behold, the bright morning appears, And Jesus revives from the grave! His rising re-
moves all our fears, And proves him almighty to save. How great were his tears and his cries! The

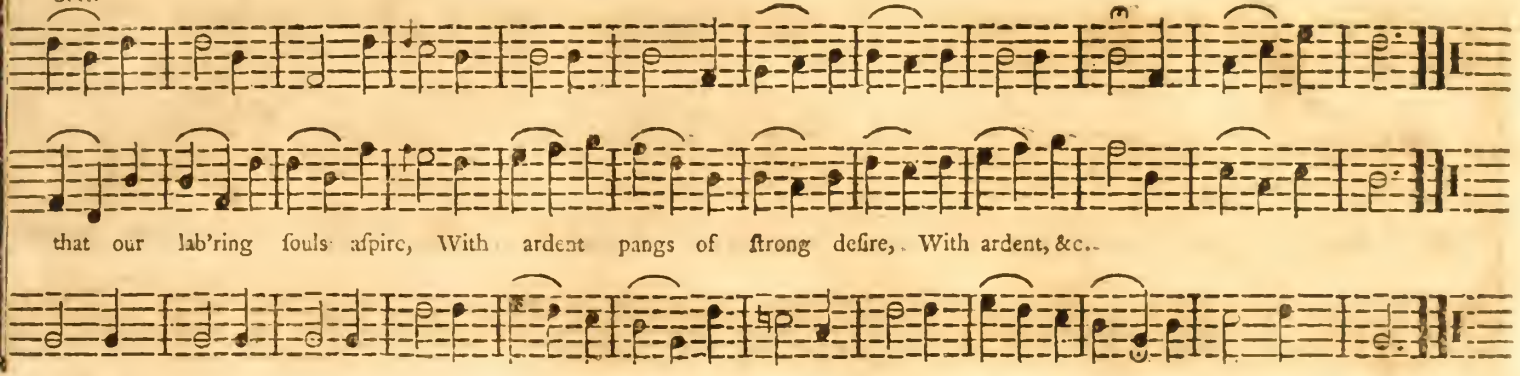


H. 99. FUNERAL THOUGHT. C. M. Smith.

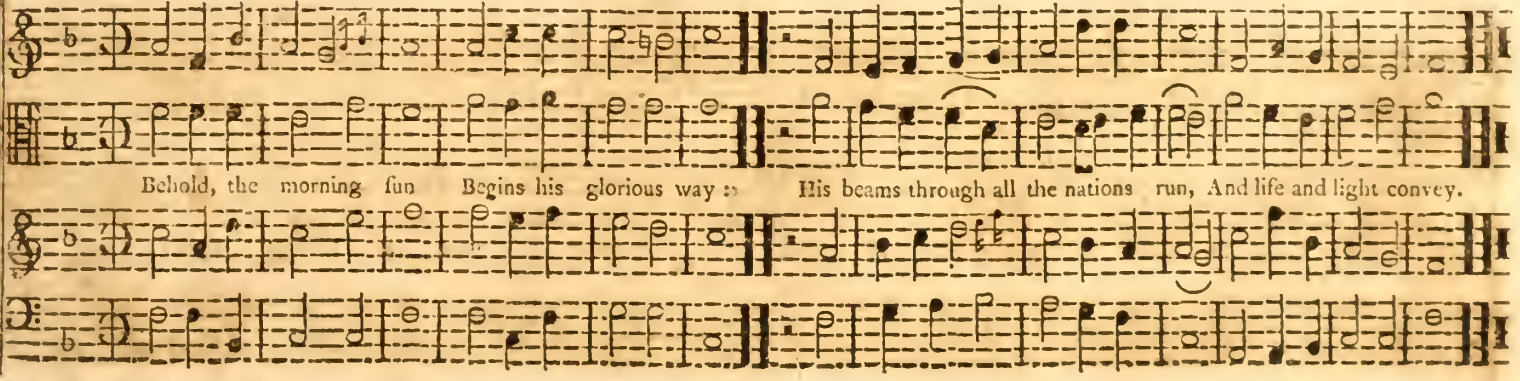


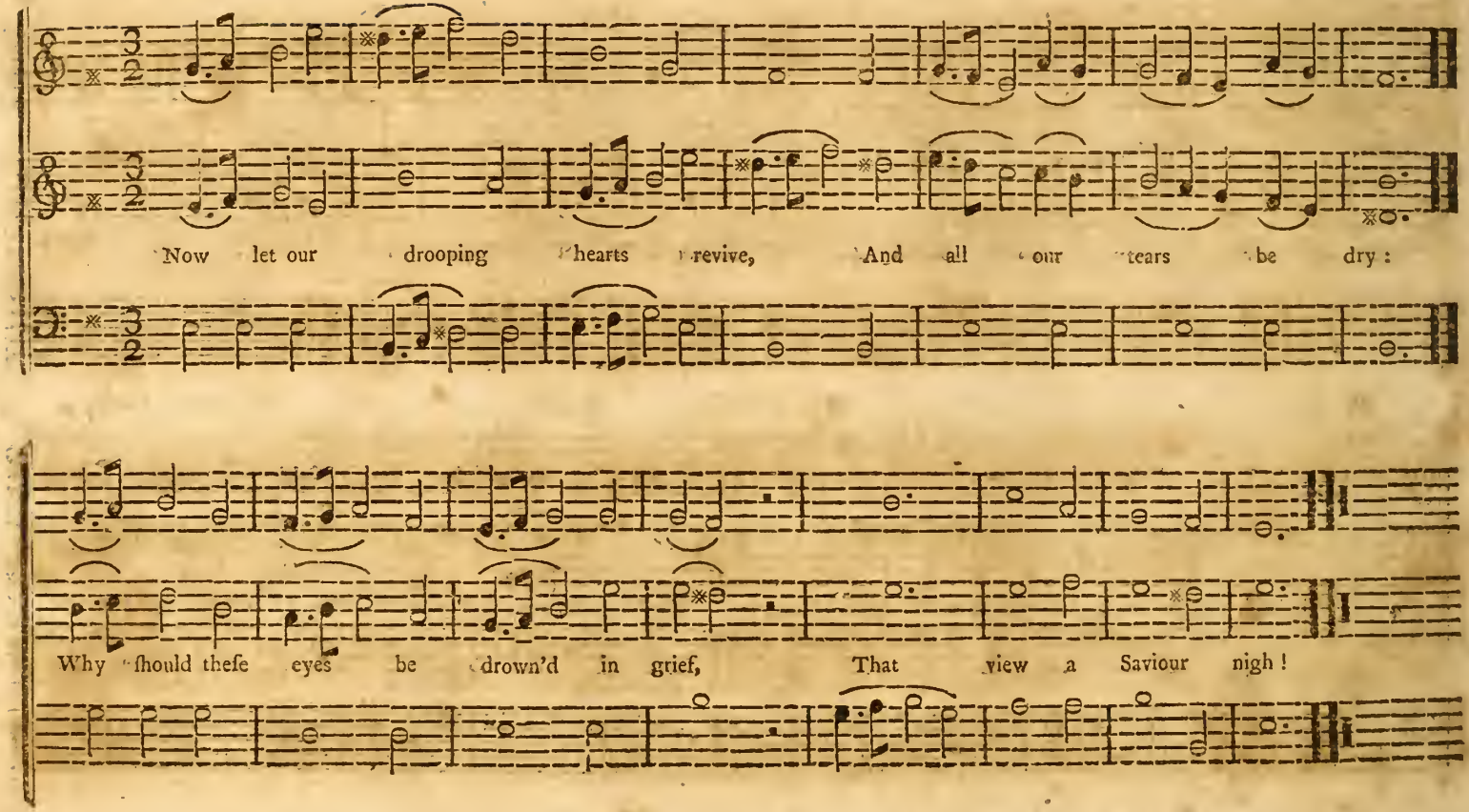

Lord of the ſabbath, hear our vows, On this thy day, in this thy houſe, And let our ſongs and worſhip
riſe, Like holy incenſe to the ſkies. Thine earthly ſabbaths, Lord, we love, But there's a nobler reſt above; To

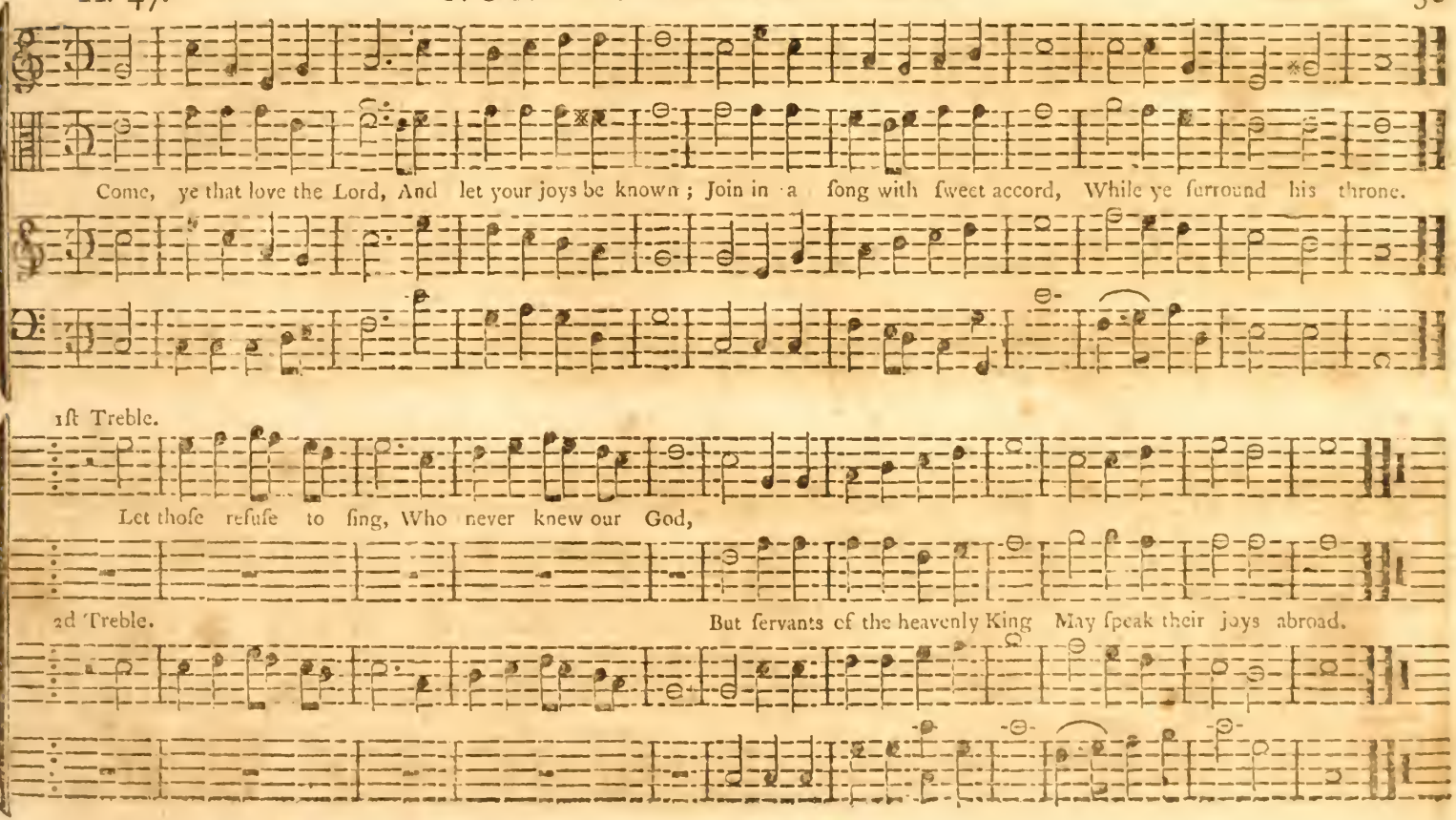
Soft. Loud.



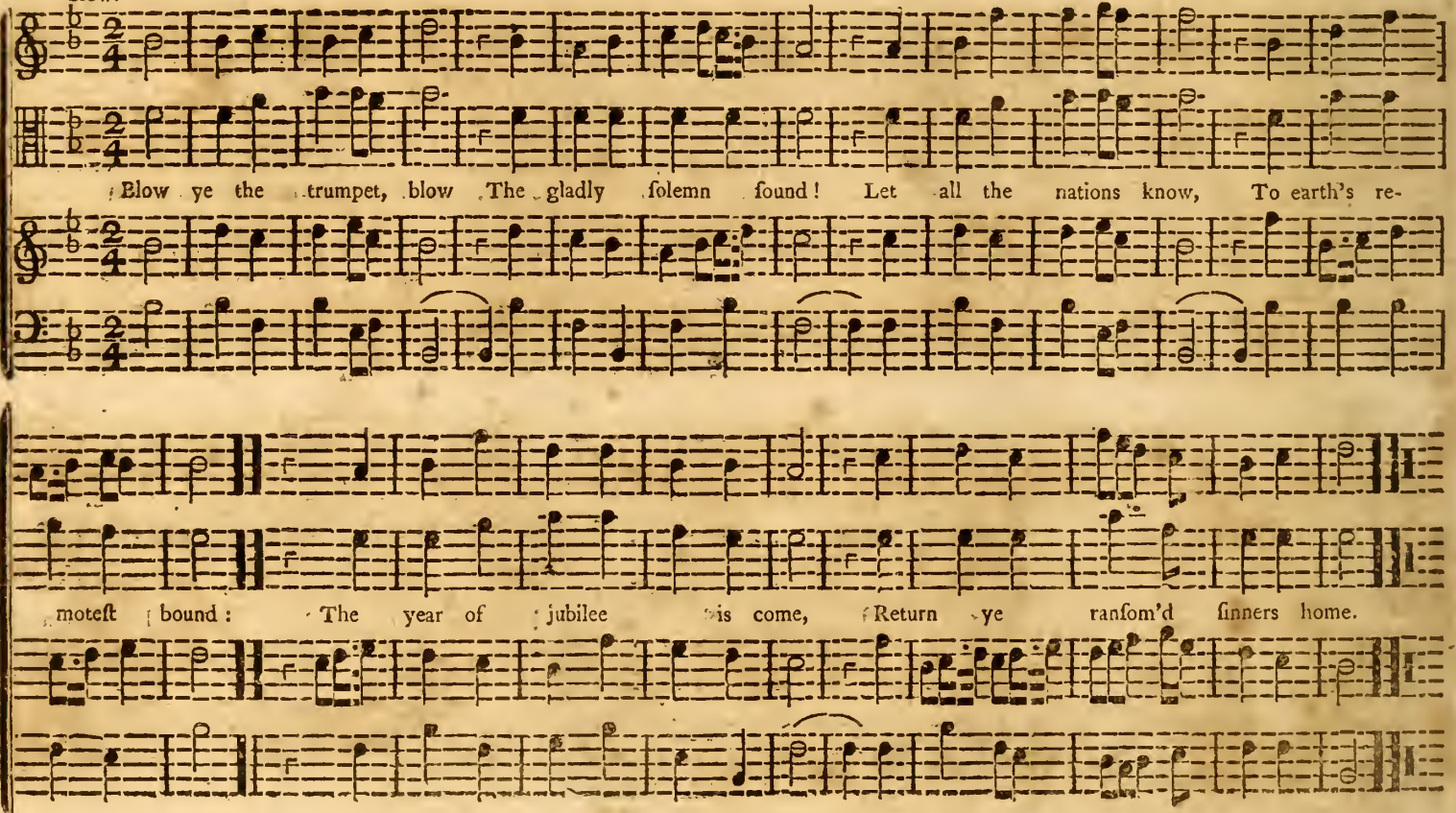
P. 19. DOVER. S. M. Williams' Coll.

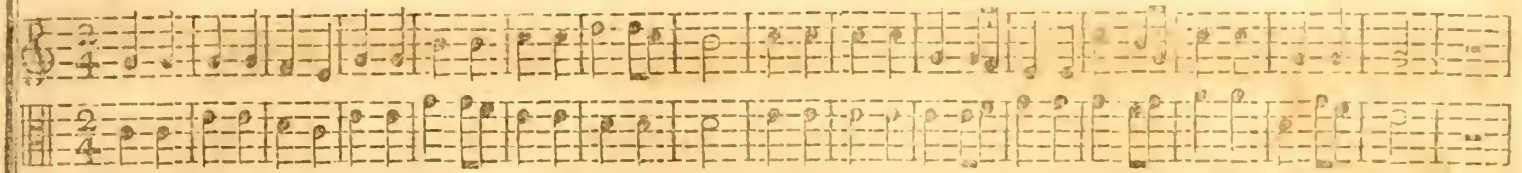



Now let our drooping hearts revive, And all our tears be dry:
Why ſhould theſe eyes be drown'd in grief, That view a Saviour nigh!

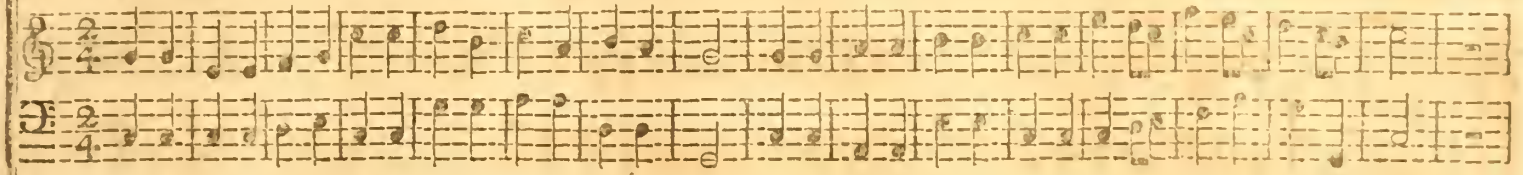

Come, ye that love the Lord, And let your joys be known; Join in a ſong with ſweet accord, While ye ſurround his throne.
1ſt Treble.
Let thoſe refuſe to ſing, Who never knew our God,
2d Treble.
But ſervants of the heavenly King May ſpeak their joys abroad.

Slow.

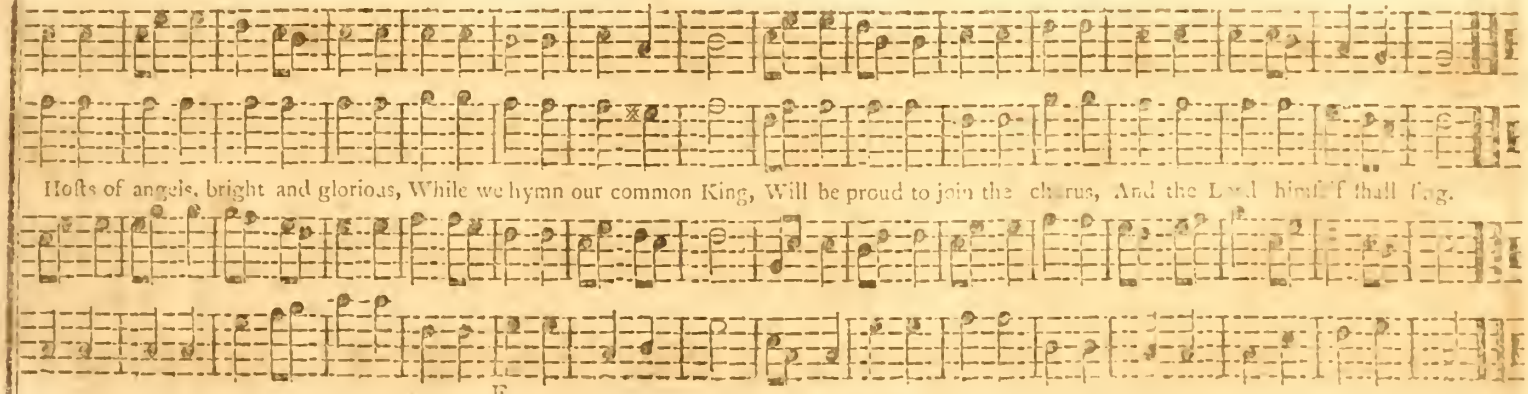

Blow ye the trumpet, blow The gladly ſolemn ſound! Let all the nations know, To earth's re-
moteſt bound: The year of jubilee is come, Return ye ranſom'd ſinners home.

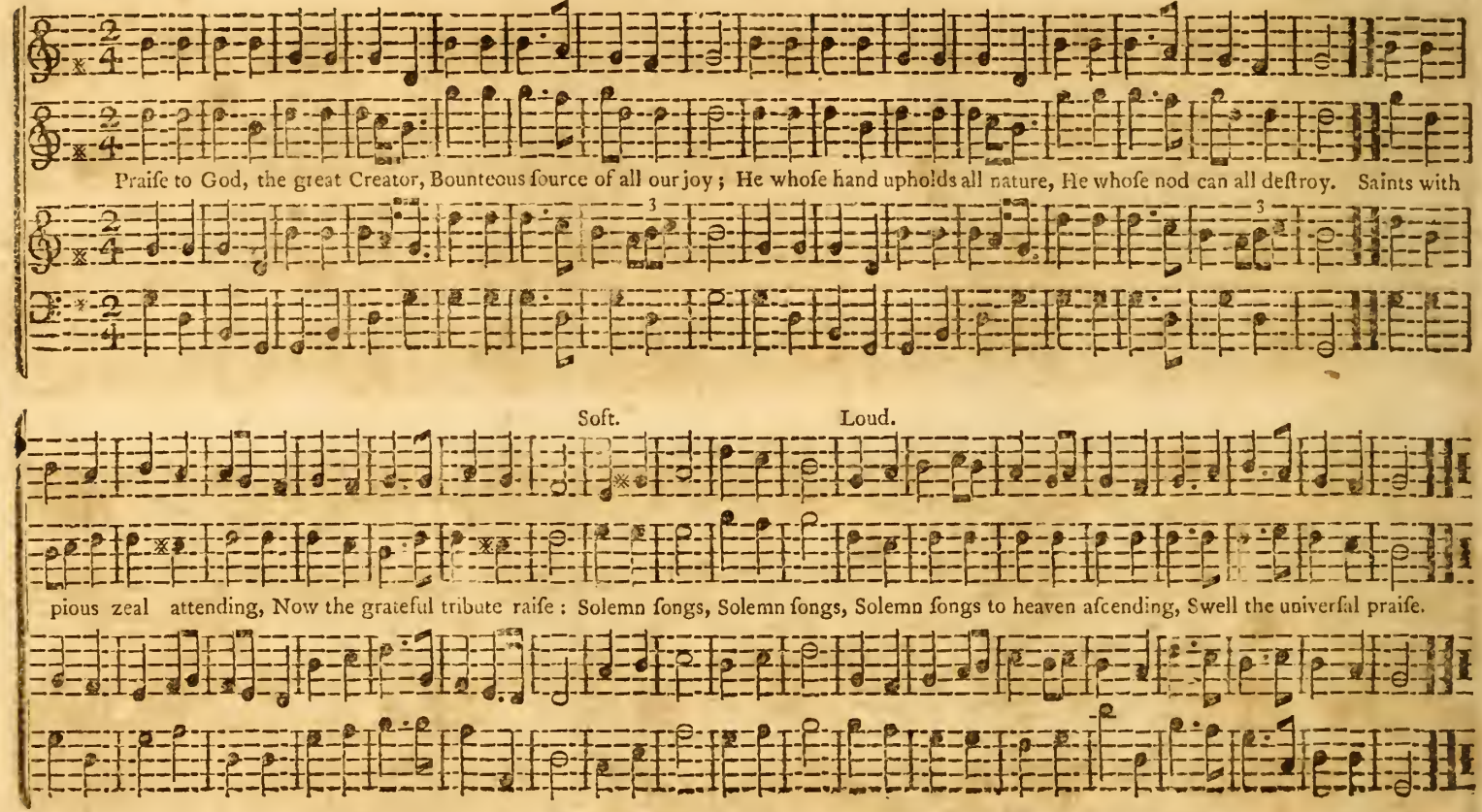


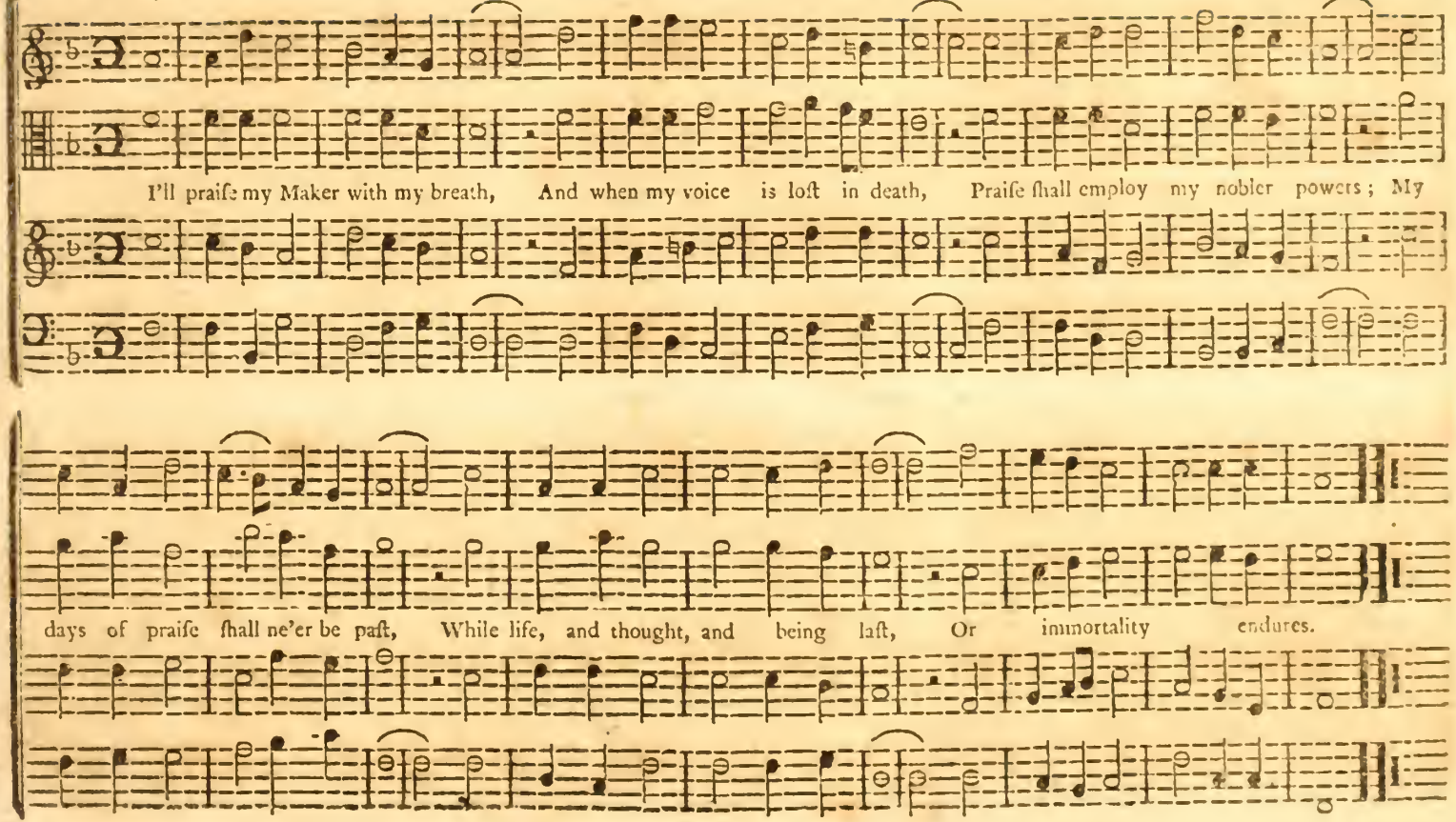
Holy Ghoſt, inſpire our praiſes, Touch our hearts and tune our tongues: While we laud the name of Jeſus Heaven will gladly ſhare our ſongs.

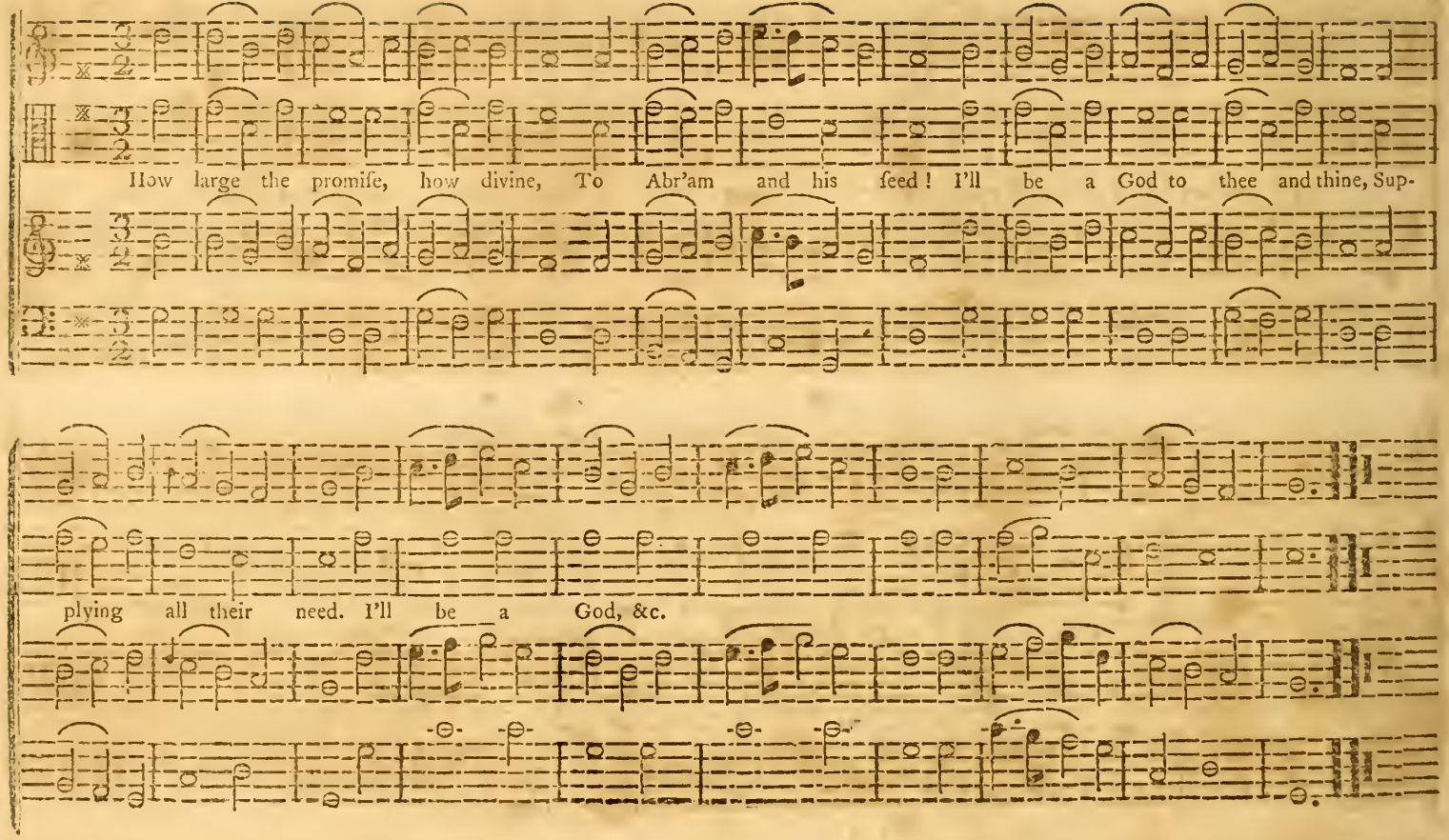


Hoſts of angels, bright and glorious, While we hymn our common King, Will be proud to join the chorus, And the Lord himſelf ſhall ſing.

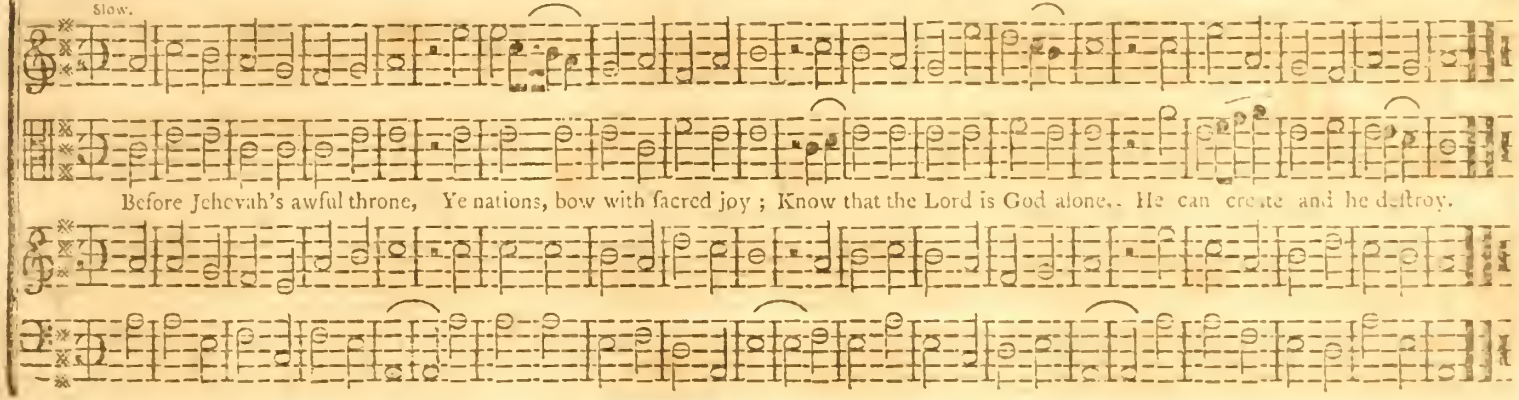



Praise to God, the great Creator, Bounteous source of all our joy; He whose hand upholds all nature, He whose nod can all destroy. Saints with
Soft.
Loud.
pious zeal attending, Now the grateful tribute raise: Solemn songs, Solemn songs, Solemn songs to heaven ascending, Swell the universal praise.


I'll praiſe my Maker with my breath, And when my voice is loſt in death, Praiſe ſhall employ my nobler powers; My
days of praiſe ſhall ne'er be paſt, While life, and thought, and being laſt, Or immortality endures.

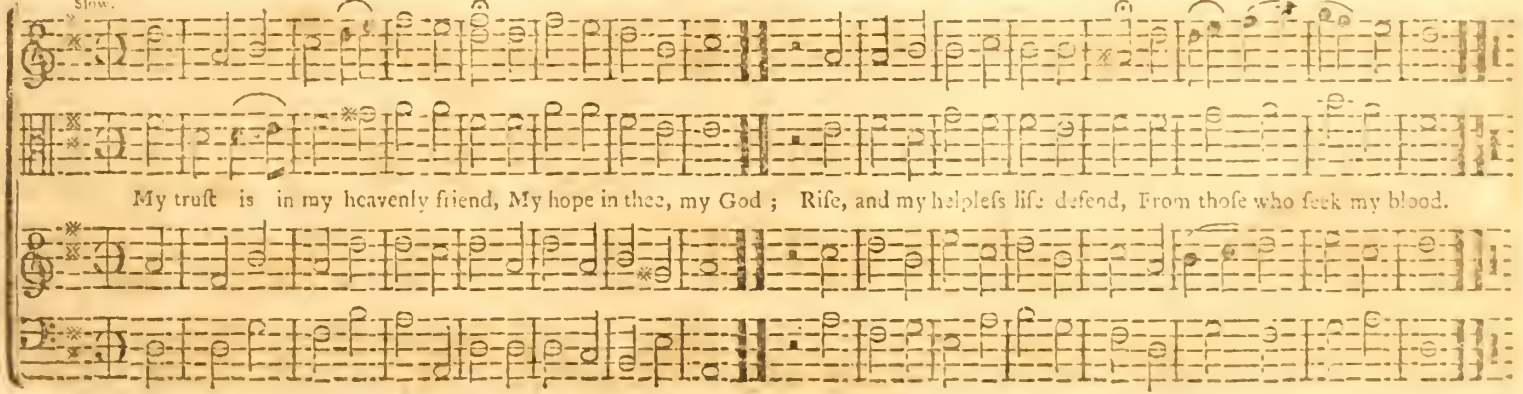

How large the promiſe, how divine, To Abr'am and his ſeed! I'll be a God to thee and thine, Sup-
plying all their need. I'll be a God, &c.

Slow.



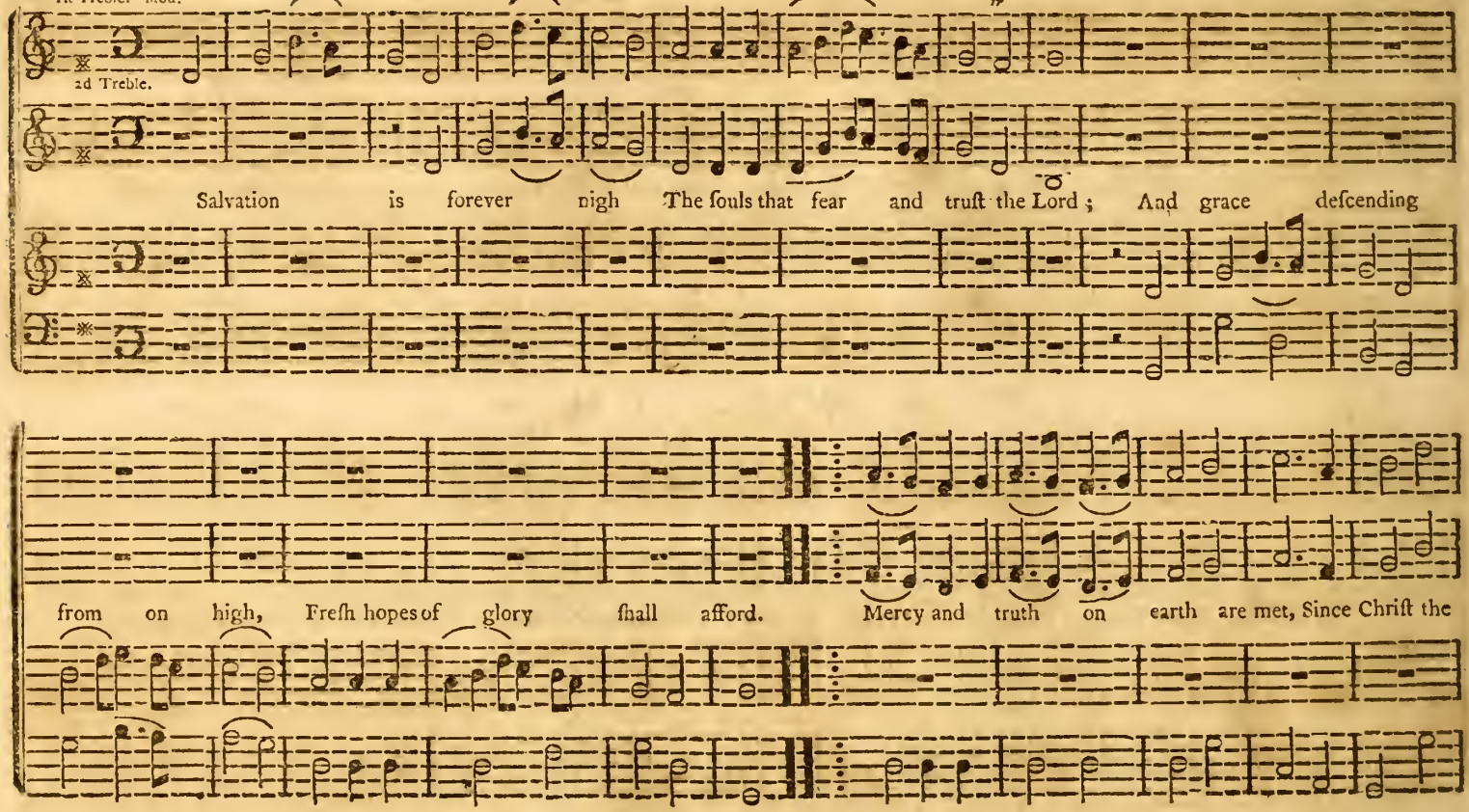
P. 7. St. ANNE's. C. M. Dr. Croft.

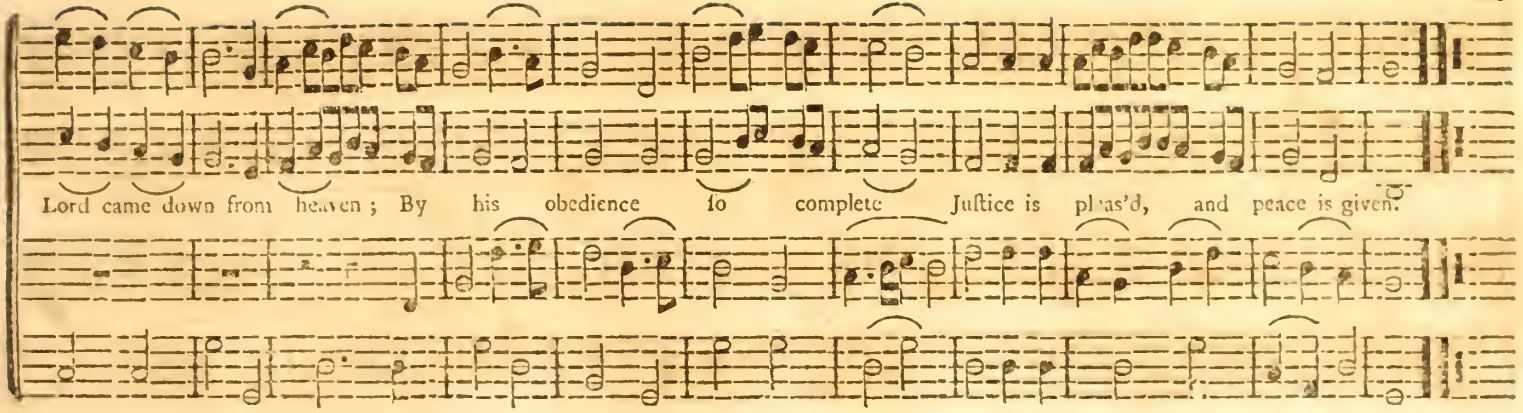
Slow.



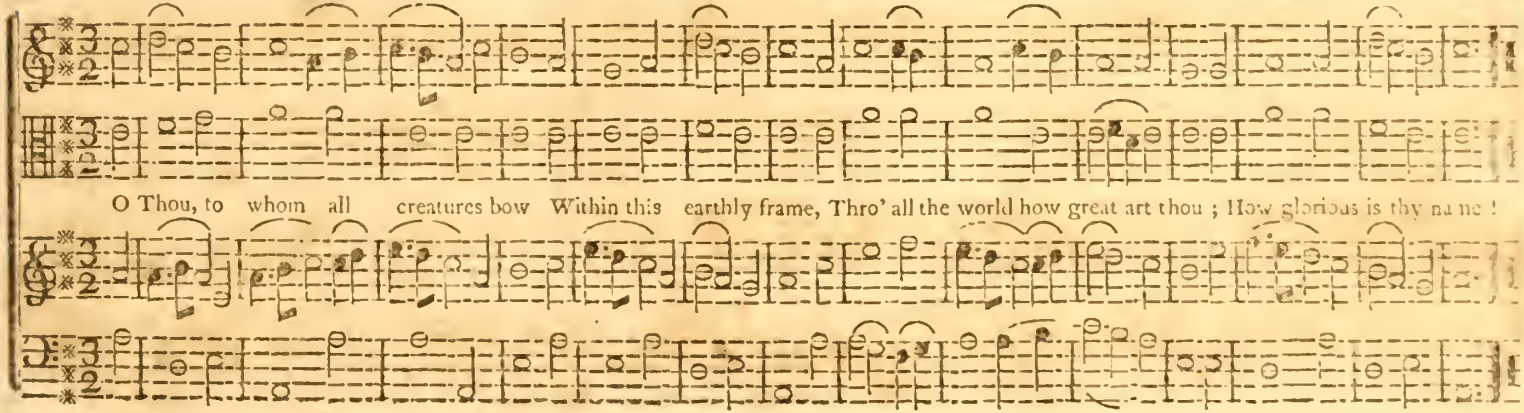
1st Treble. Mod.

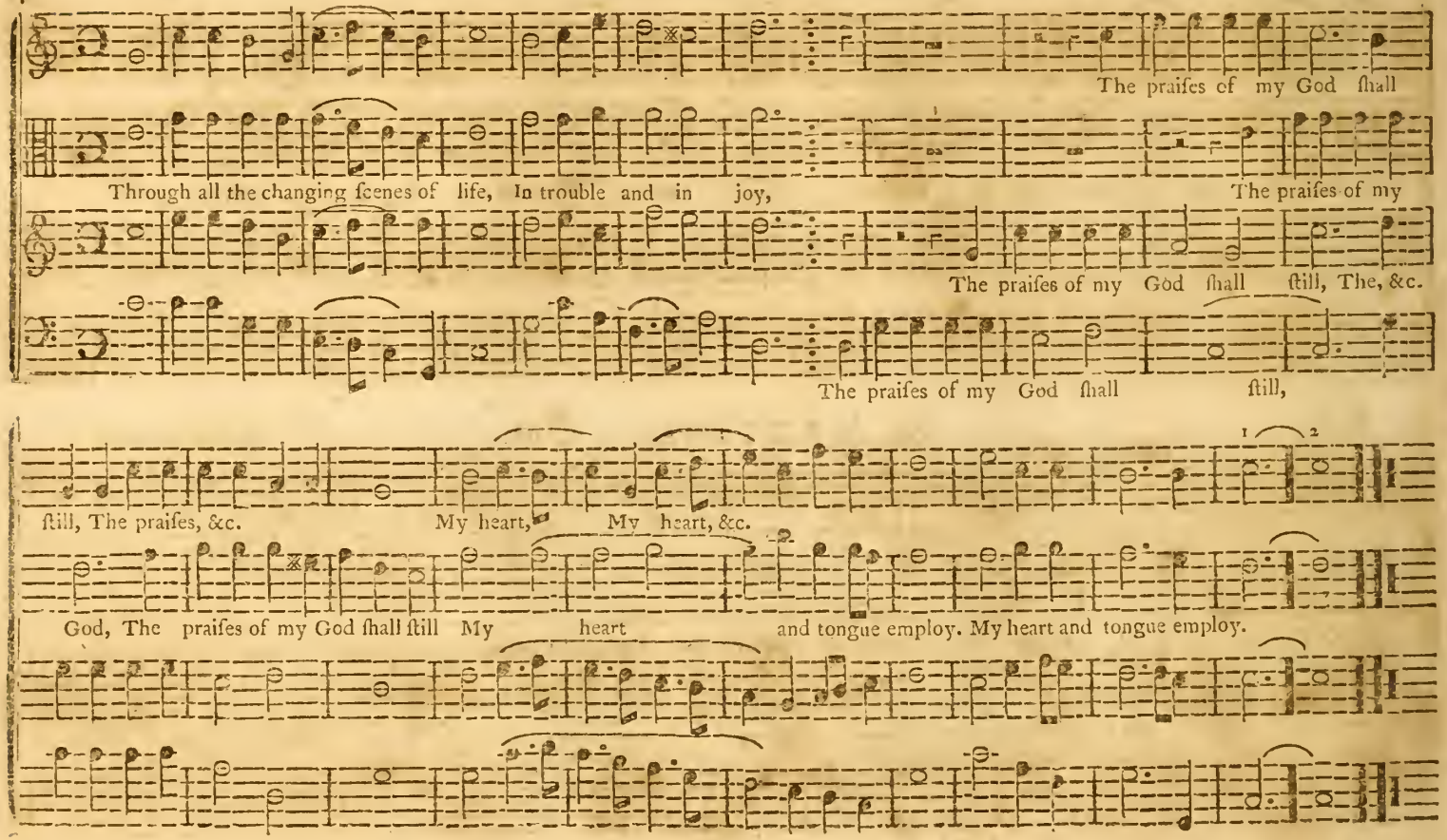
2d Treble.

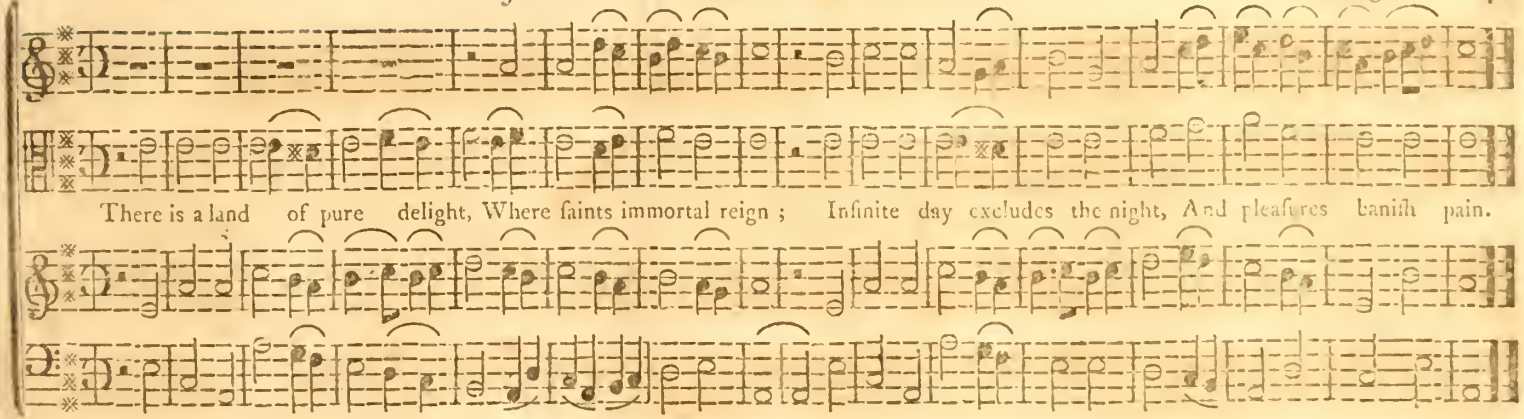


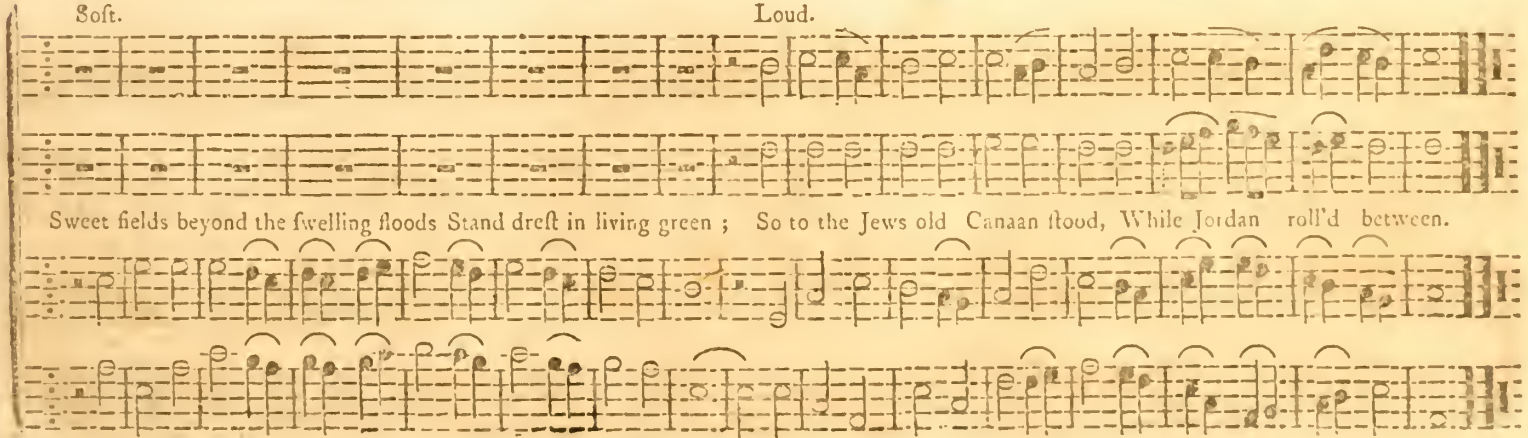


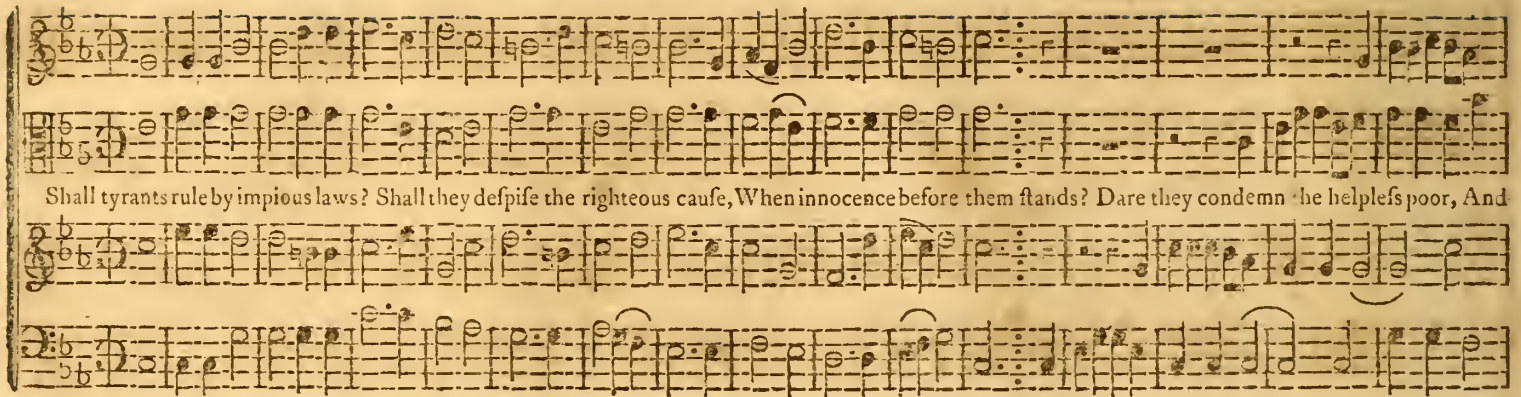
P. 8. St. MARTIN's. C. M. Tanfur's Coll.

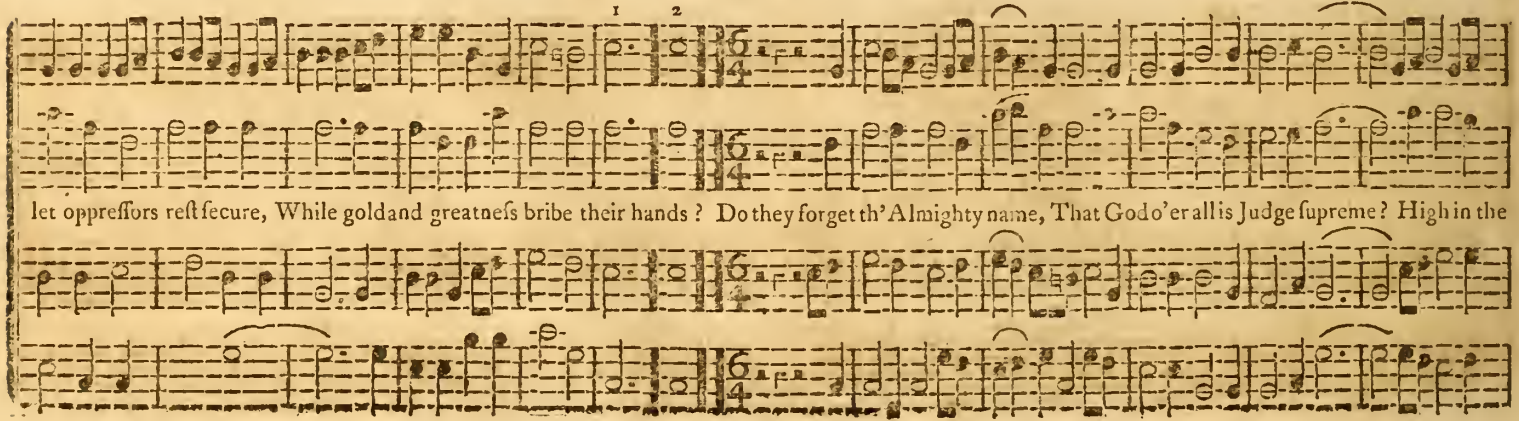


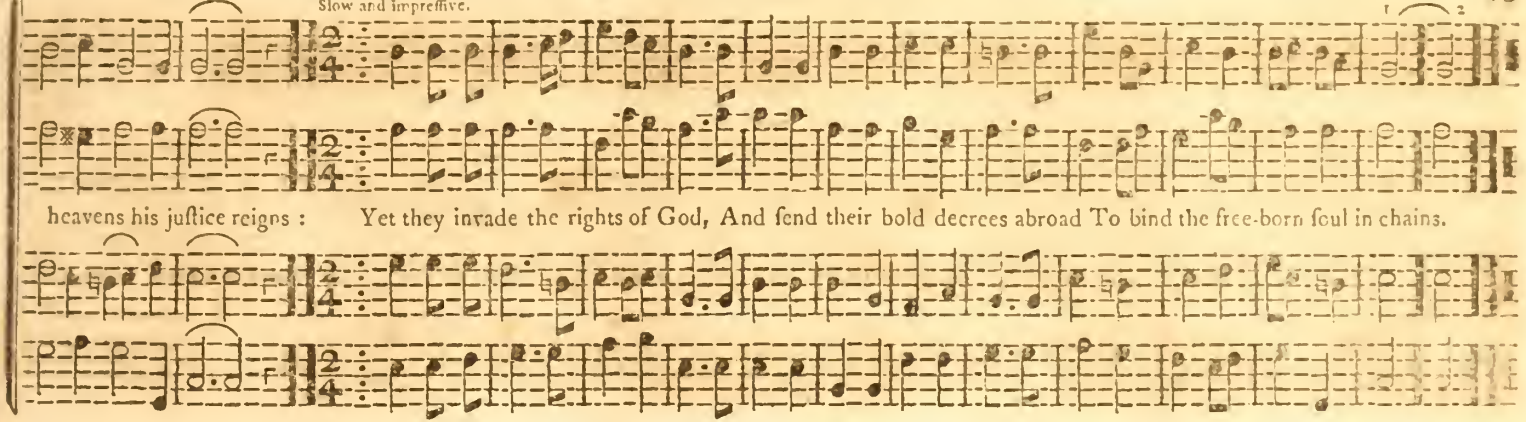

The praiſes of my God ſhall
Through all the changing ſcenes of life, In trouble and in joy, The praiſes of my
The praiſes of my God ſhall ſtill, The, &c.
The praiſes of my God ſhall ſtill,
ſtill, The praiſes, &c. My heart, My heart, &c.
God, The praiſes of my God ſhall ſtill My heart and tongue employ. My heart and tongue employ.


There is a land of pure delight, Where saints immortal reign ; Infinite day excludes the night, And pleasures banish pain.

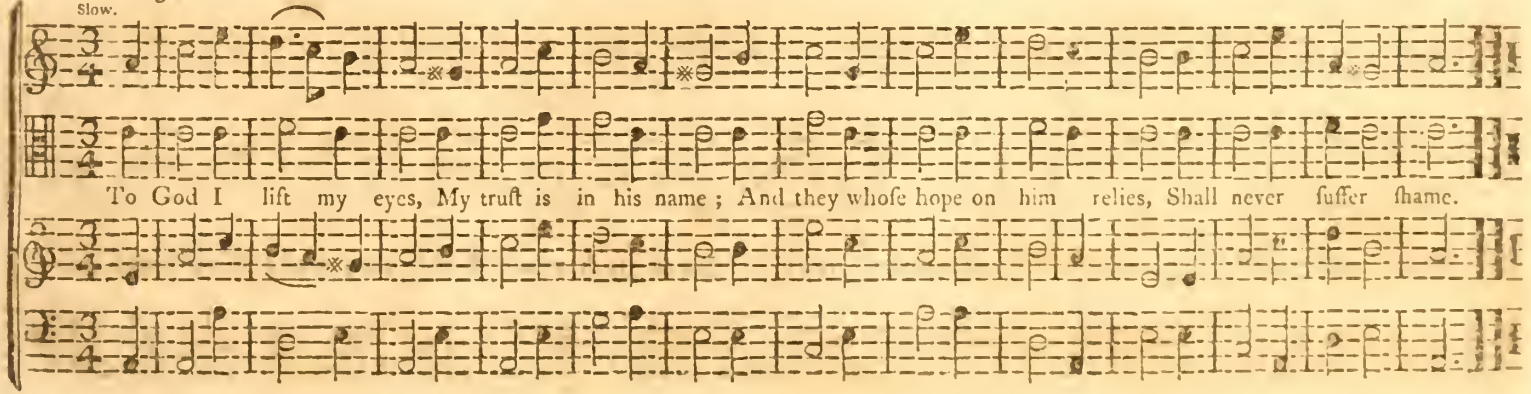

Soft.
Loud.
Sweet fields beyond the swelling floods Stand drest in living green ; So to the Jews old Canaan stood, While Jordan roll'd between.

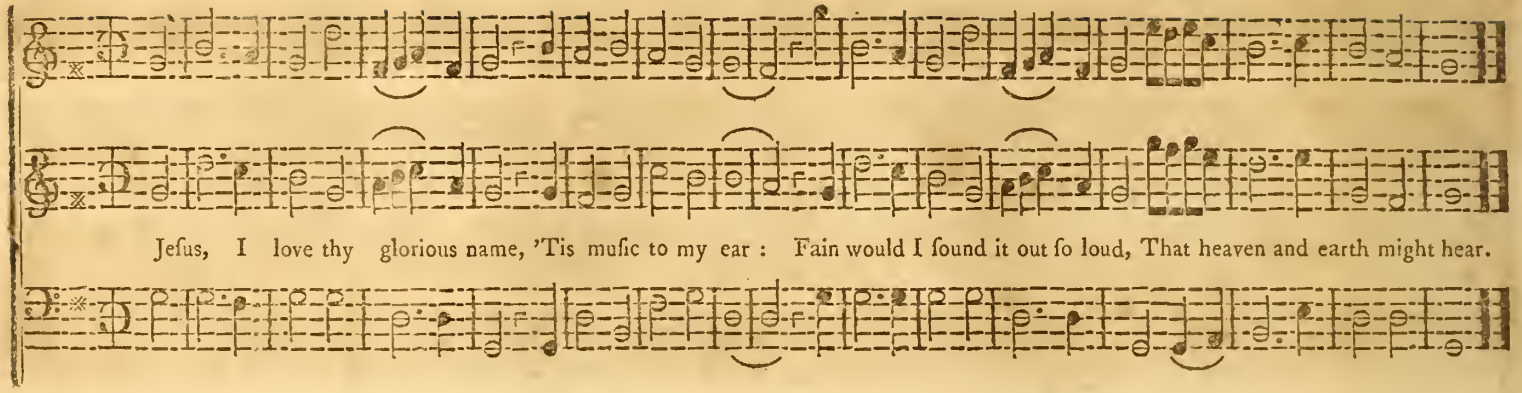

Shall tyrants rule by impious laws? Shall they despise the righteous cause, When innocence before them stands? Dare they condemn the helpless poor, And

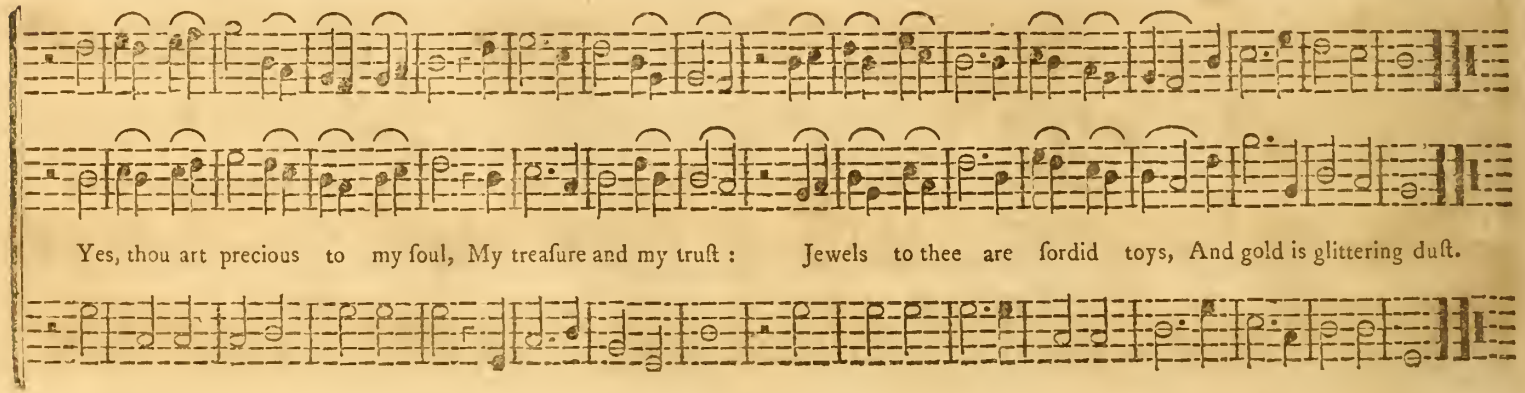

1
2
let oppressors rest secure, While gold and greatness bribe their hands? Do they forget th' Almighty name, That God o'er all is Judge supreme? High in the

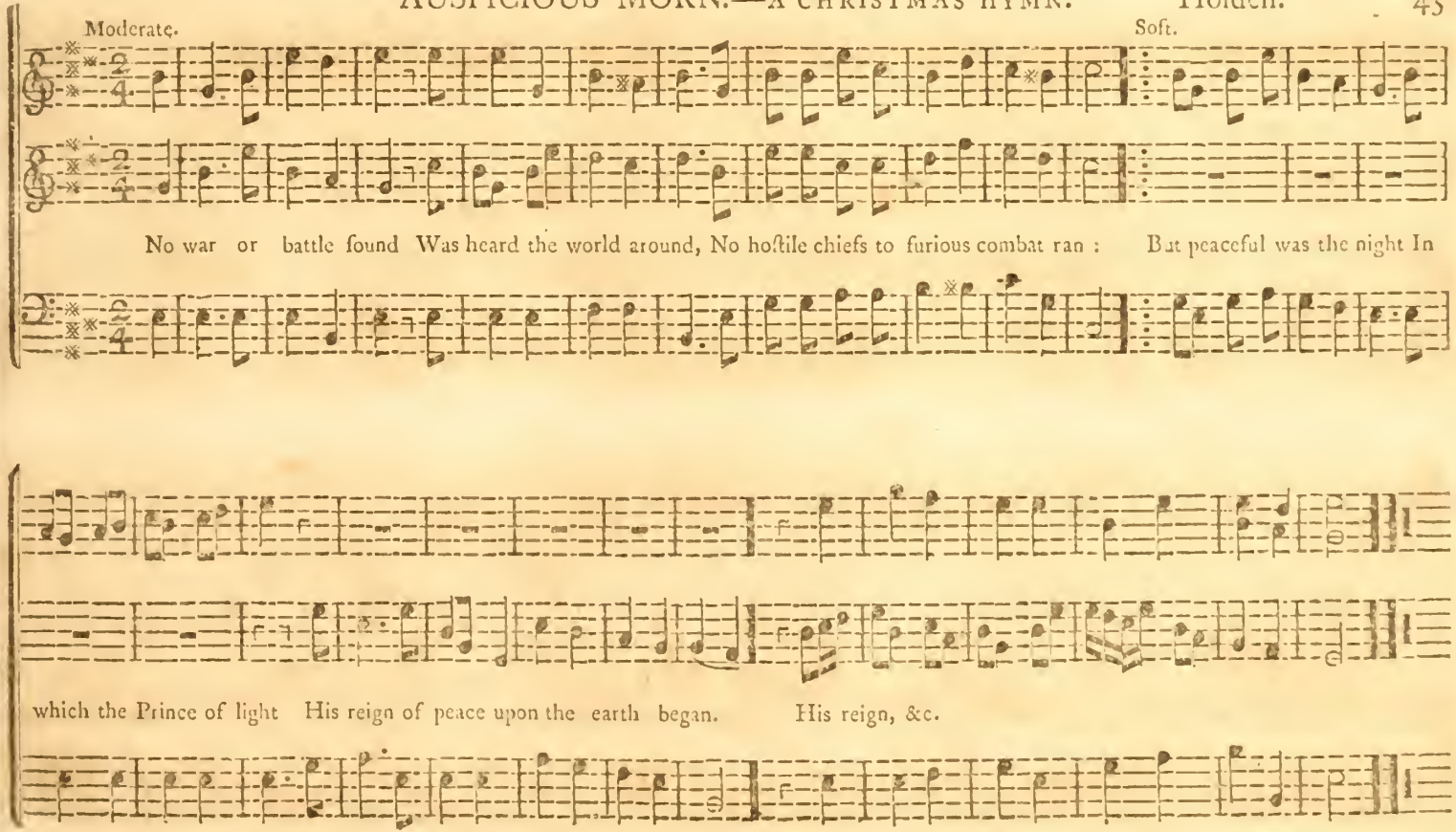


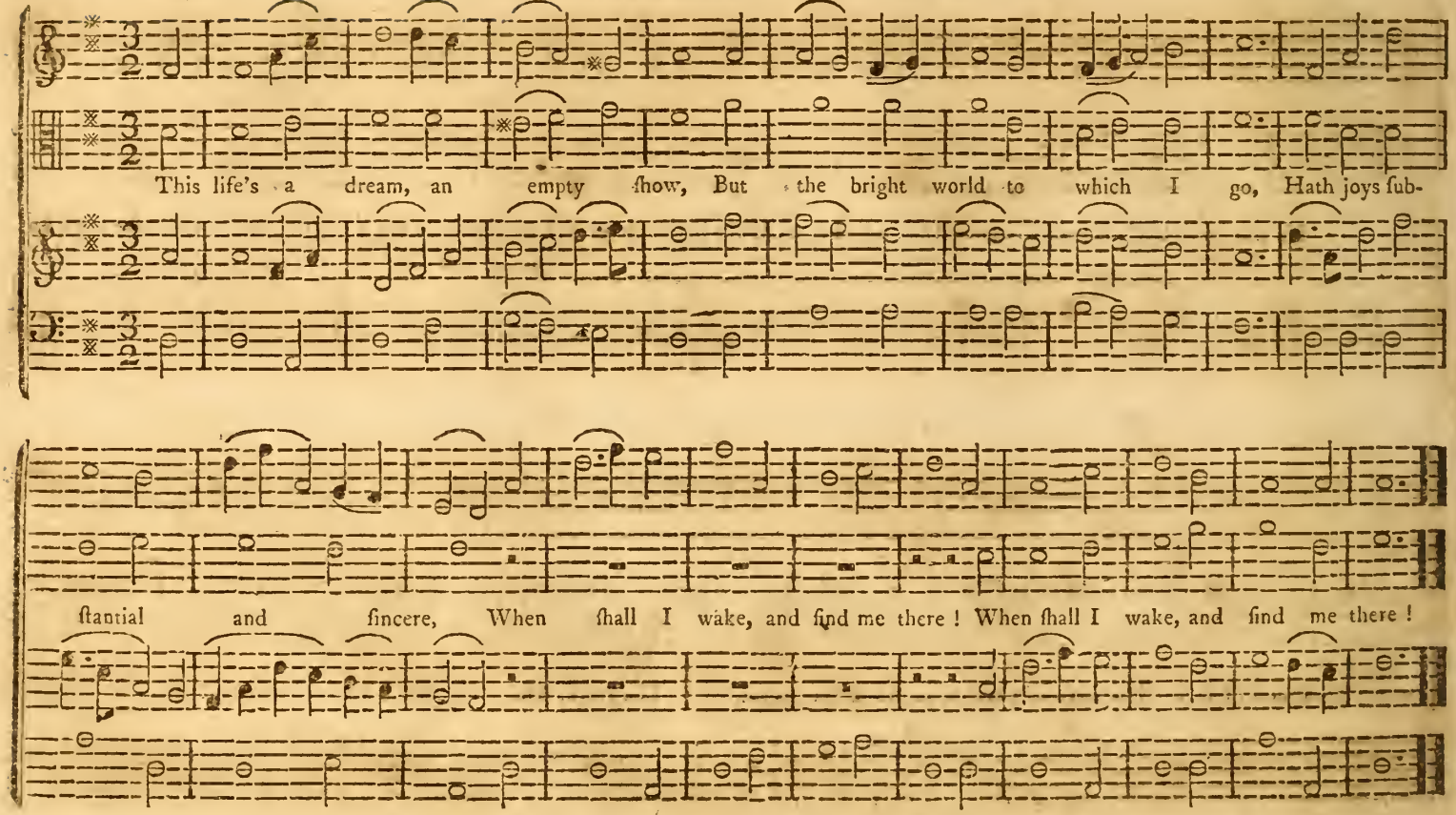
P. 25. LITTLE MARLBOROUGH. S. M. Williams's Coll.

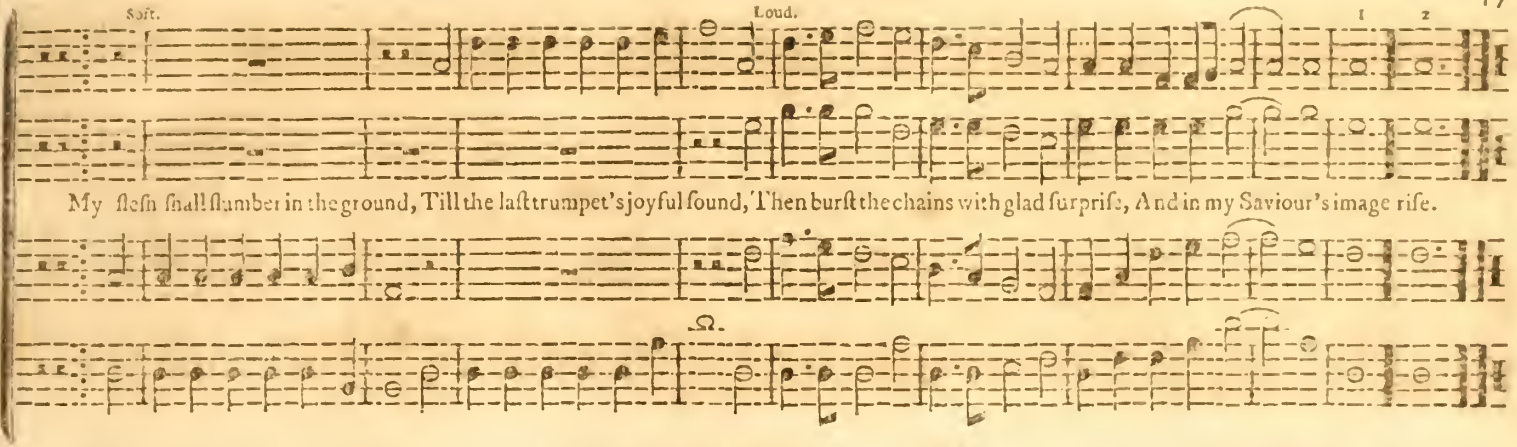



Jesus, I love thy glorious name, 'Tis music to my ear : Fain would I sound it out so loud, That heaven and earth might hear.

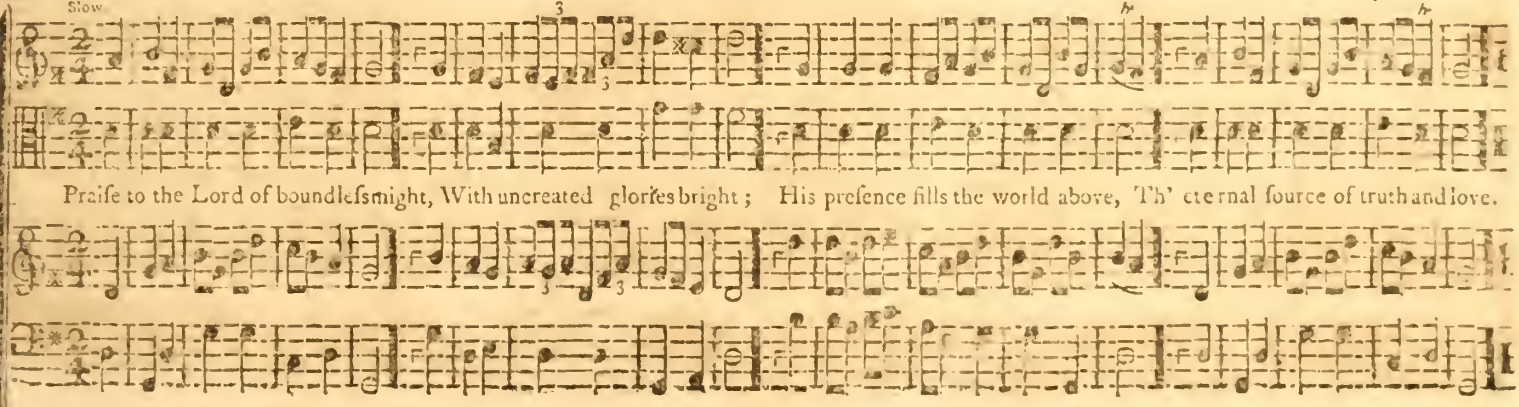

Yes, thou art precious to my soul, My treasure and my trust : Jewels to thee are sordid toys, And gold is glittering dust.

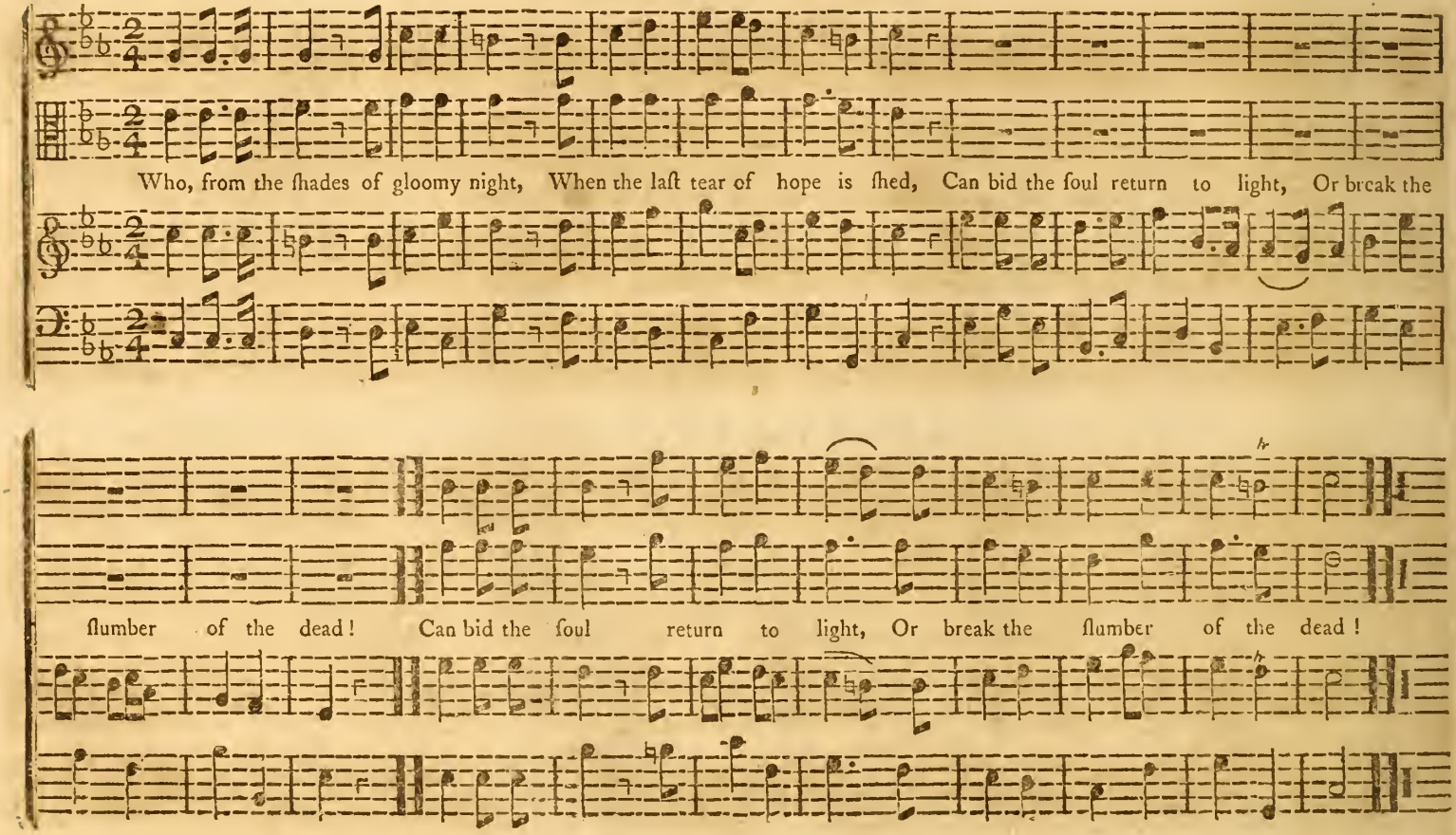

Moderate.
Soft.
No war or battle found Was heard the world around, No hoſtile chiefs to furious combat ran : But peaceful was the night In
which the Prince of light His reign of peace upon the earth began. His reign, &c.

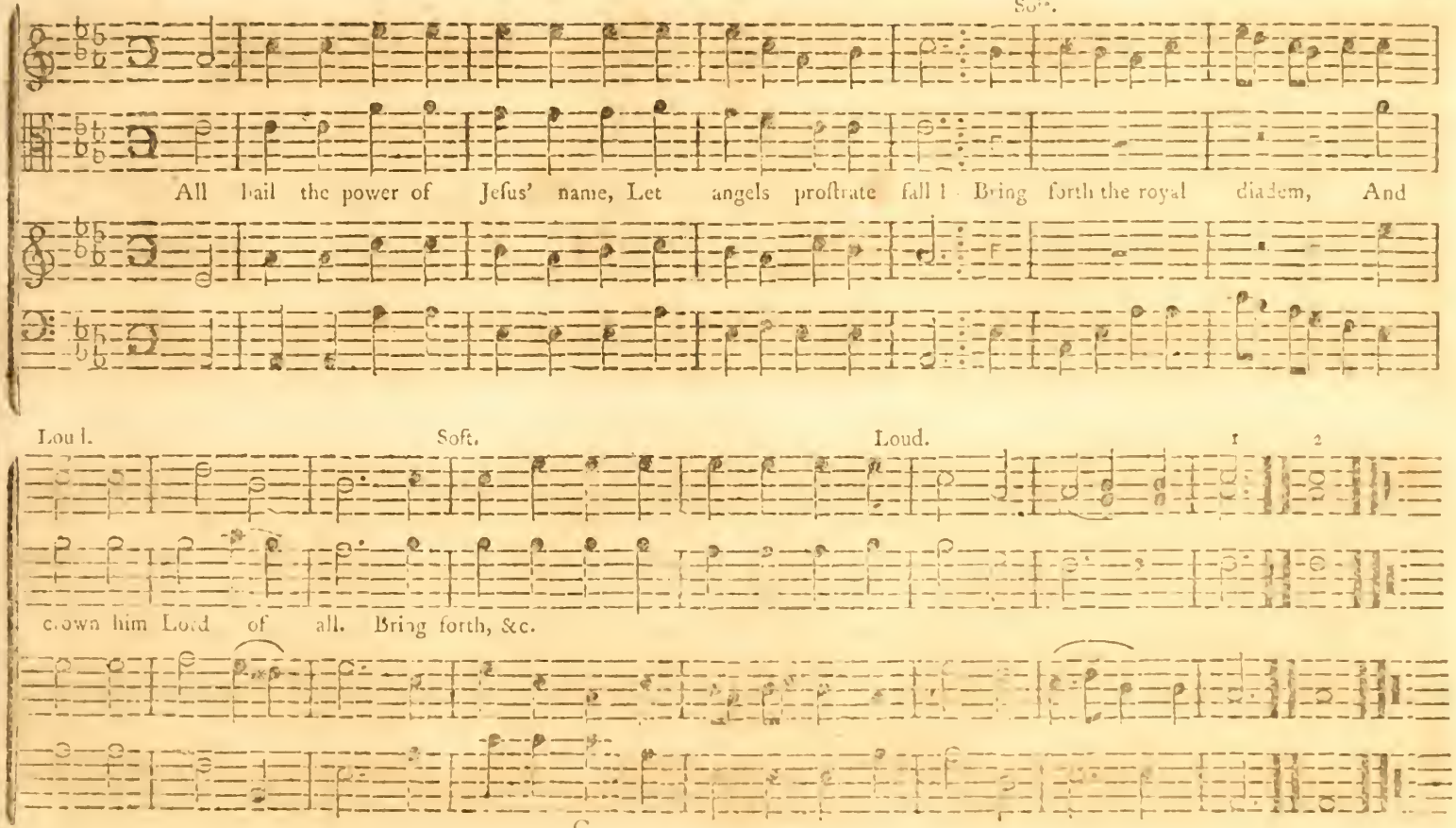

This life's a dream, an empty ſhow, But the bright world to which I go, Hath joys ſub-
ſtantial and ſincere, When ſhall I wake, and find me there! When ſhall I wake, and find me there!

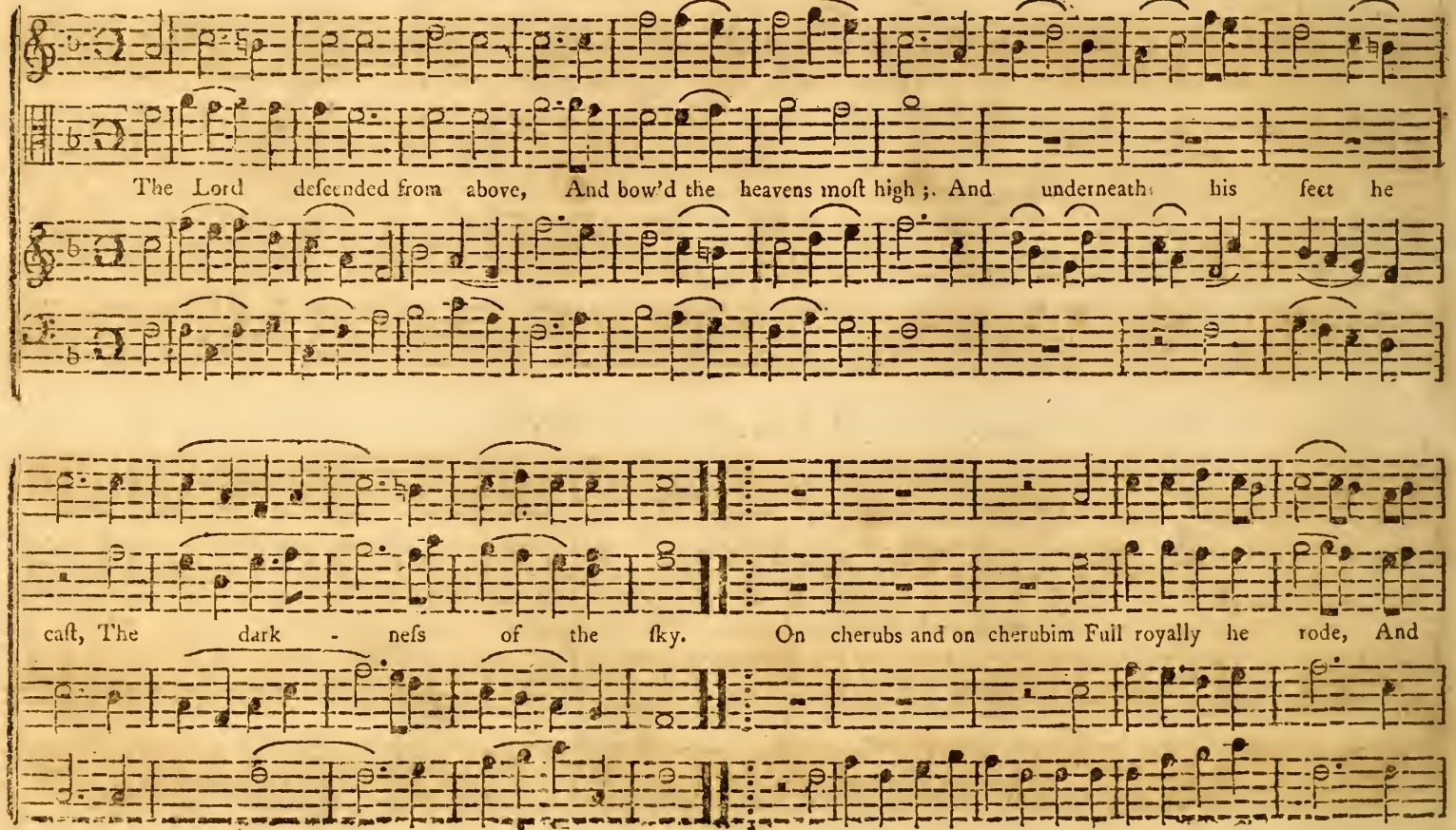


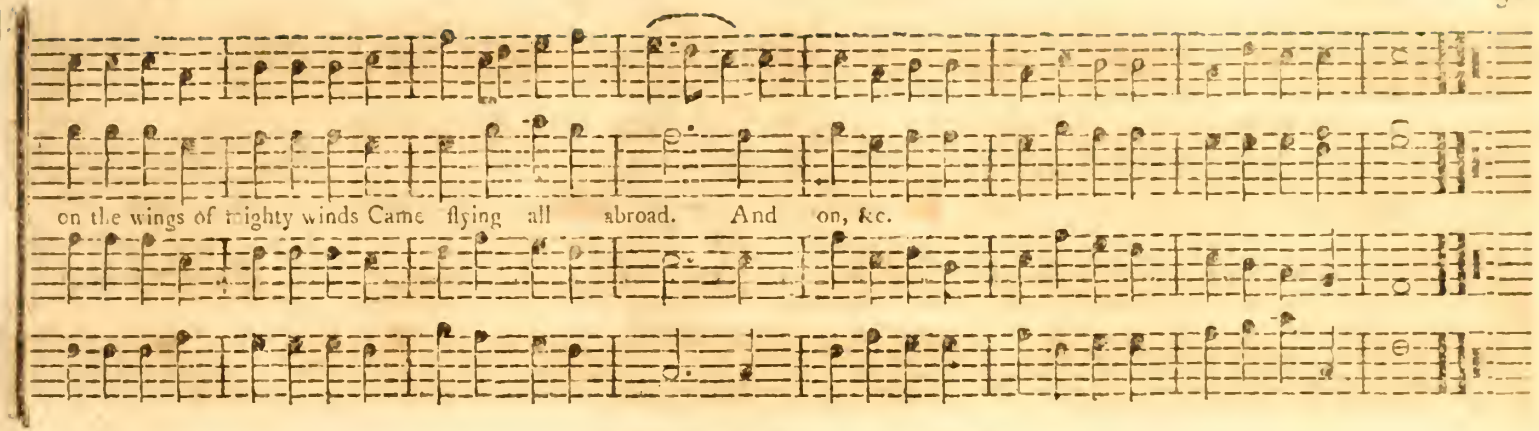
H. 217. PORTUGAL. L. M. Thorley.



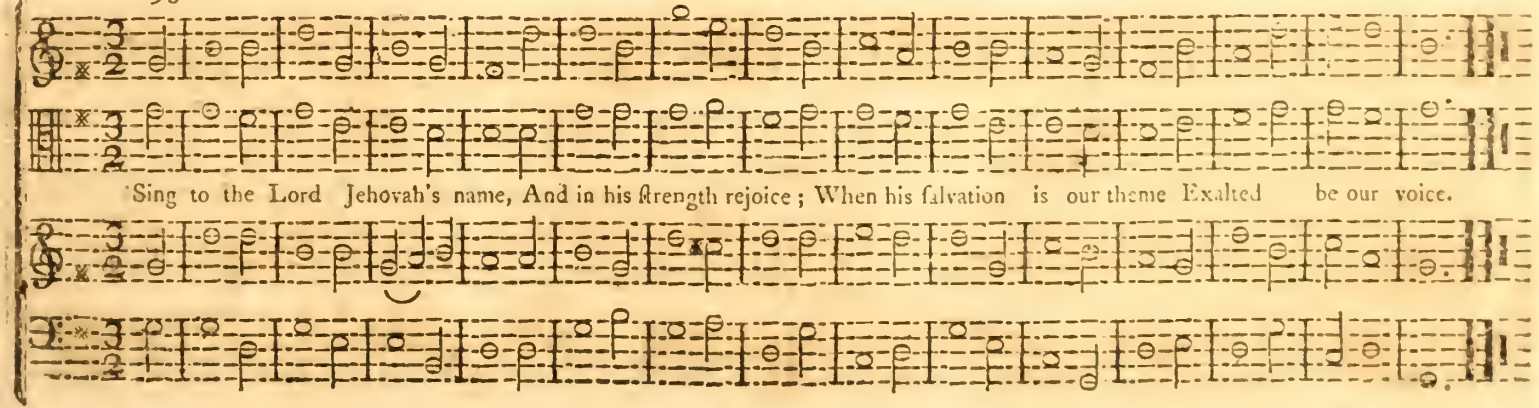

Who, from the ſhades of gloomy night, When the laſt tear of hope is ſhed, Can bid the ſoul return to light, Or break the
ſlumber of the dead! Can bid the ſoul return to light, Or break the ſlumber of the dead!

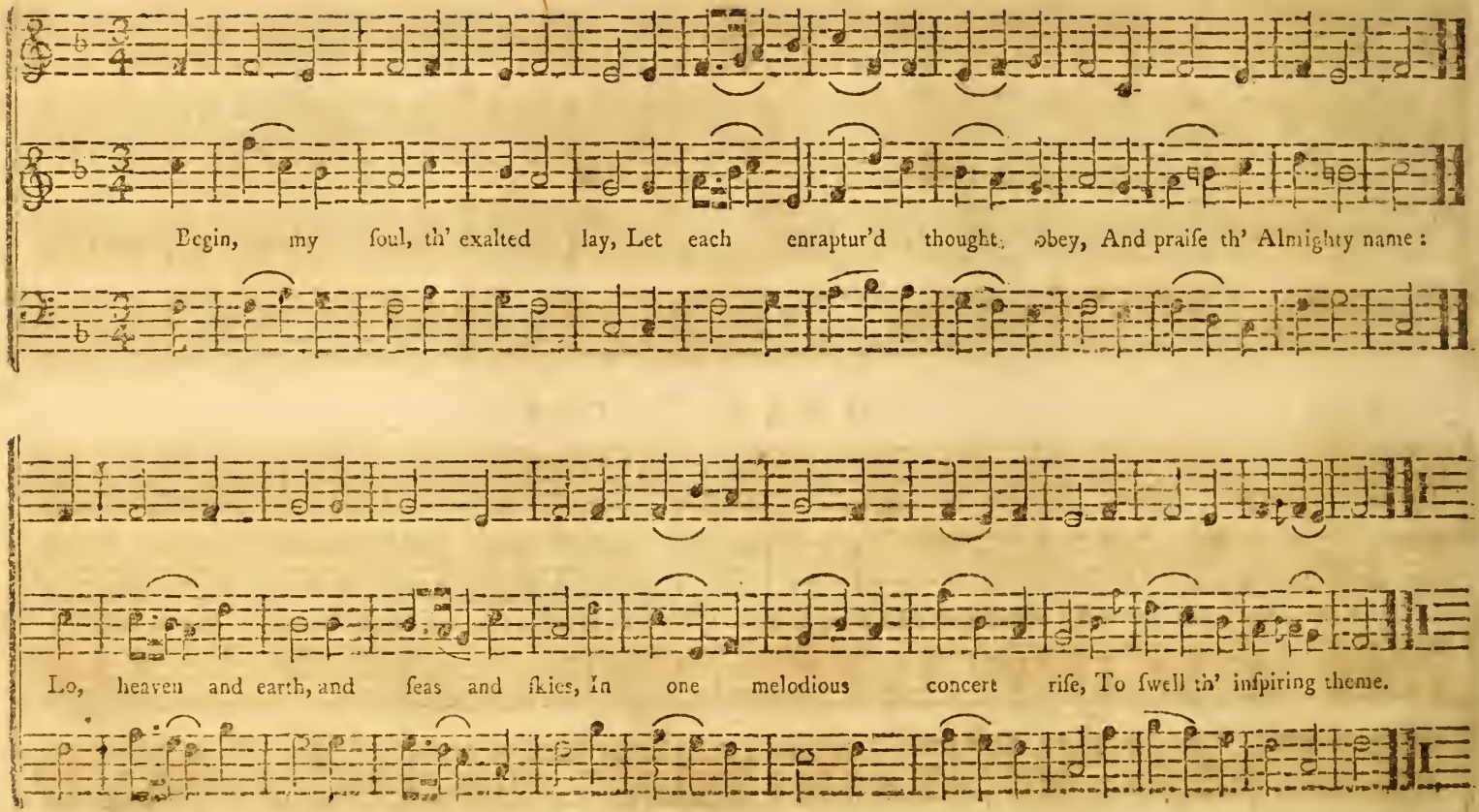

Soft.
All hail the power of Jesus' name, Let angels prostrate fall! Bring forth the royal diadem, And
Loud.
Soft.
Loud.
crown him Lord of all. Bring forth, &c.

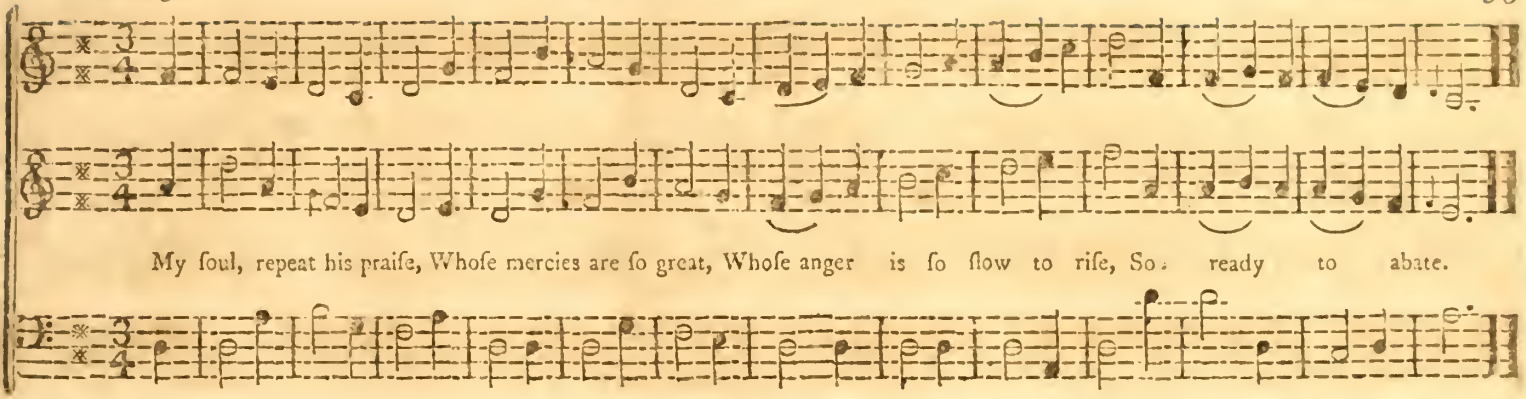

The Lord descended from above, And bow'd the heavens most high; And underneath his feet he
cast, The dark - ness of the sky. On cherubs and on cherubim Full royally he rode, And

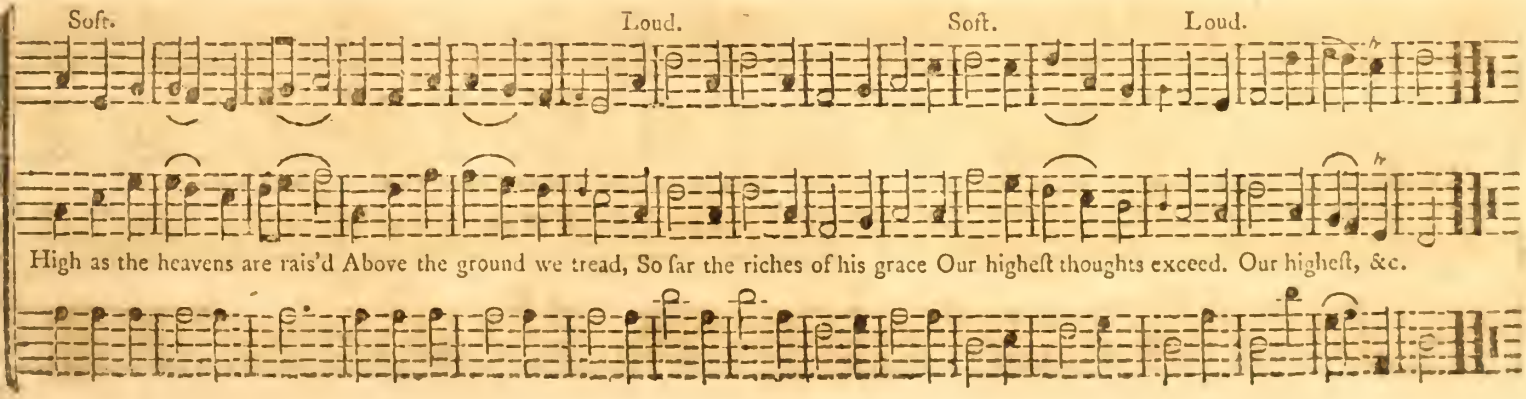

on the wings of mighty winds Came flying all abroad. And on, &c.

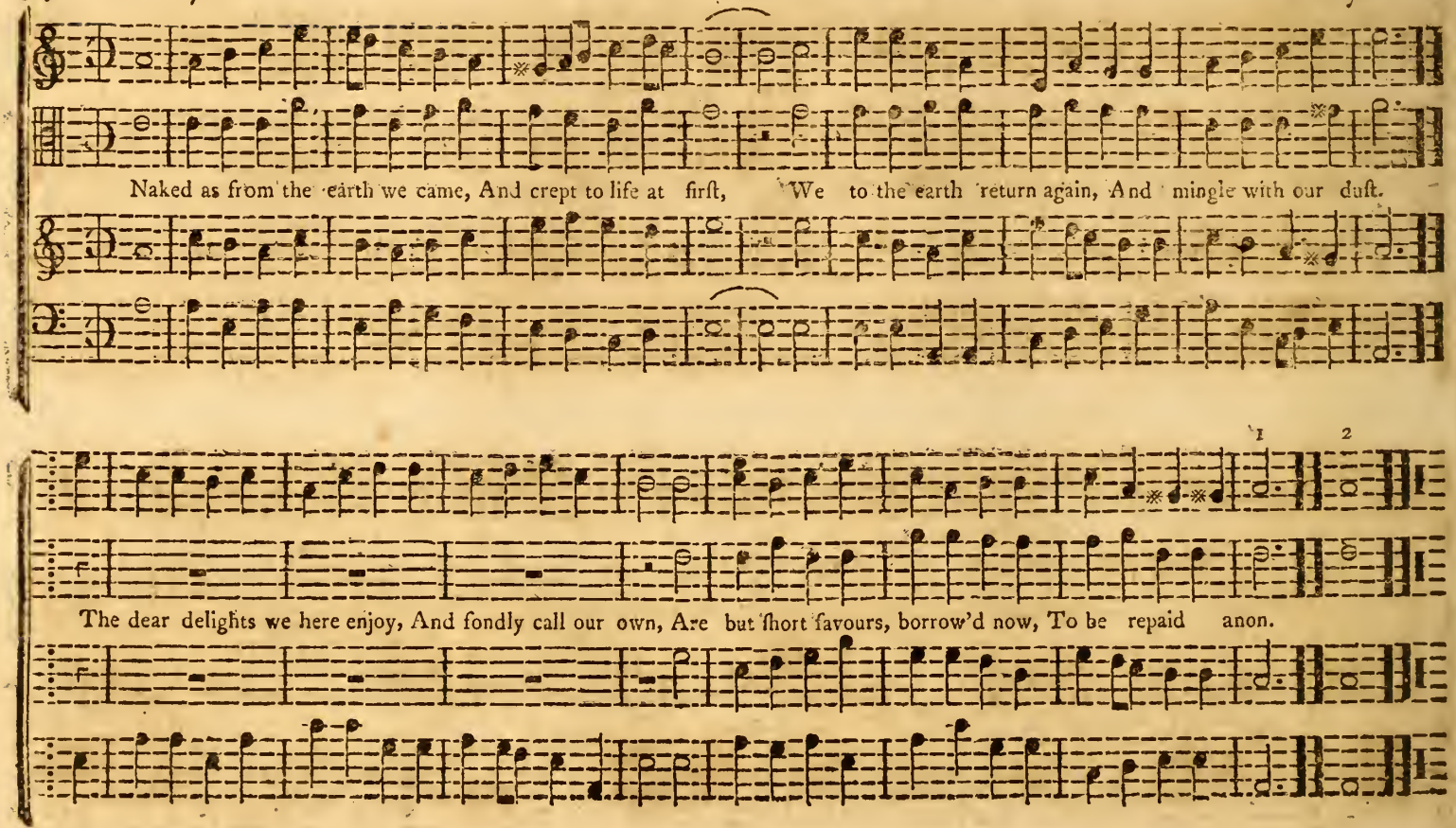
P. 95. MEAR. C. M.

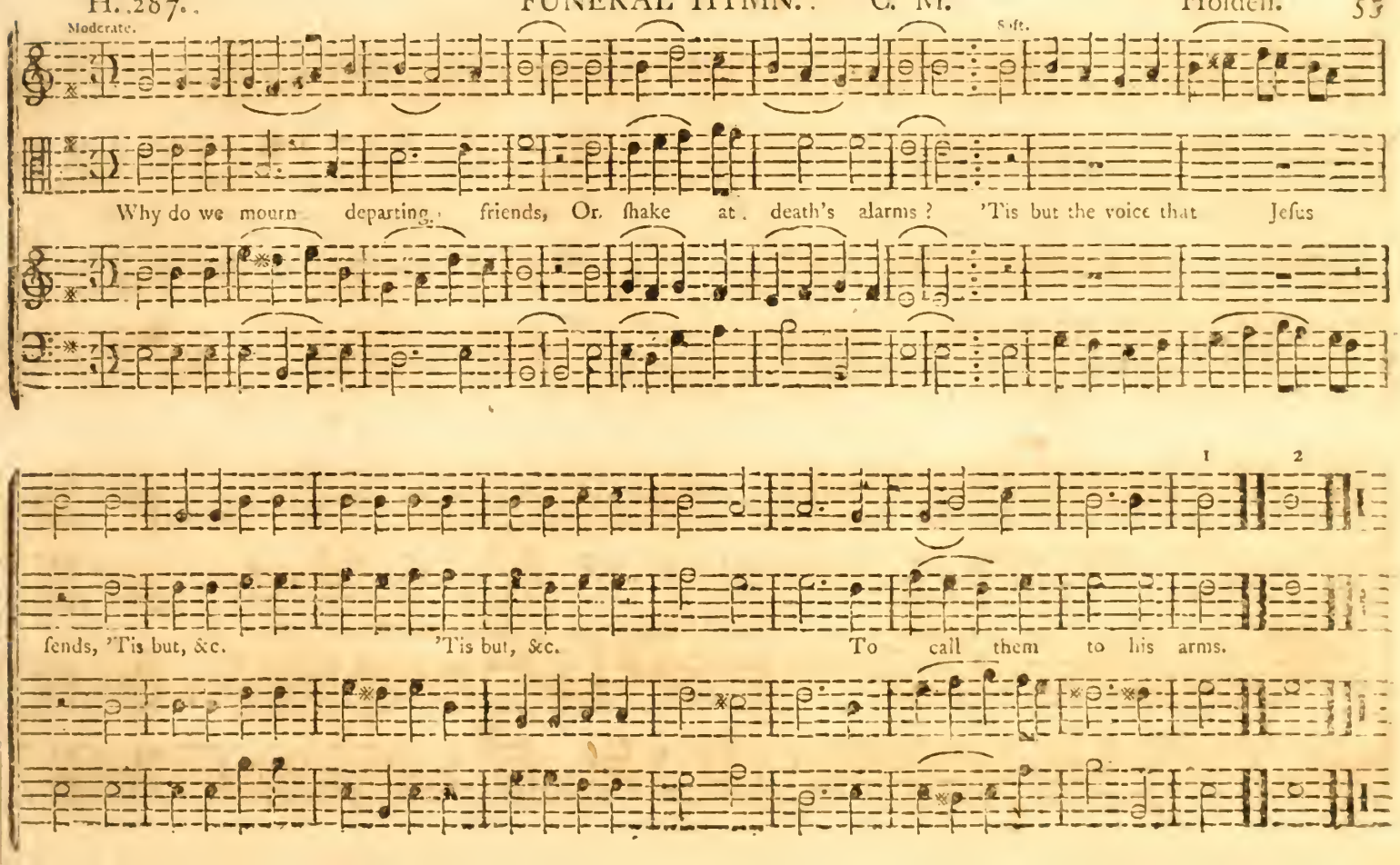

Sing to the Lord Jehovah's name, And in his ſtrength rejoice; When his ſalvation is our theme Exalted be our voice.

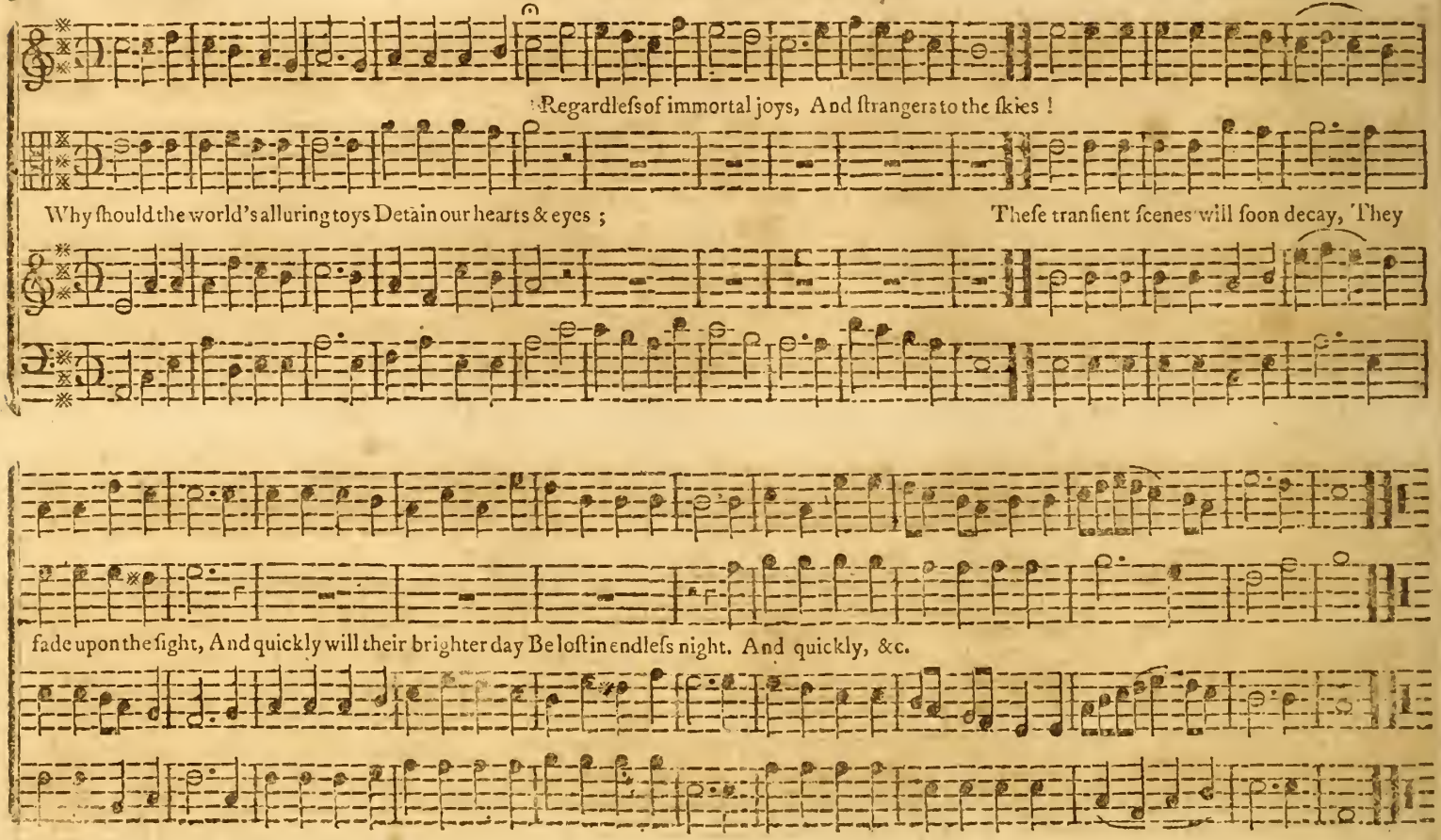

Begin, my ſoul, th' exalted lay, Let each enraptur'd thought obey, And praiſe th' Almighty name:
Lo, heaven and earth, and ſeas and ſkies, In one melodious concert riſe, To ſwell th' inſpiring theme.

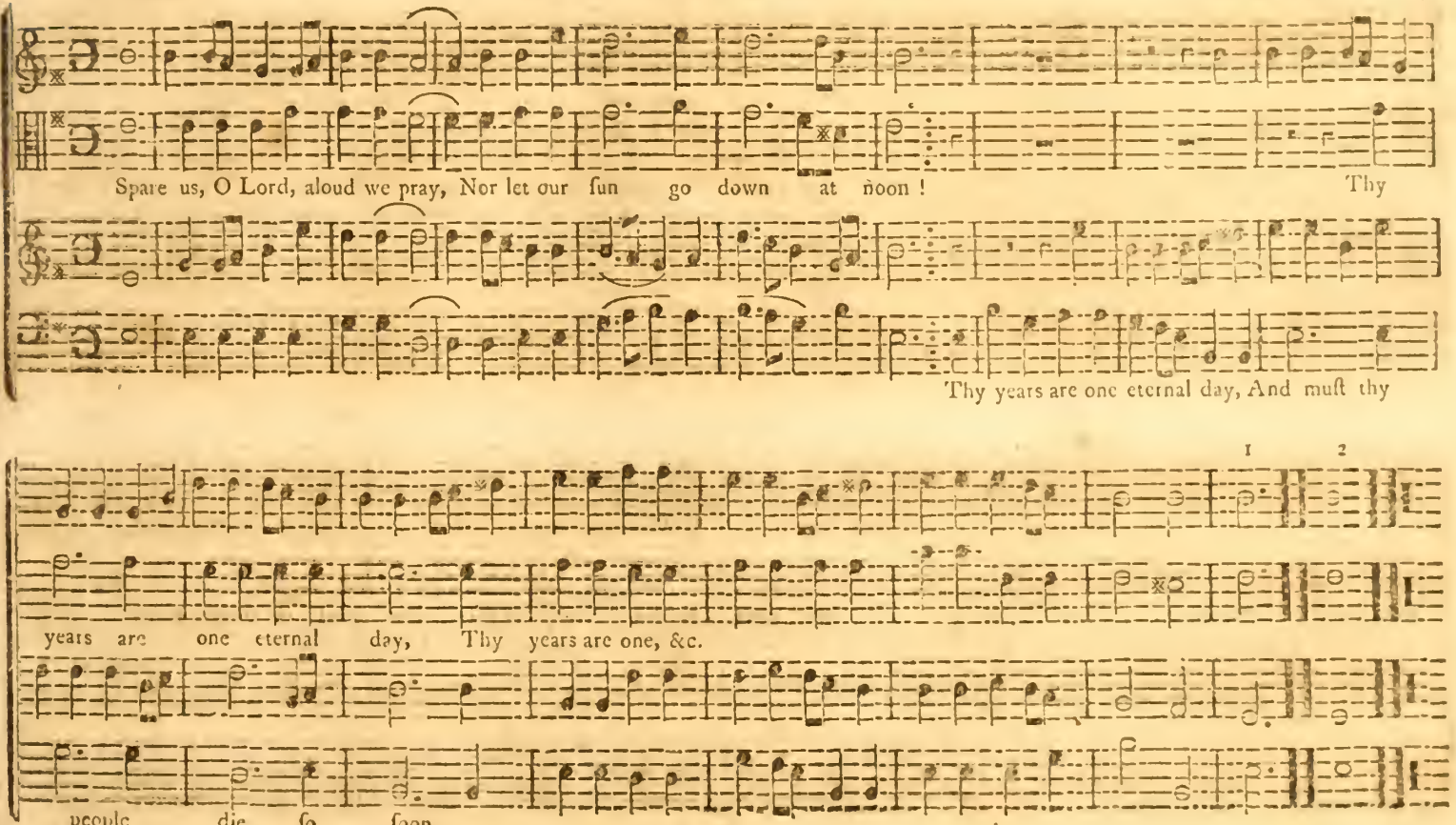

My ſoul, repeat his praiſe, Whoſe mercies are ſo great, Whoſe anger is ſo ſlow to riſe, So ready to abate.

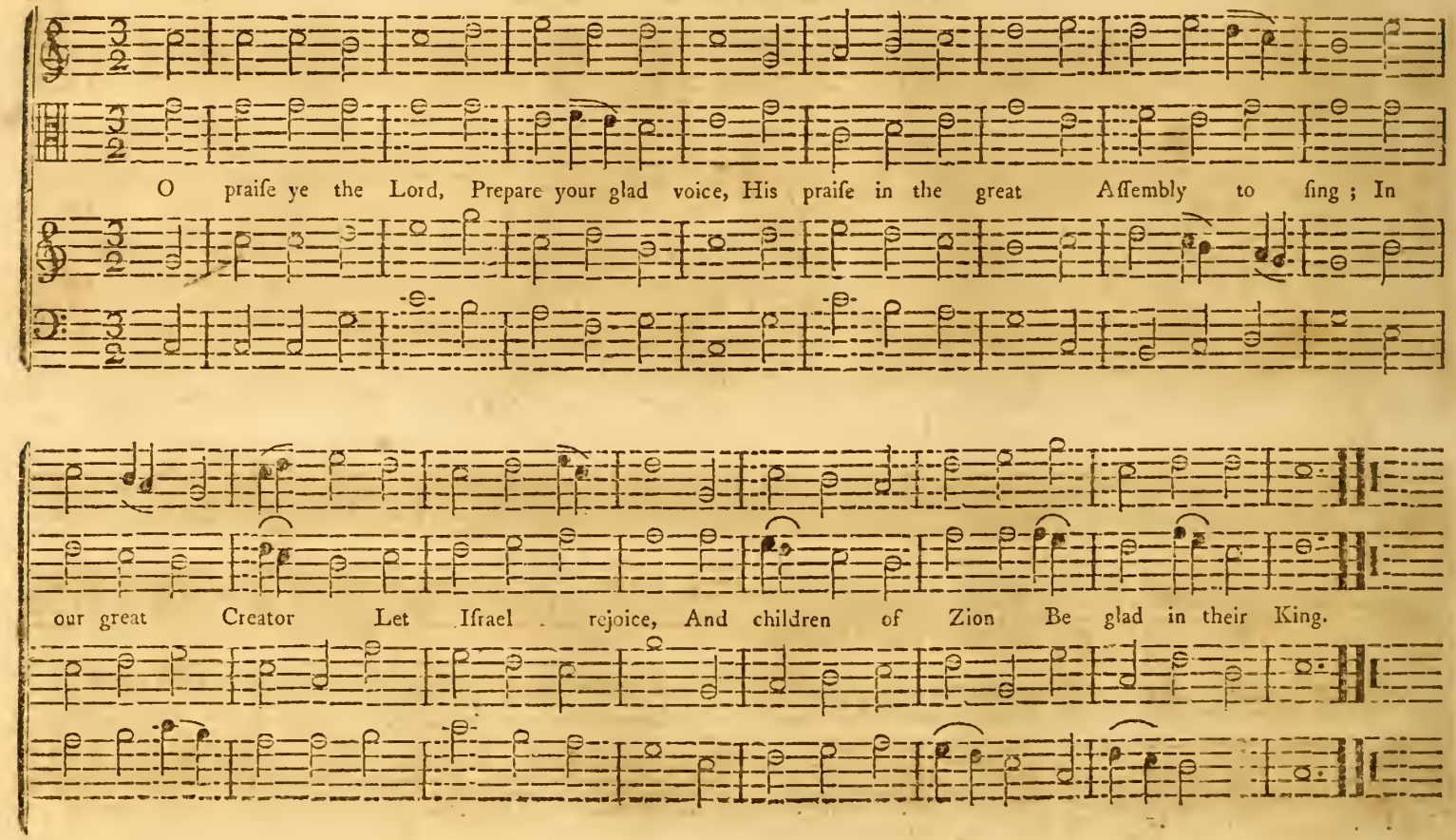

Soft.
Loud.
Soft.
Loud.
High as the heavens are rais'd Above the ground we tread, So far the riches of his grace Our higheſt thoughts exceed. Our higheſt, &c.

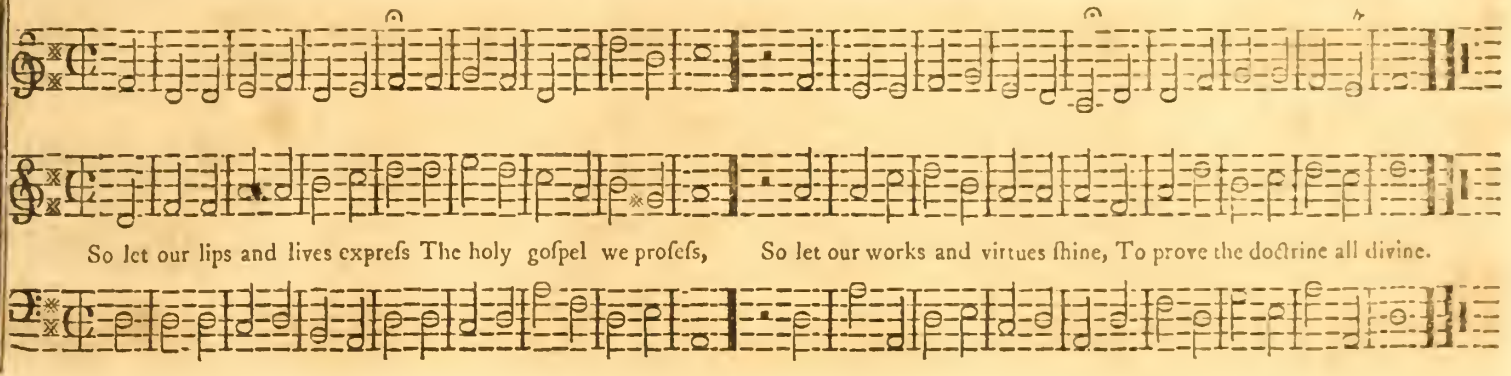

Naked as from the earth we came, And crept to life at first, We to the earth return again, And mingle with our duſt.
1 2
The dear delights we here enjoy, And fondly call our own, Are but ſhort favours, borrow'd now, To be repaid anon.


Moderate.
Soft.
Why do we mourn departing friends, Or shake at death's alarms? 'Tis but the voice that Jesus
1
2
fends, 'Tis but, &c.
'Tis but, &c.
To call them to his arms.

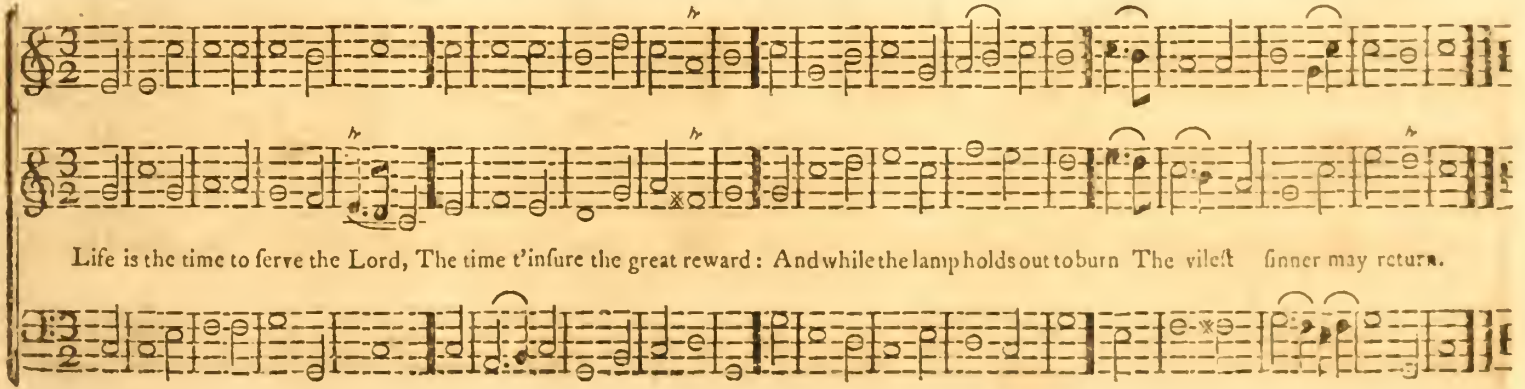

Regardleſs of immortal joys, And ſtrangers to the ſkies !
Why ſhould the world's alluring toys Detain our hearts & eyes ;
Theſe tranſient ſcenes will ſoon decay, They
fade upon the ſight, And quickly will their brighter day Be loſt in endleſs night. And quickly, &c.


Spare us, O Lord, aloud we pray, Nor let our ſun go down at noon ! Thy
Thy years are one eternal day, And muſt thy
1 2
years are one eternal day, Thy years are one, &c.
people die ſo ſoon.

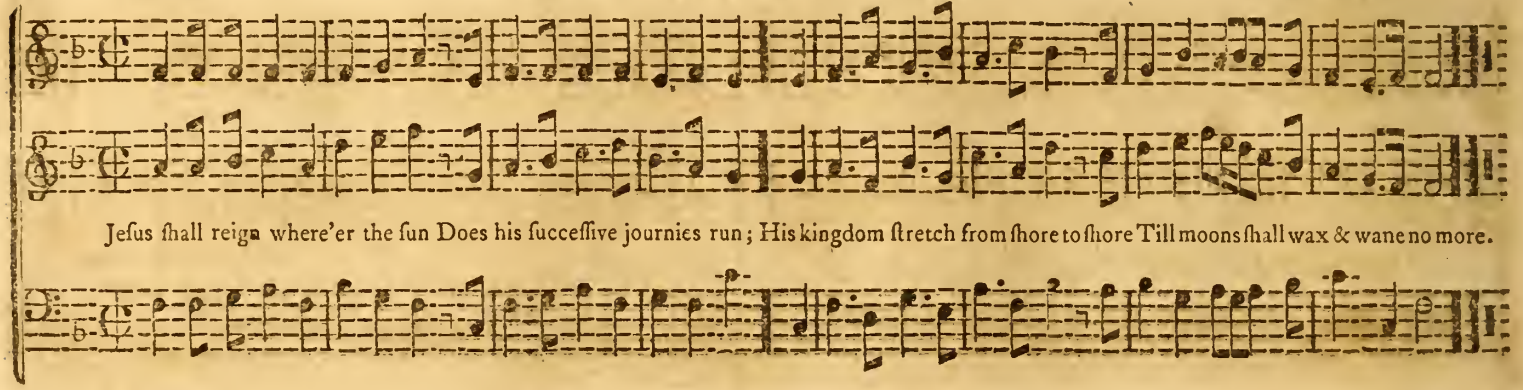

O praiſe ye the Lord, Prepare your glad voice, His praiſe in the great Aſſembly to ſing; In
our great Creator Let Iſrael rejoice, And children of Zion Be glad in their King.



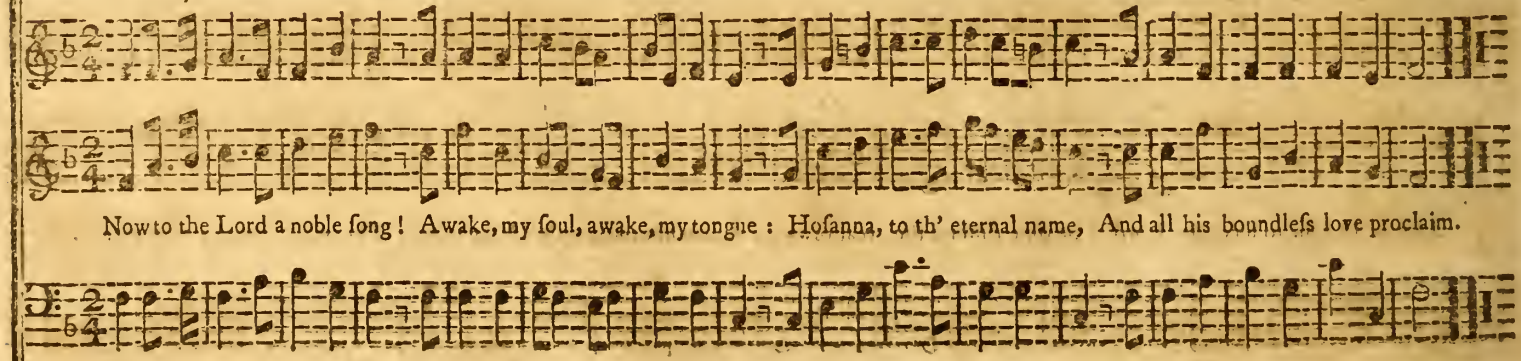
H. 153. WINCHESTER. L. M. M. Luther.

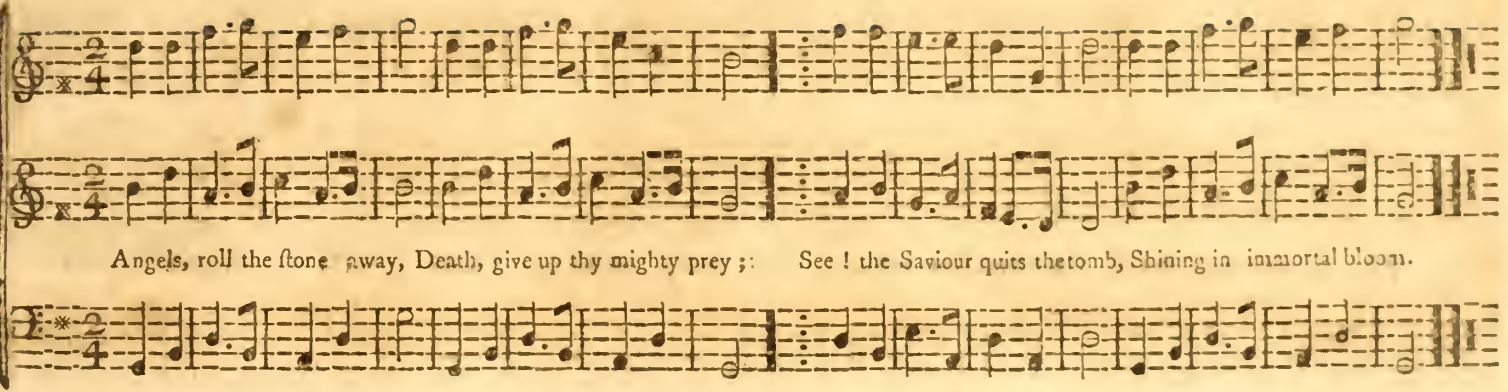


OSNABURGH. L. M. Handel.

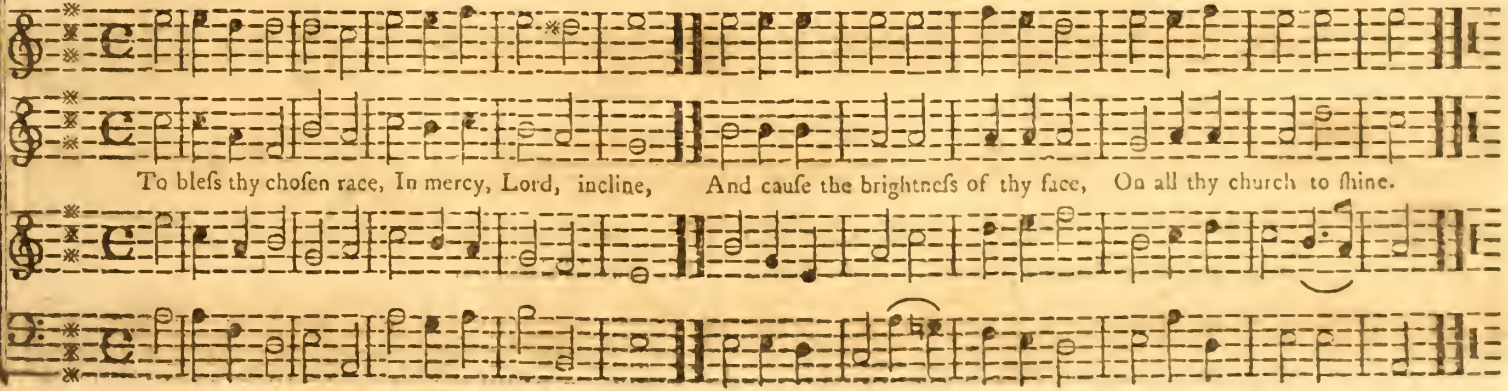


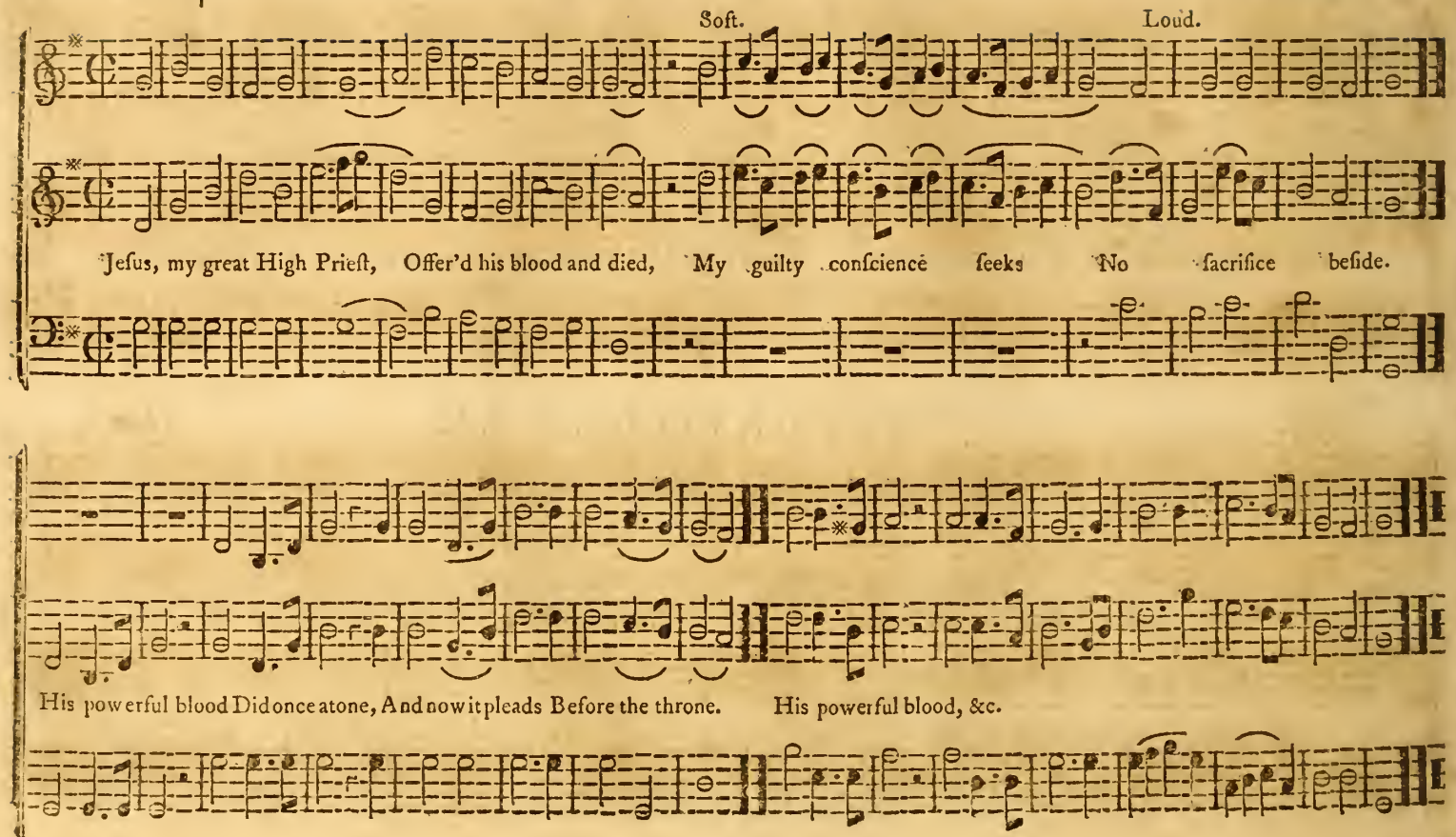
H. 187. TRURO. L. M. Williams's Coll.

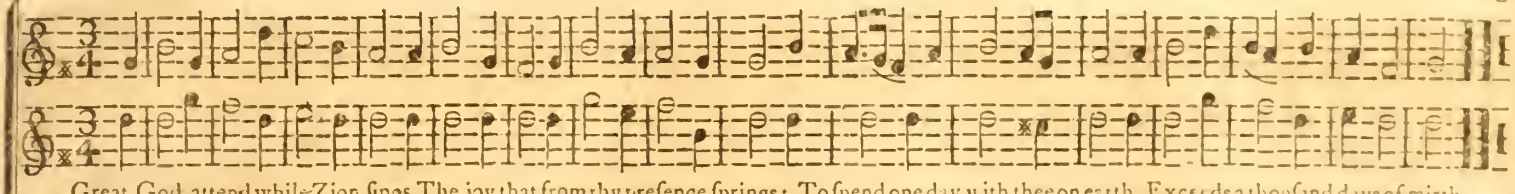




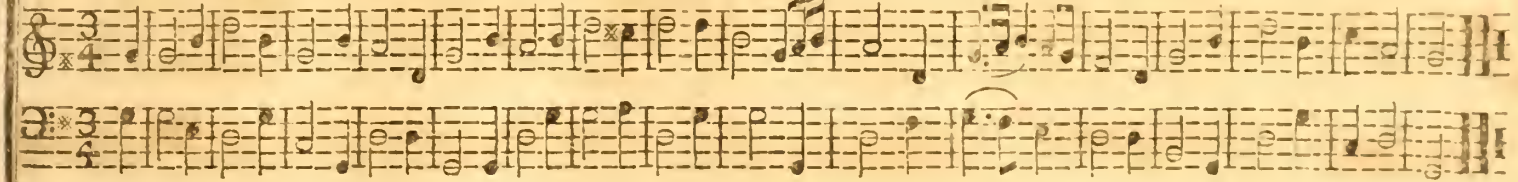
P. 67. PENTONVILLE. S. M. Linley.



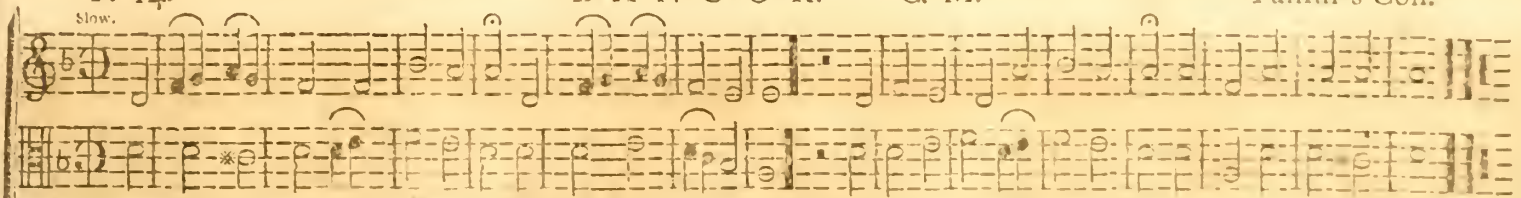

Soft.
Loud.
Jesus, my great High Priest, Offer'd his blood and died, My guilty conscience seeks No sacrifice beside.
His powerful blood Did once atone, And now it pleads Before the throne. His powerful blood, &c.



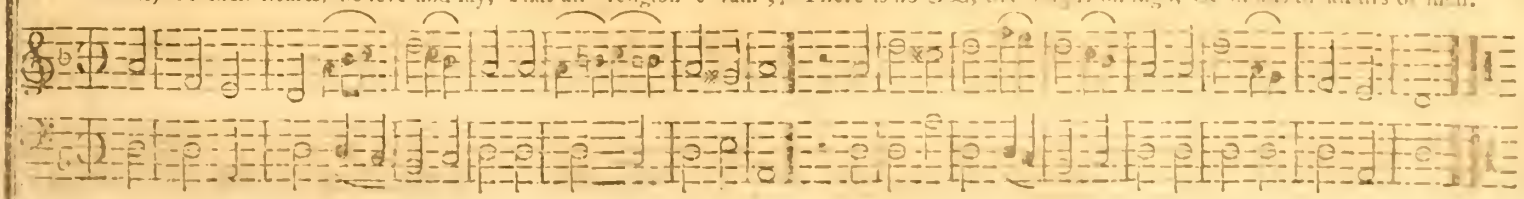
Great God, attend while Zion sings The joy that from thy presence springs; To spend one day with thee on earth, Exceeds a thousand days of mirth.

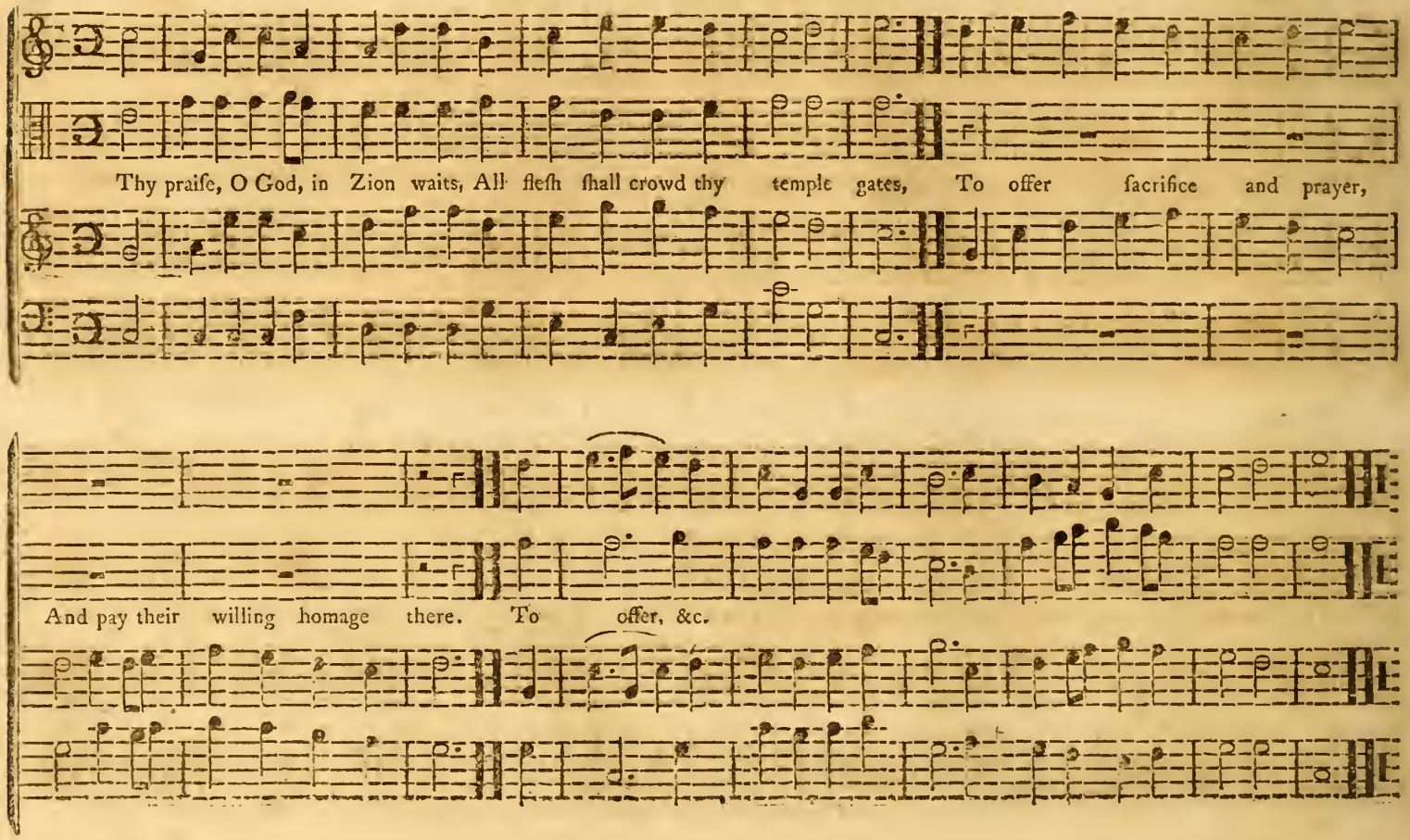


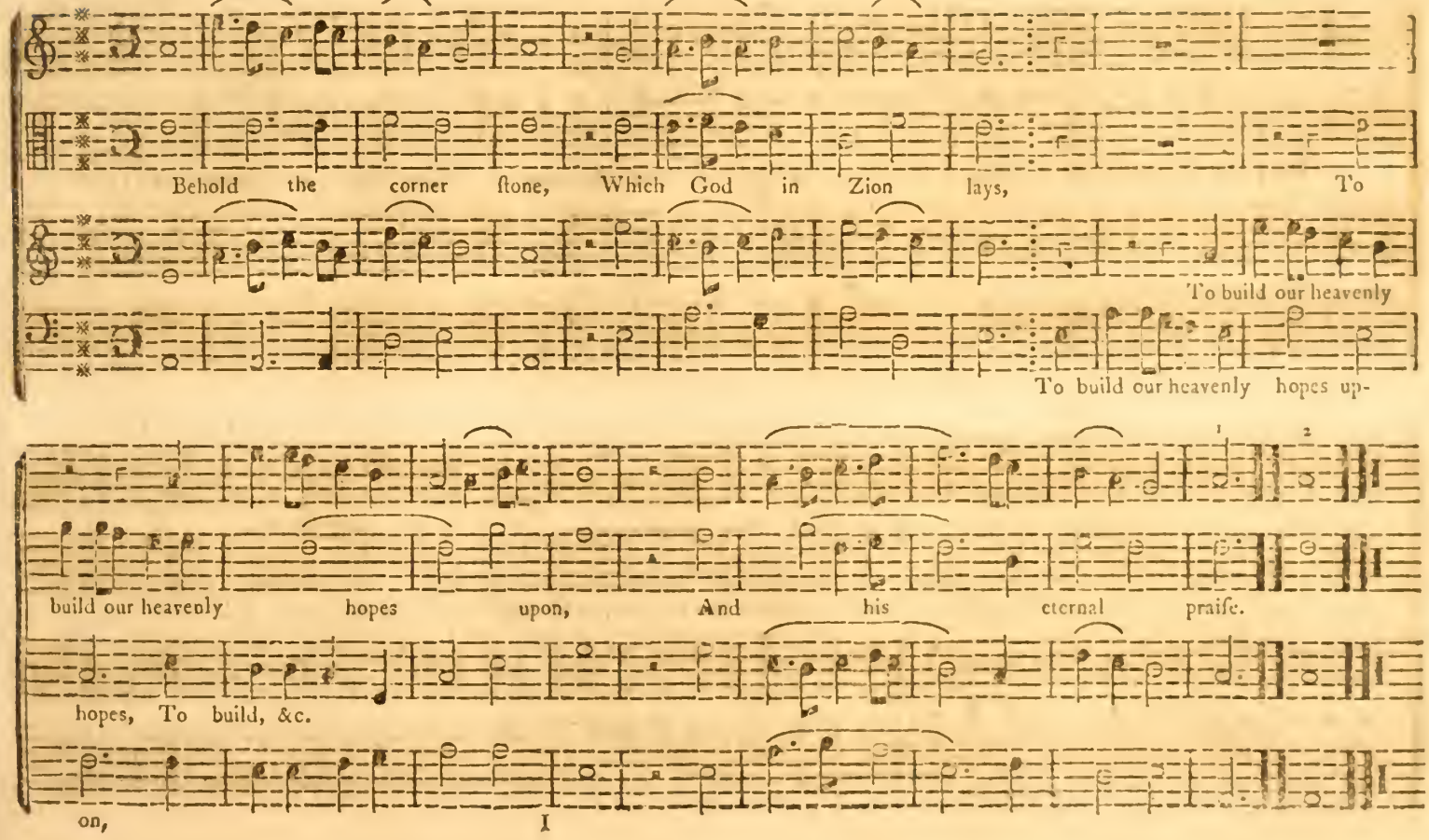
P. 14. BANGOR. C. M. Tanfur's Coll.

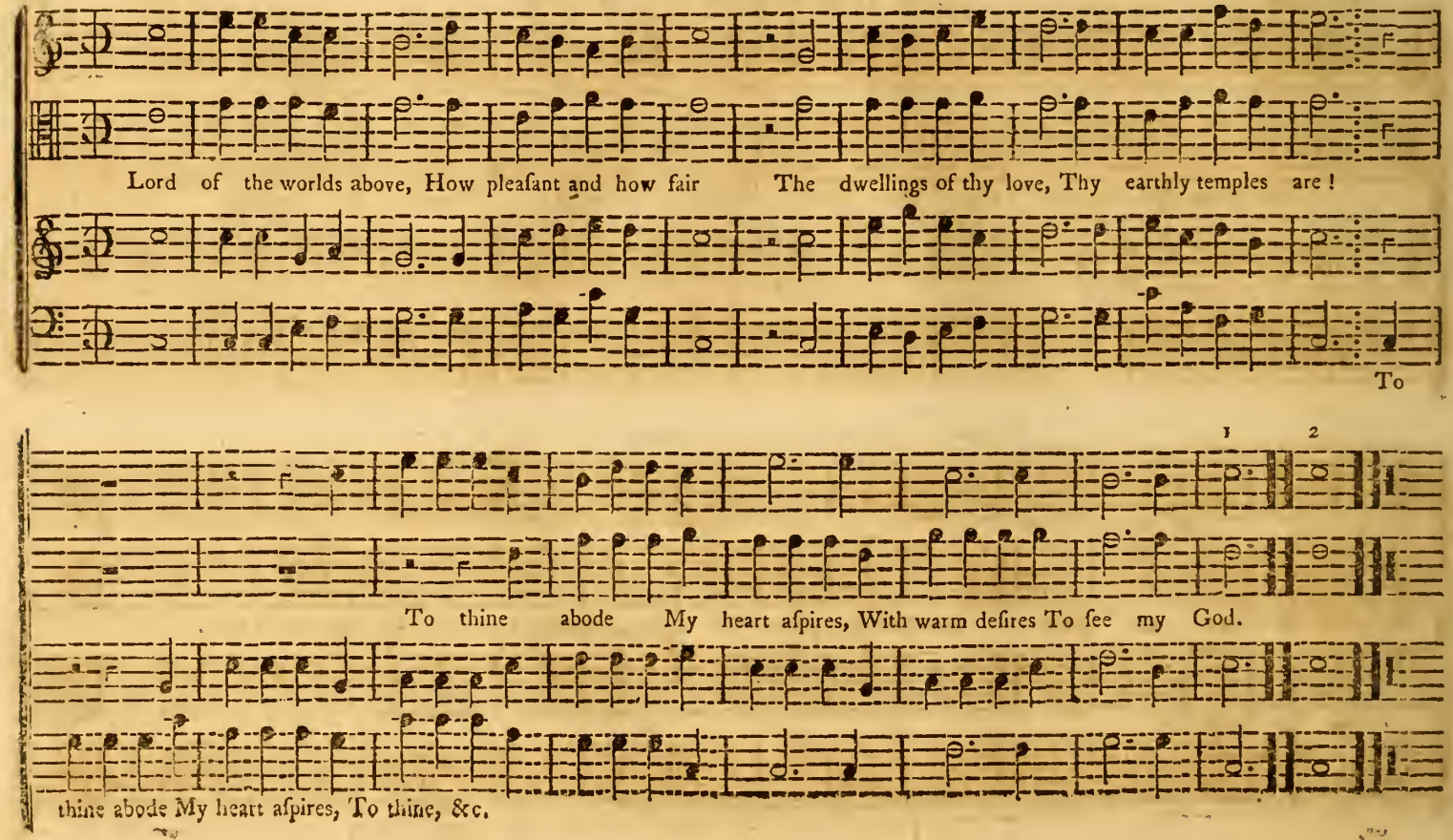


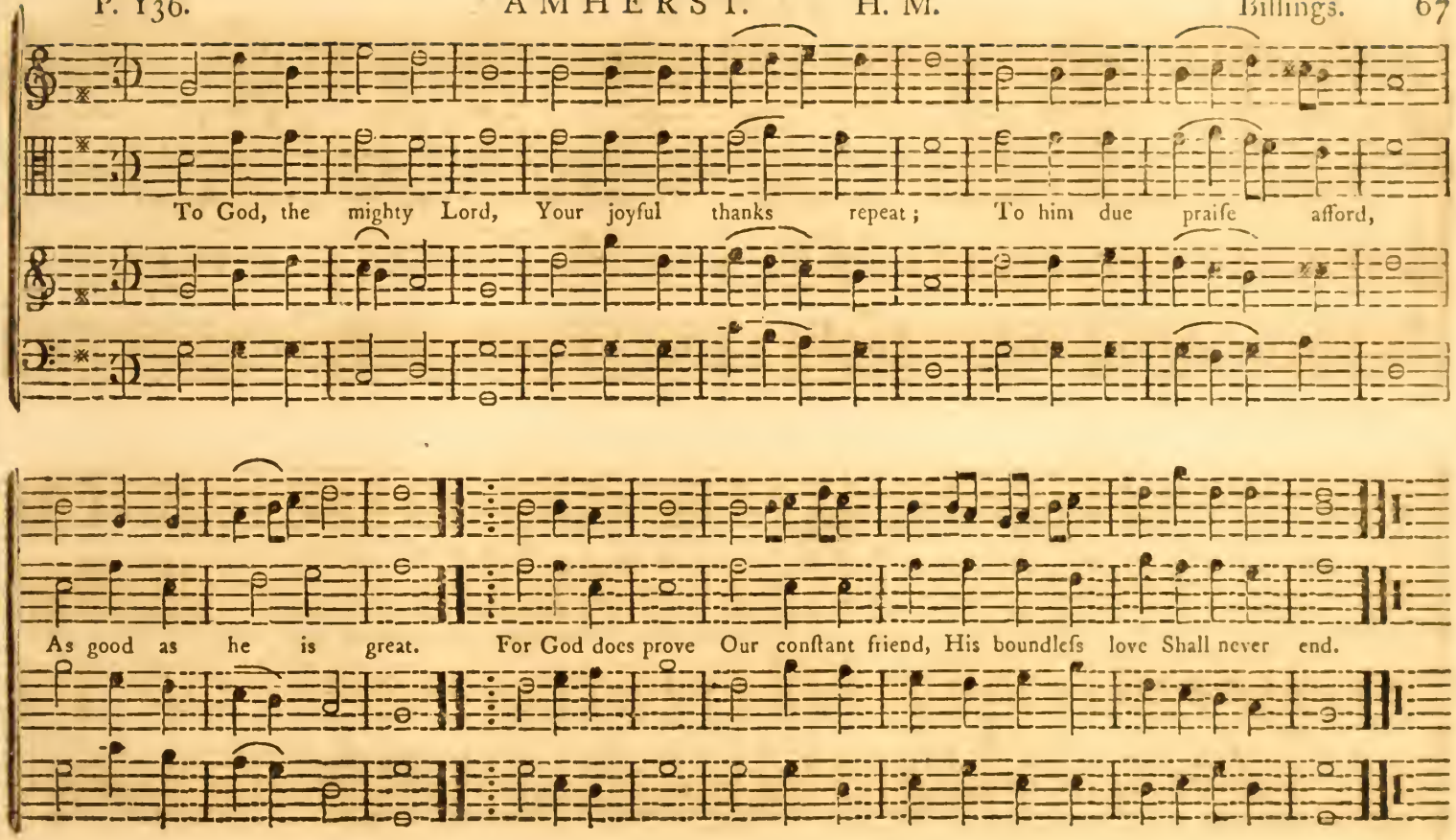
Fools, in their hearts, believe and say, That all religion 's vain ;. There is no God, that reigns on high, Or minds th' affairs of men.

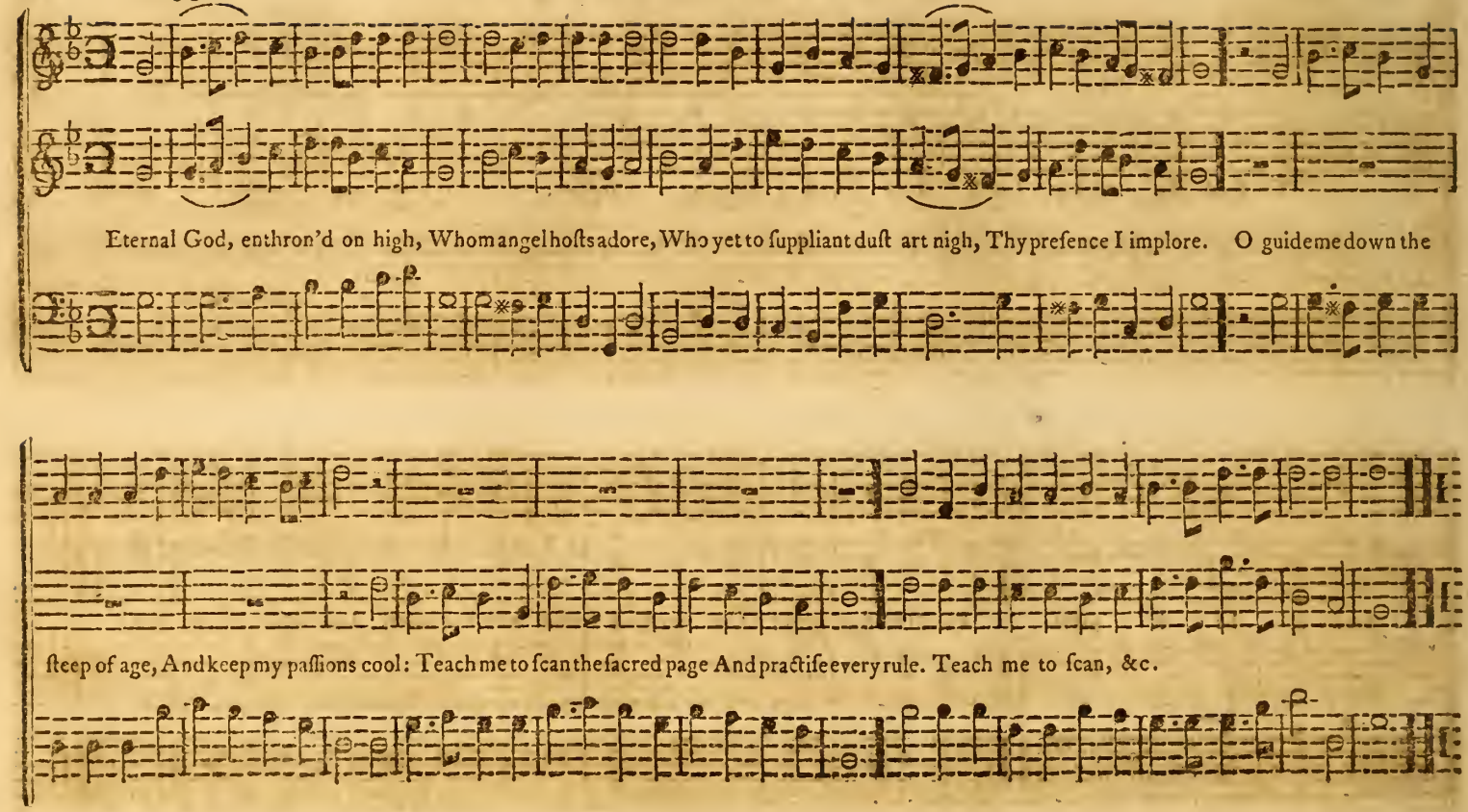


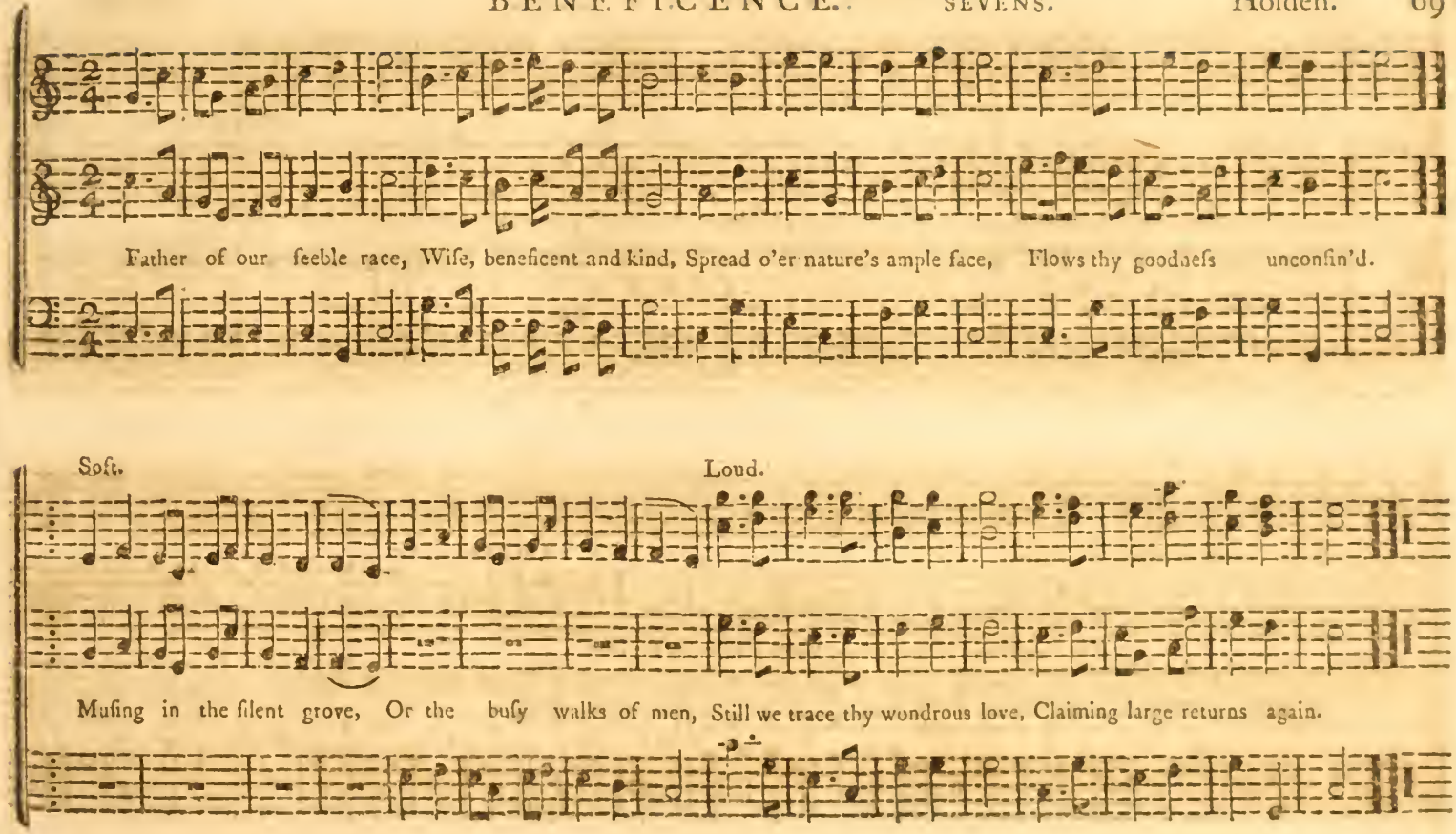

Thy praiſe, O God, in Zion waits, All fleſh ſhall crowd thy temple gates, To offer ſacrifice and prayer,
And pay their willing homage there. To offer, &c.


Behold the corner ſtone, Which God in Zion lays, To
To build our heavenly
To build our heavenly hopes up-
build our heavenly hopes upon, And his eternal praiſe.
hopes, To build, &c.
on,

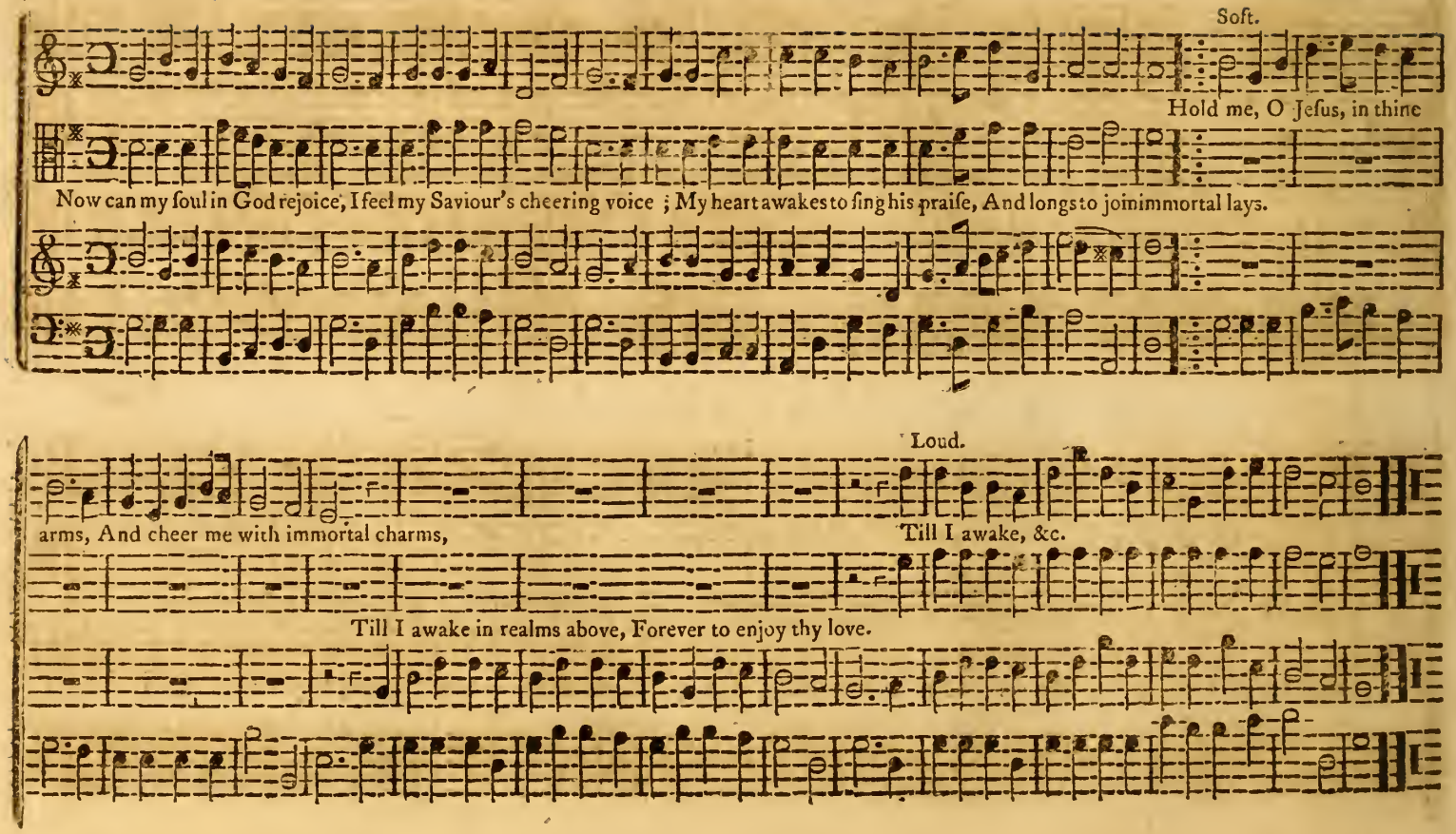

Lord of the worlds above, How pleaſant and how fair The dwellings of thy love, Thy earthly temples are!
To
1
2
To thine abode My heart aſpires, With warm deſires To ſee my God.
thine abode My heart aſpires, To thine, &c.

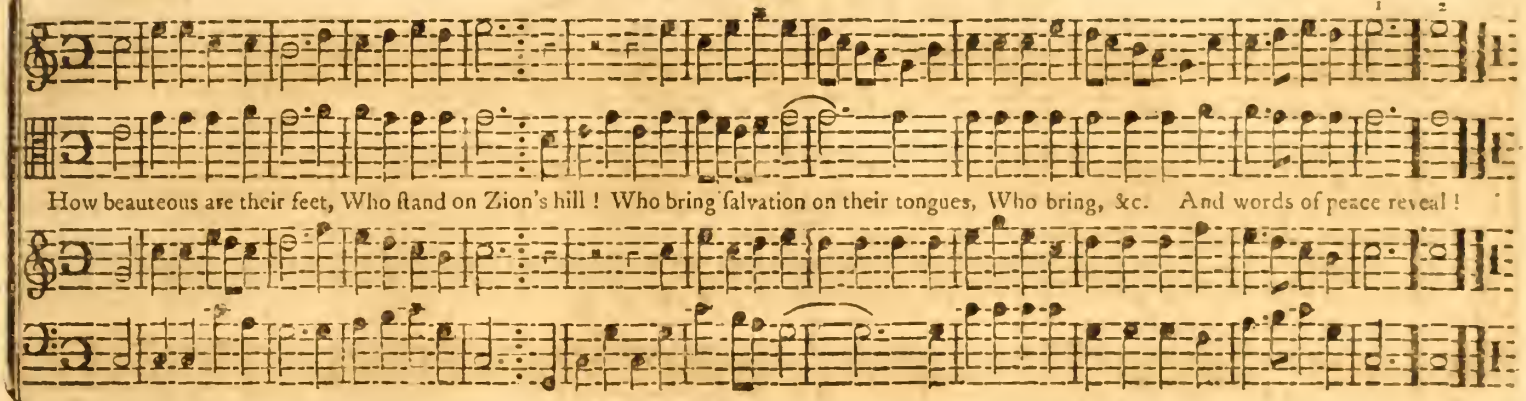

To God, the mighty Lord, Your joyful thanks repeat; To him due praiſe afford,
As good as he is great. For God does prove Our conſtant friend, His boundleſs love Shall never end.


Eternal God, enthron'd on high, Whom angel hosts adore, Who yet to suppliant dust art nigh, Thy presence I implore. O guide me down the
steep of age, And keep my passions cool: Teach me to scan the sacred page And practise every rule. Teach me to scan, &c.

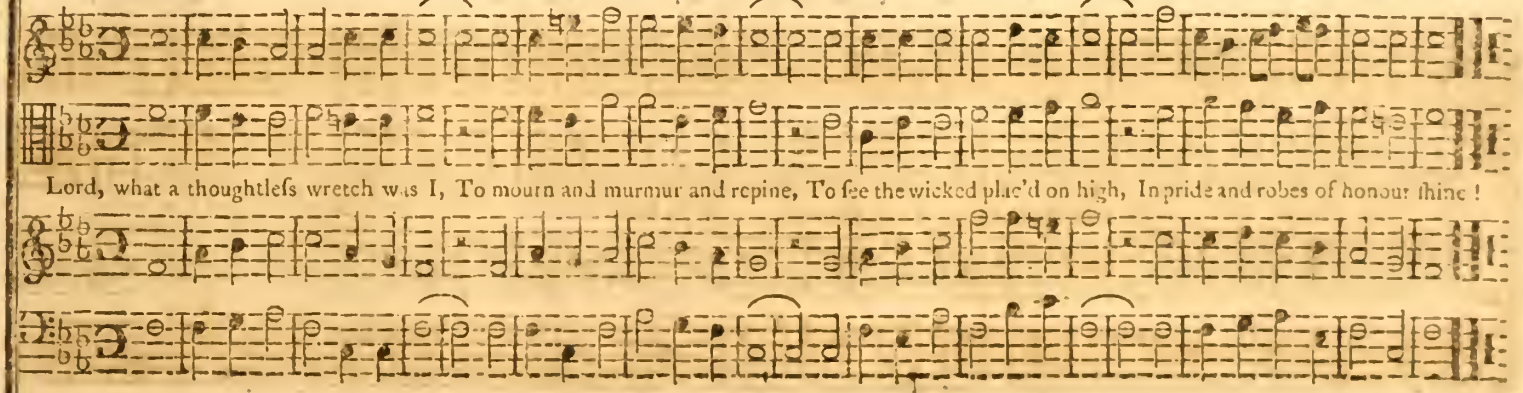

Father of our feeble race, Wife, beneficent and kind, Spread o'er nature's ample face, Flows thy goodneſs unconfin'd.
Soft.
Loud.
Muſing in the ſilent grove, Or the buſy walks of men, Still we trace thy wondrous love, Claiming large returns again.

CONFIDENCE. L. M. Holden.

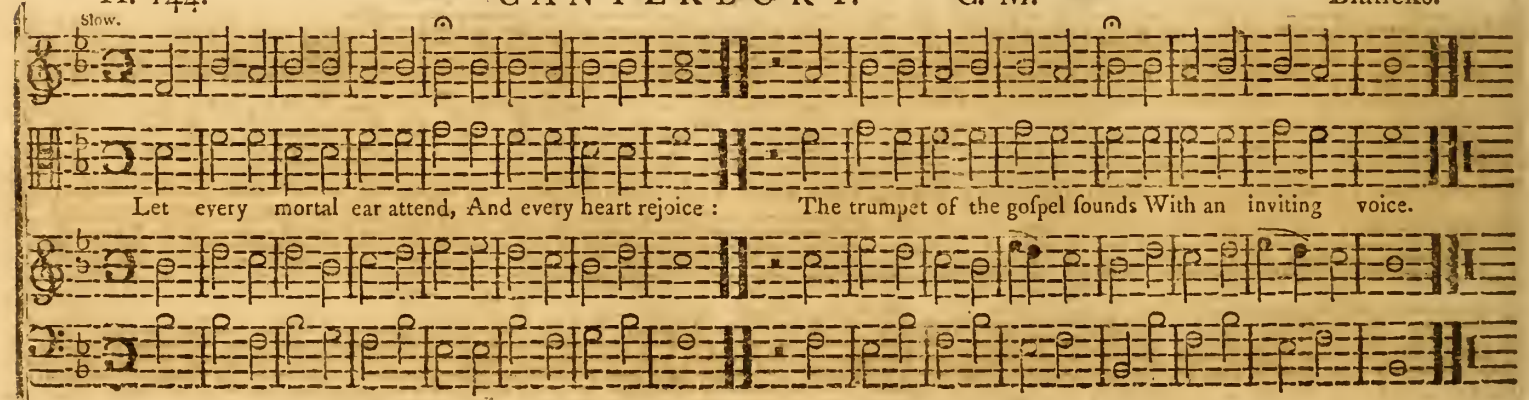


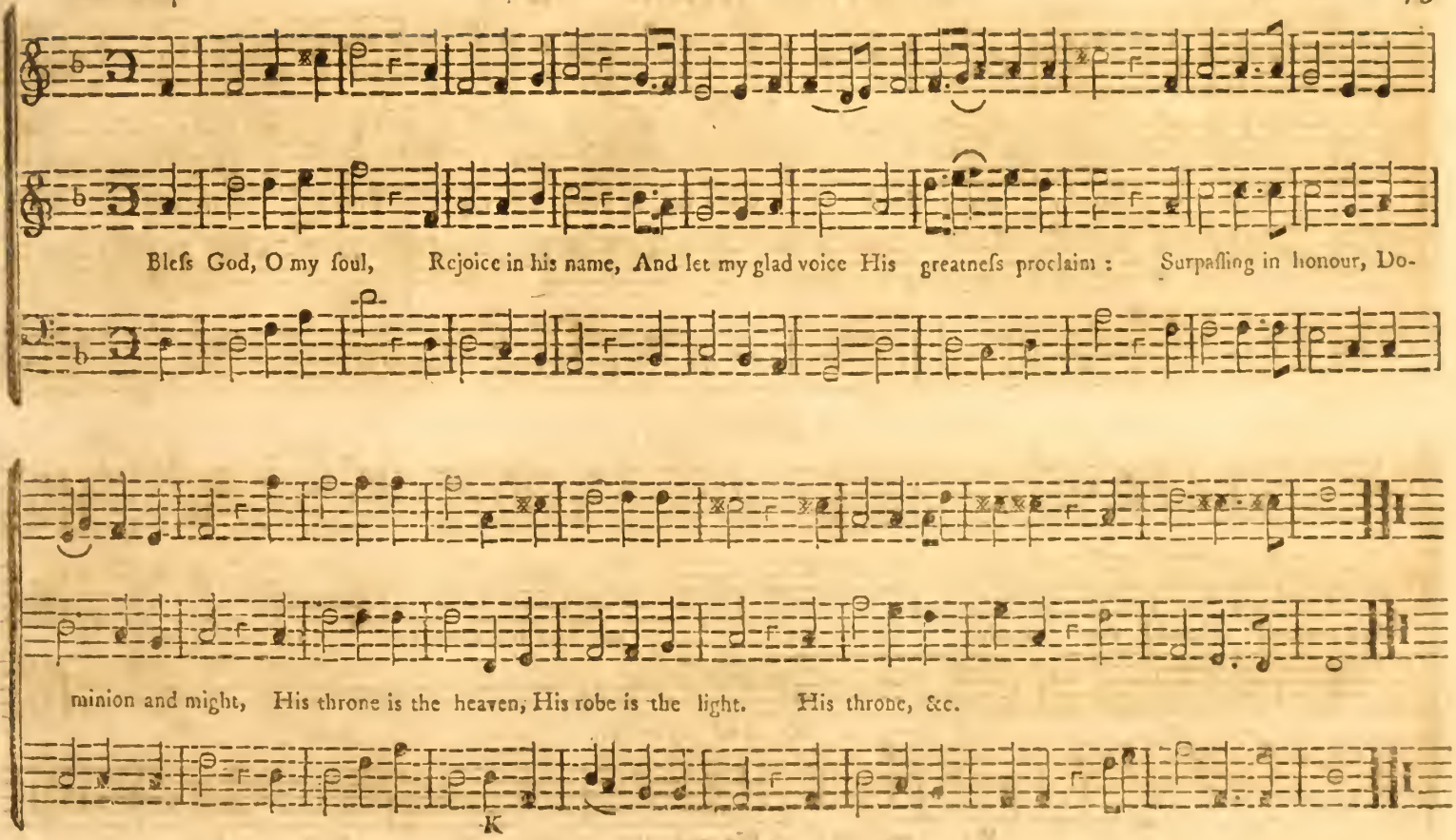


P. 73. WINDHAM. L. M. Read.



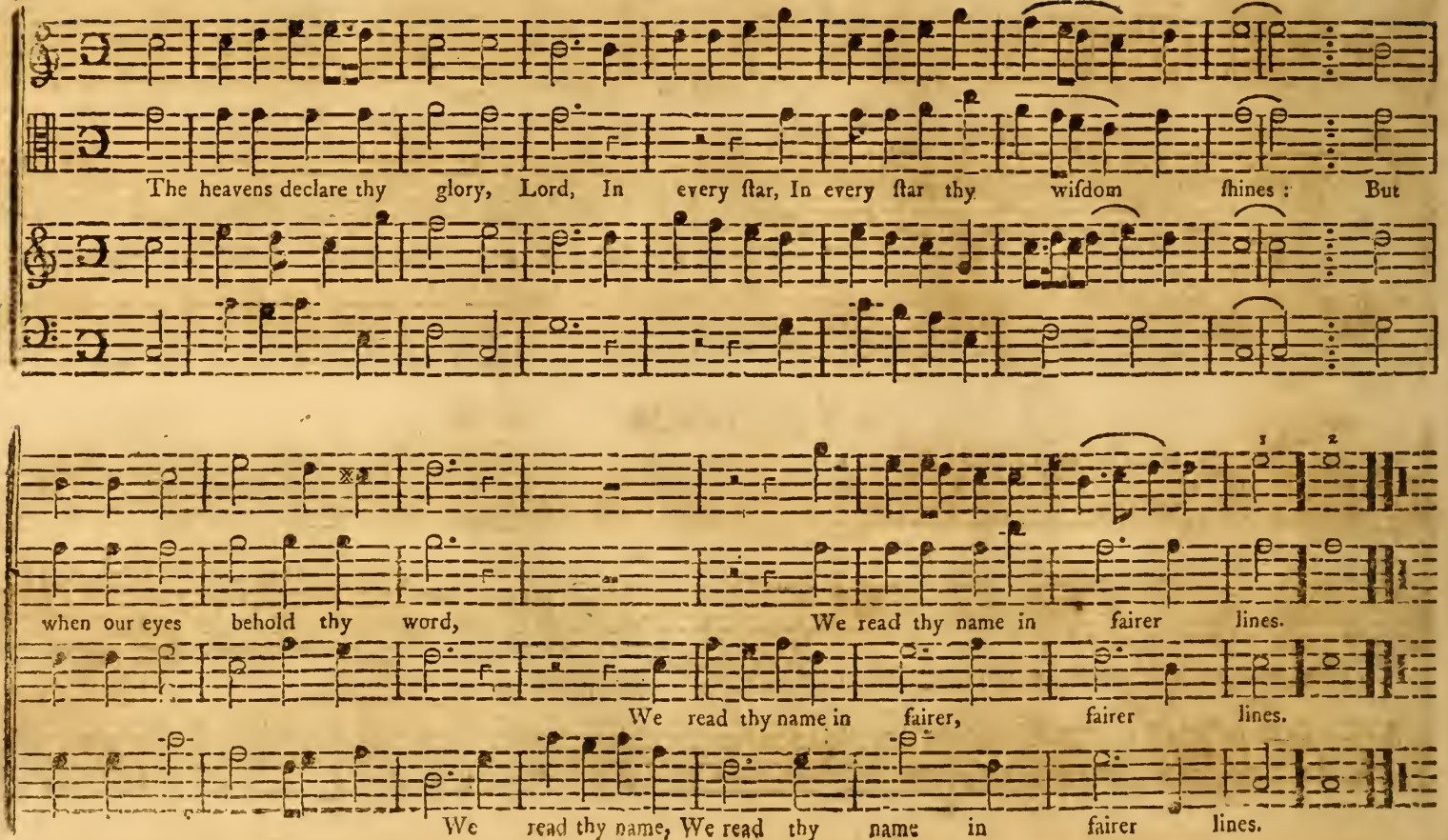
H. 144. CANTERBURY. C. M. Blancks.

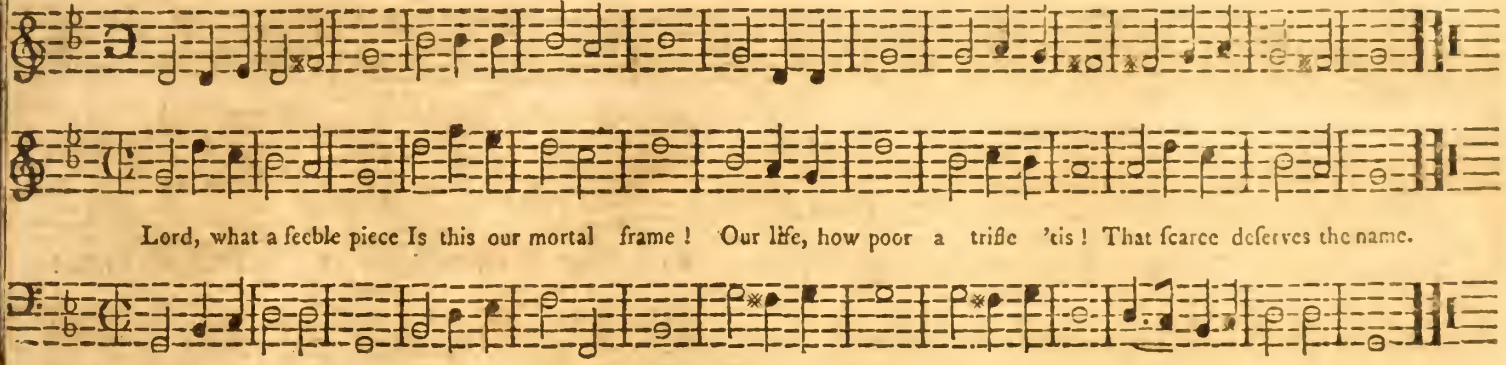



Bleſs God, O my ſoul, Rejoice in his name, And let my glad voice His greatneſs proclaim : Surpaſſing in honour, Do-
minion and might, His throne is the heaven, His robe is the light. His throne, &c.
K

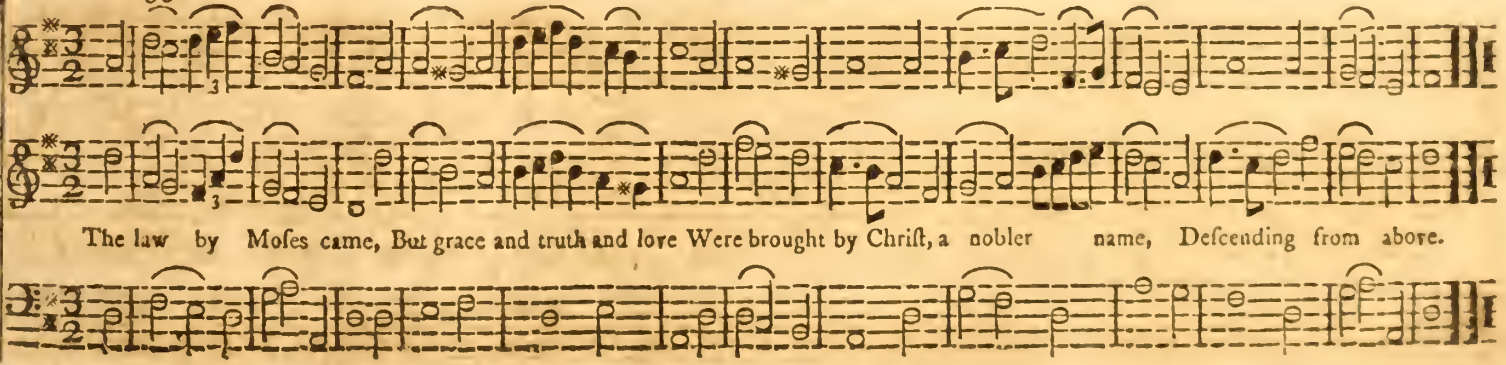
CHRISTMAS HYMN. L. M.

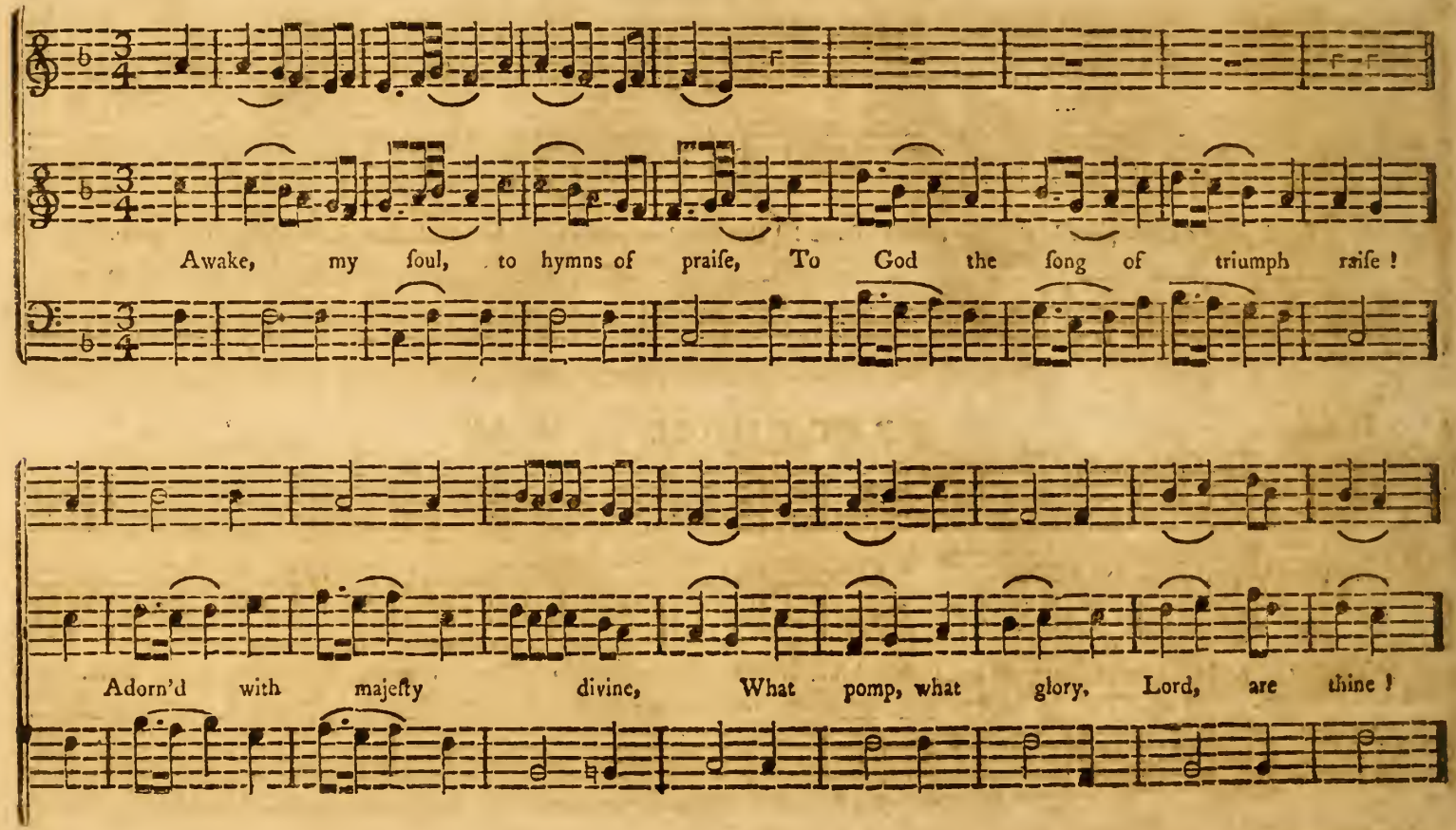
Stevenson.

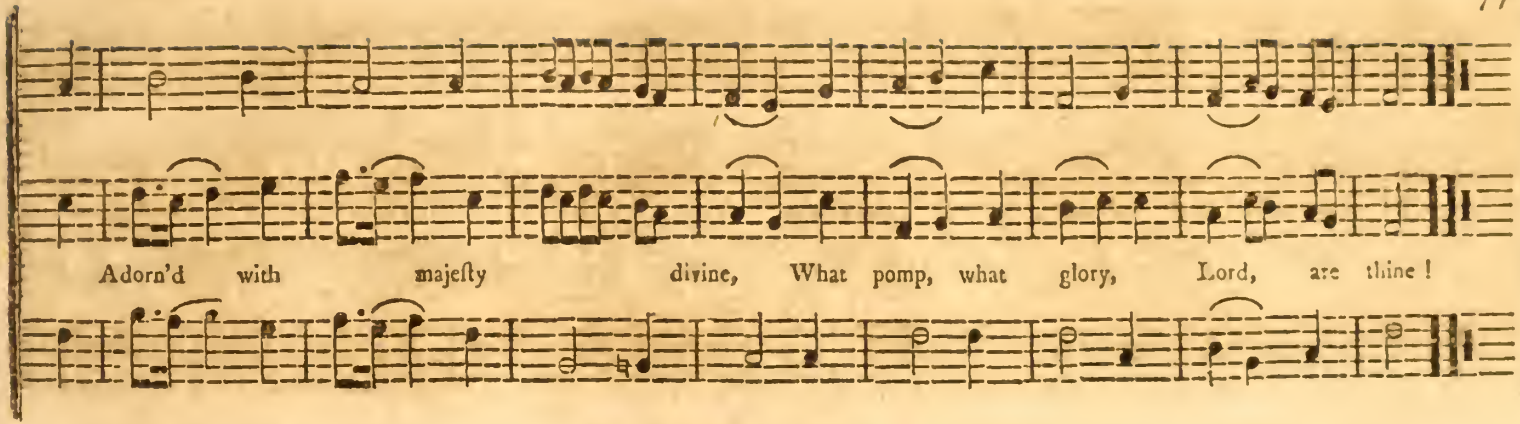




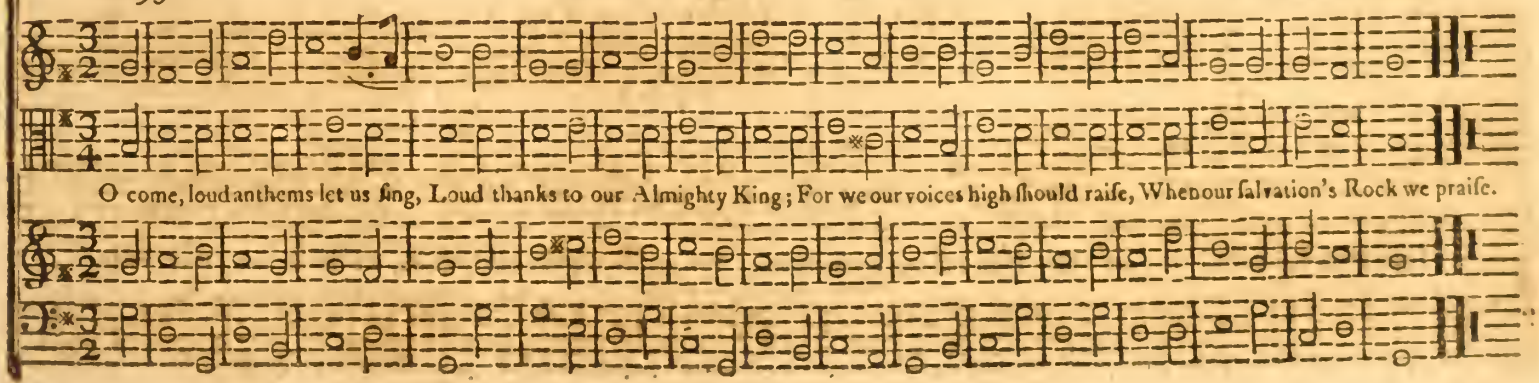
H. 235. PECKHAM. S. M.



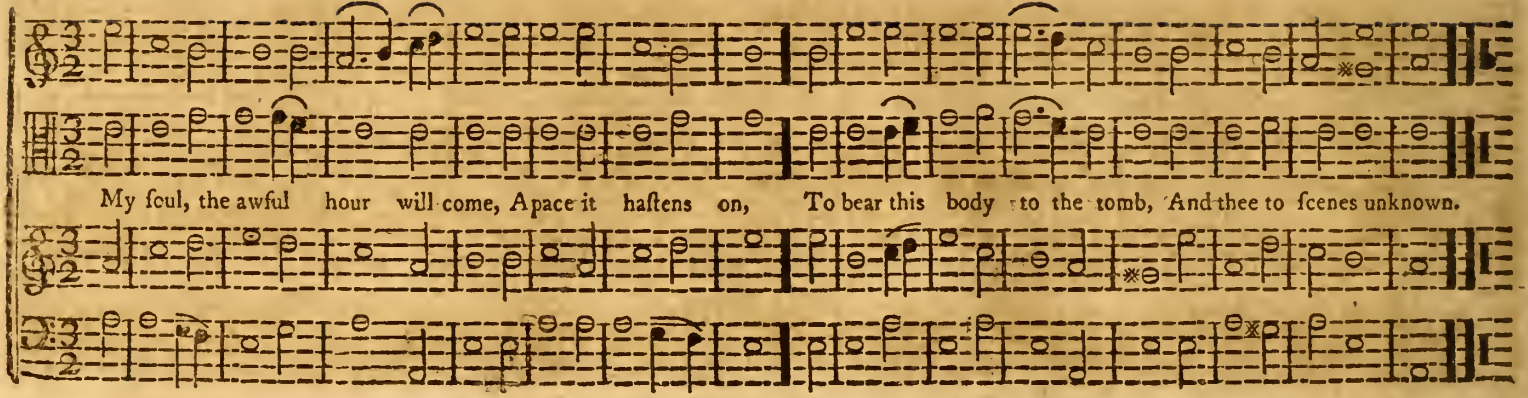

Awake, my ſoul, to hymns of praiſe, To God the ſong of triumph raiſe!
Adorn'd with majeſty divine, What pomp, what glory, Lord, are thine!



P. 95. BATH. L. M. Williams's Coll.

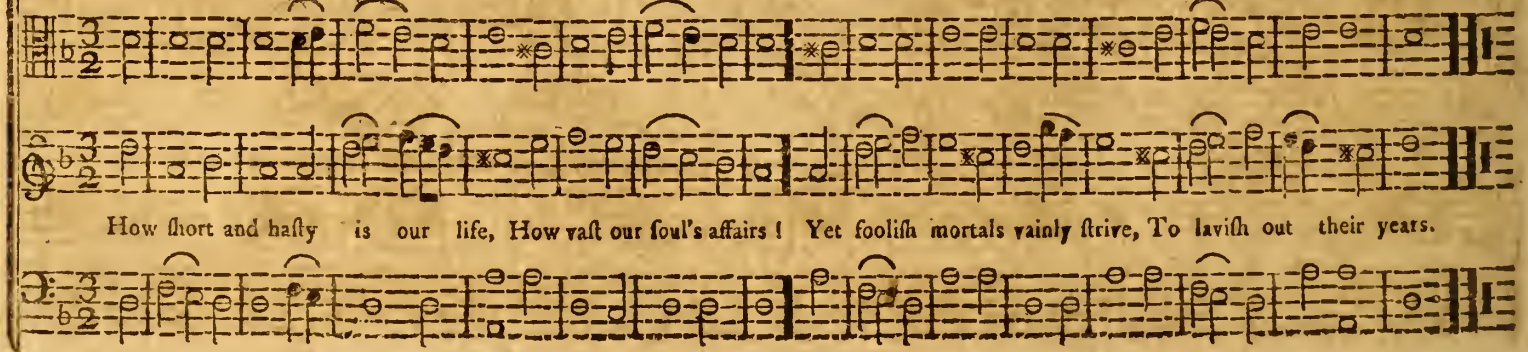


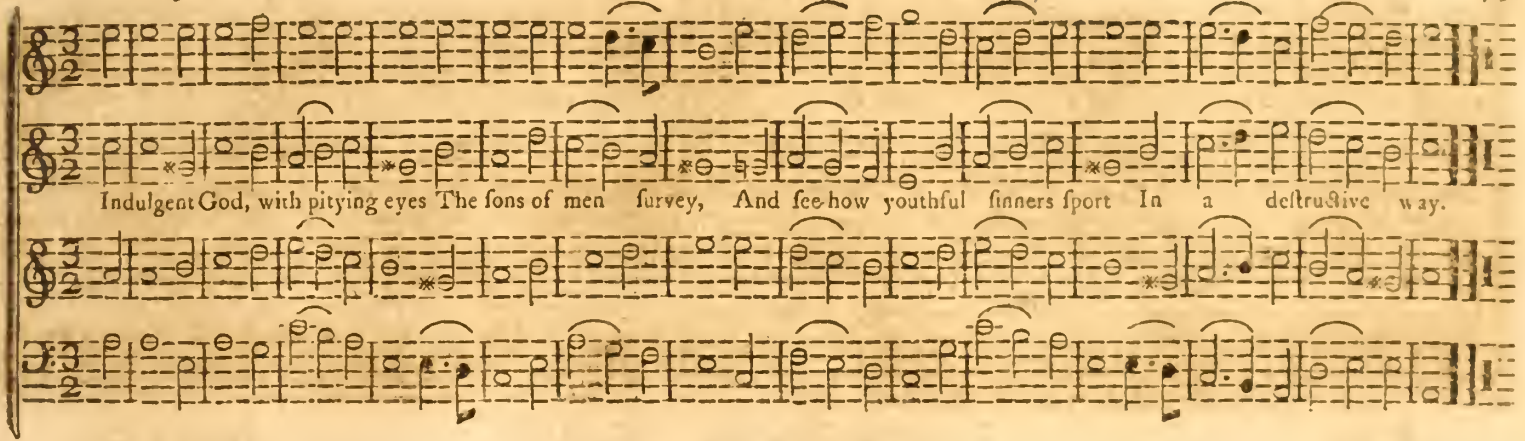
PLYMOUTH. C. M.



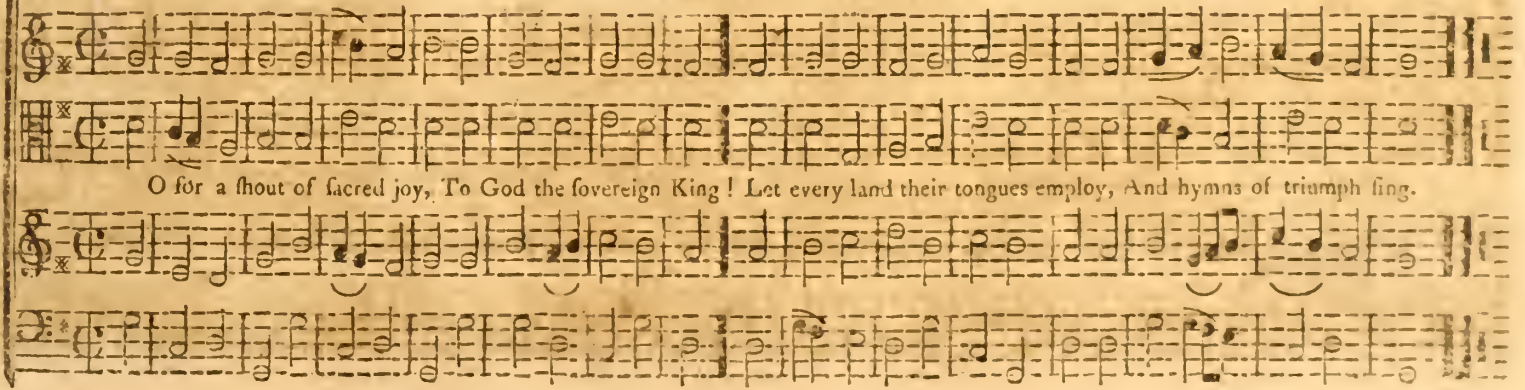
H. 116.

EVENING HYMN. C. M.

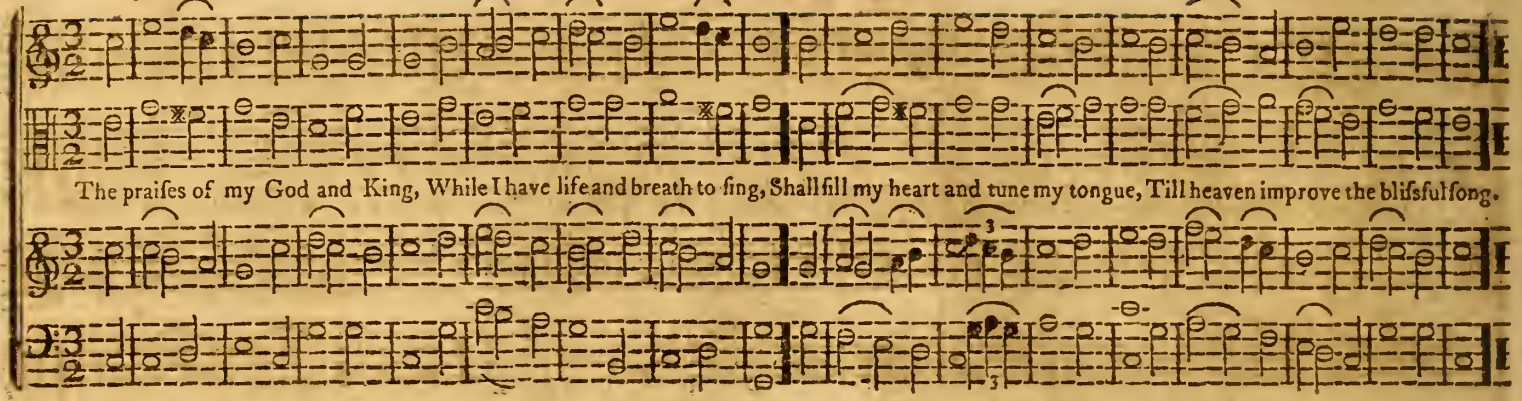




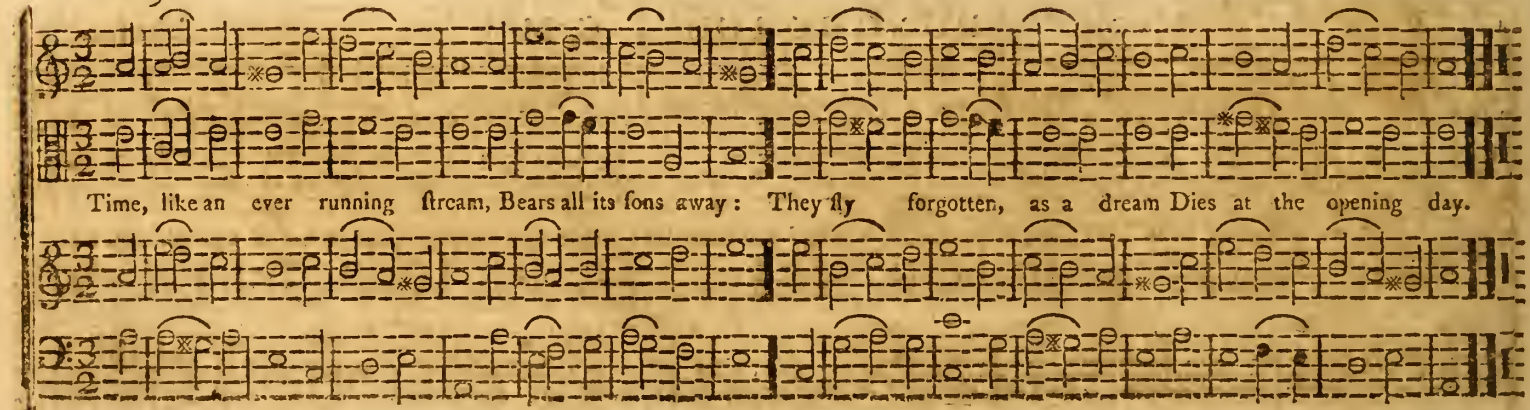
P. 47. DUNCHURCH. C. M. Tanſur.

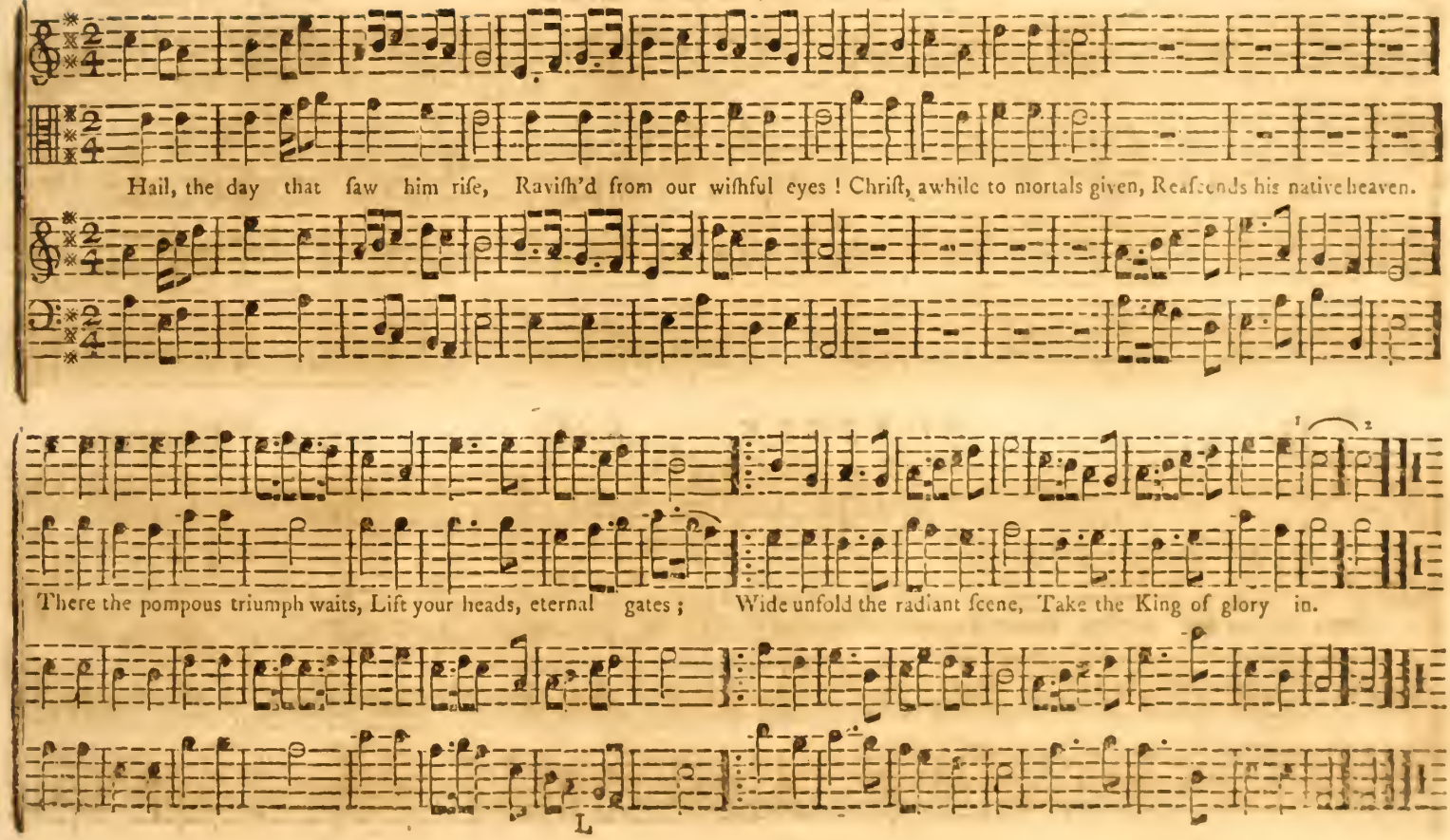


P. 146. ALL SAINTS. L. M. Tanſur's Coll.

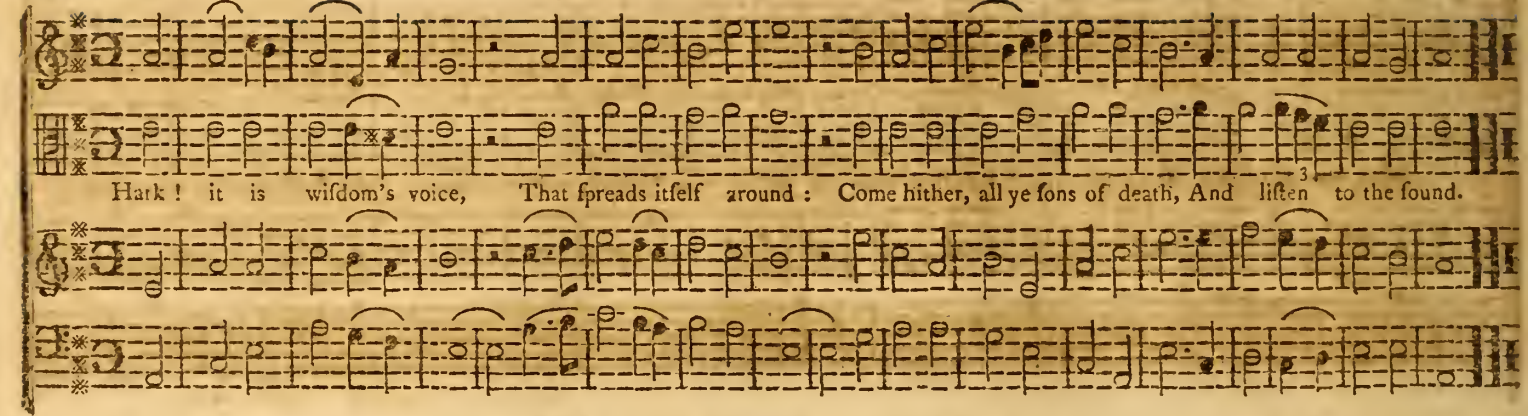


P. 90. BROOMSGROVE. C. M. Tanſur's Coll.

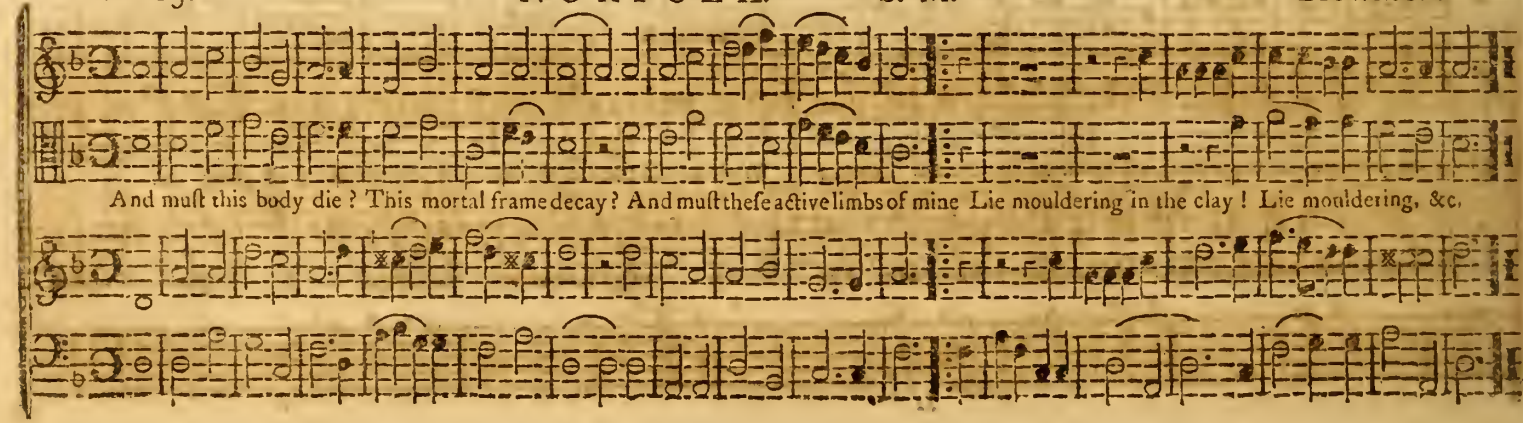


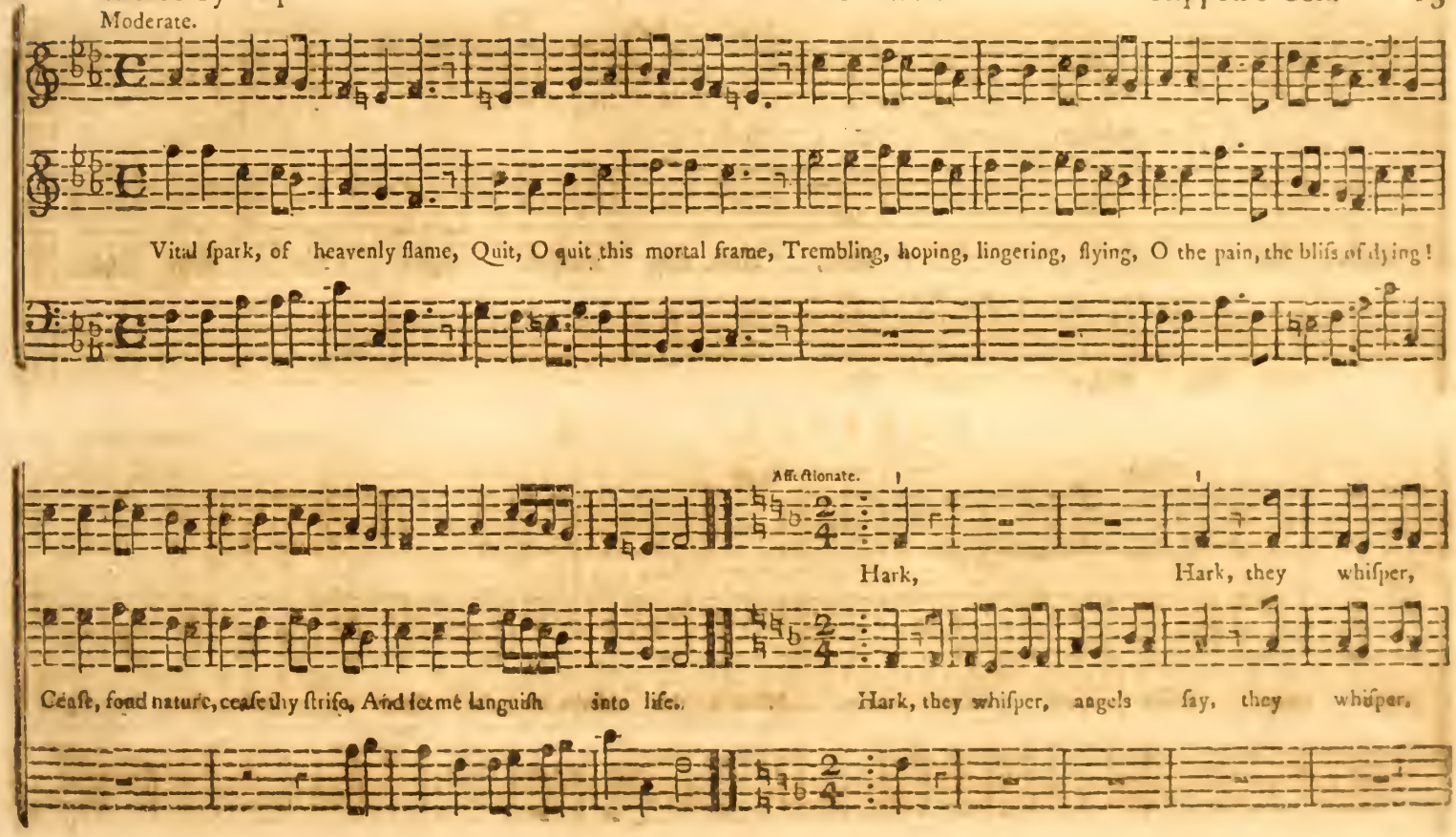

Hail, the day that saw him rise, Ravish'd from our wishful eyes ! Christ, awhile to mortals given, Reascends his native heaven.
There the pompous triumph waits, Lift your heads, eternal gates ; Wide unfold the radiant scene, Take the King of glory in.

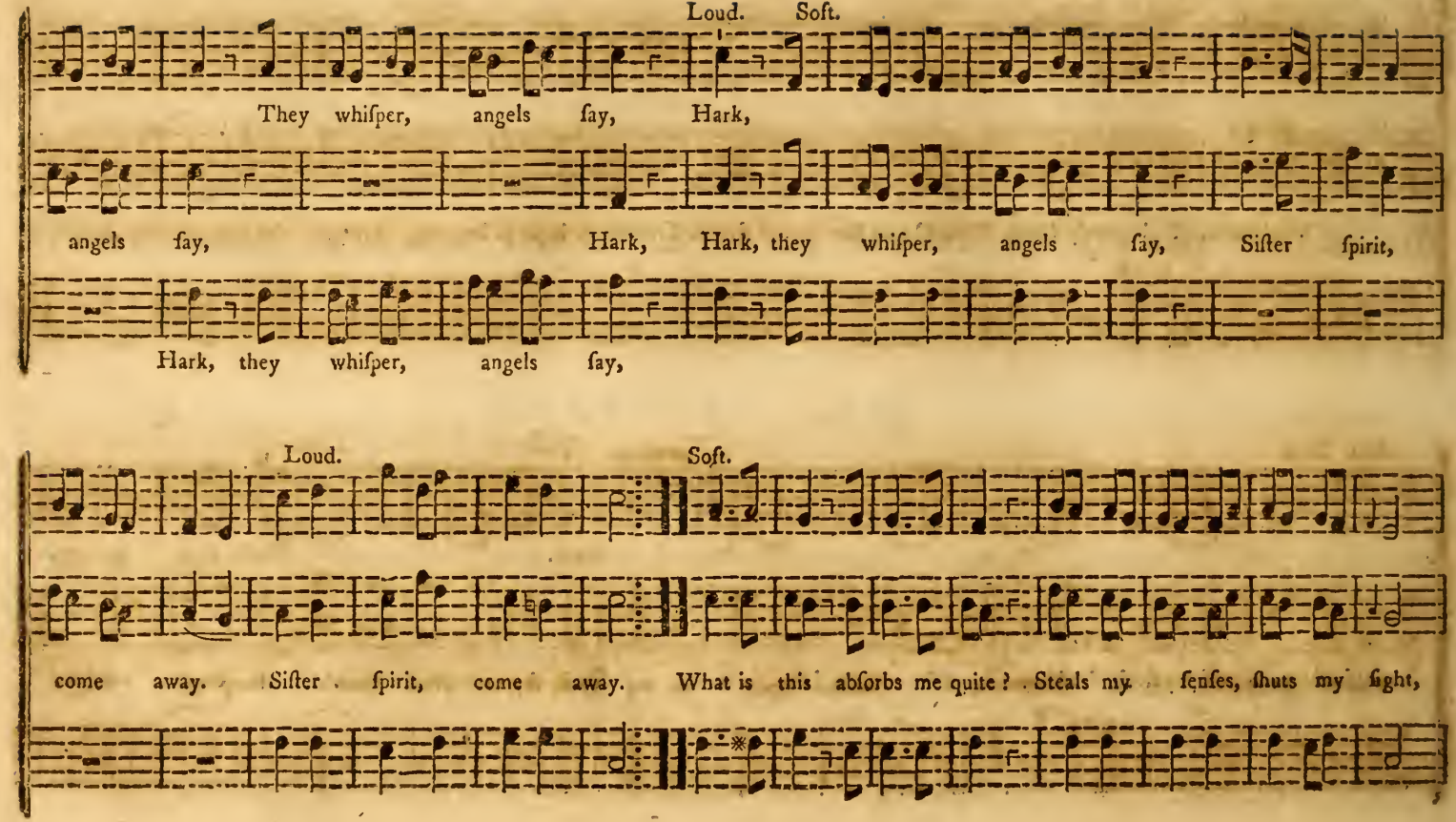
H. 100. St. THOMAS. S. M. A. Williams.

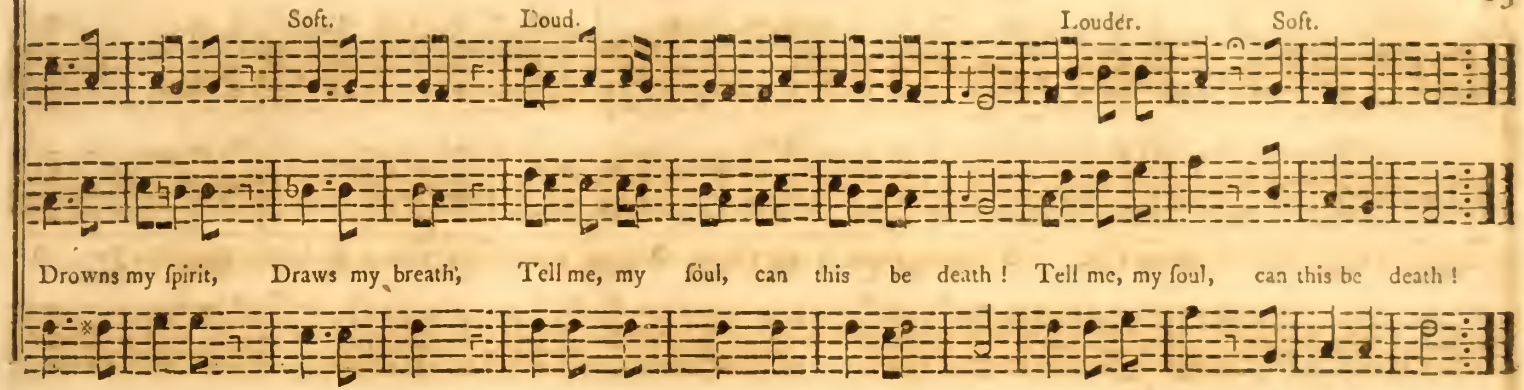


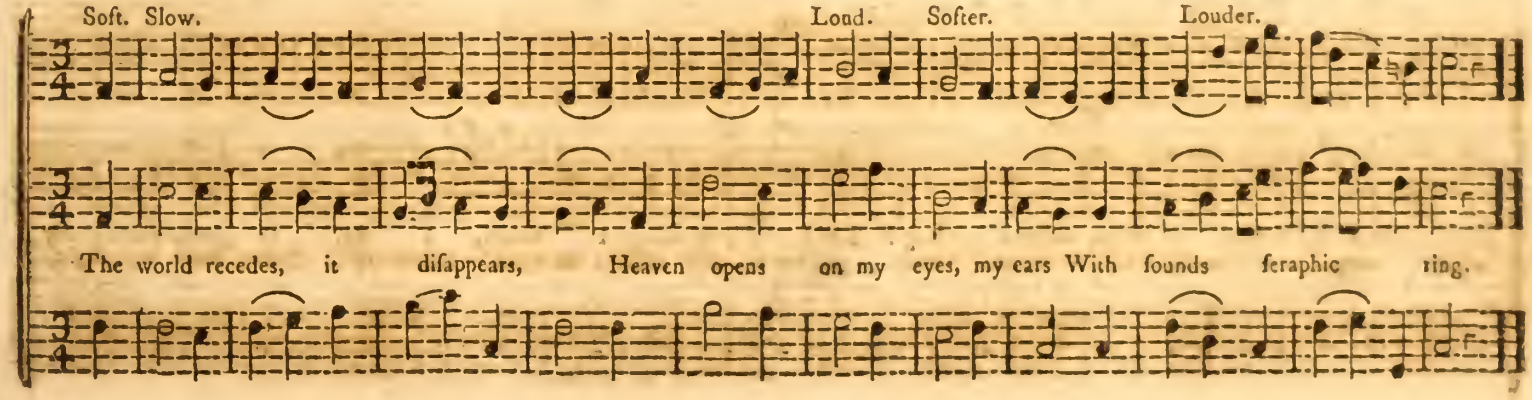
H. 15. NORFOLK. S. M. Brownson.



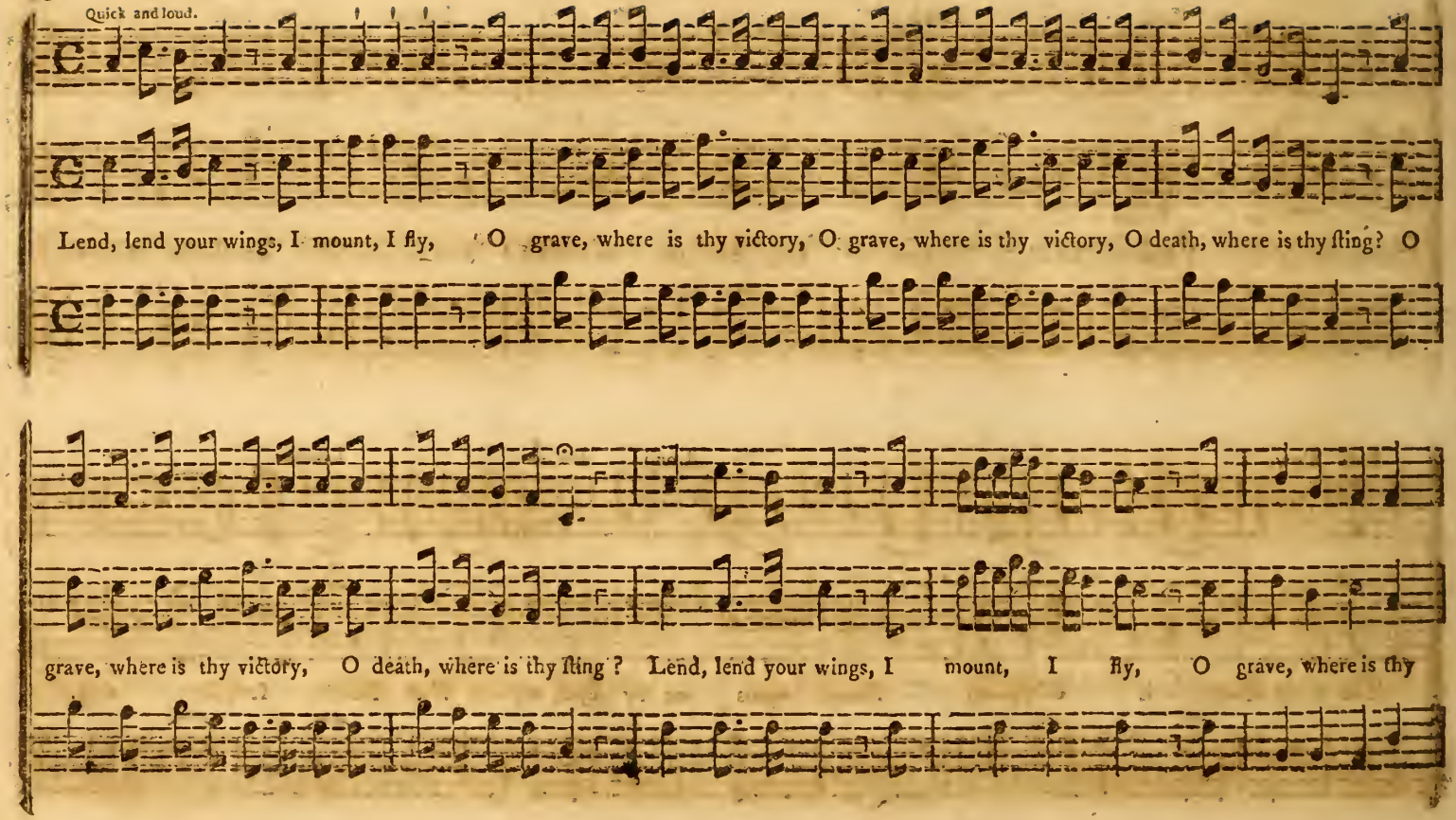

Moderate.
Vital ſpark, of heavenly flame, Quit, O quit this mortal frame, Trembling, hoping, lingering, flying, O the pain, the bliſs of dying!
Affectionate.
Hark, Hark, they whiſper,
Ceaſe, fond nature, ceaſe thy ſtrife, And let me languiſh into life. Hark, they whiſper, angels ſay, they whiſper.

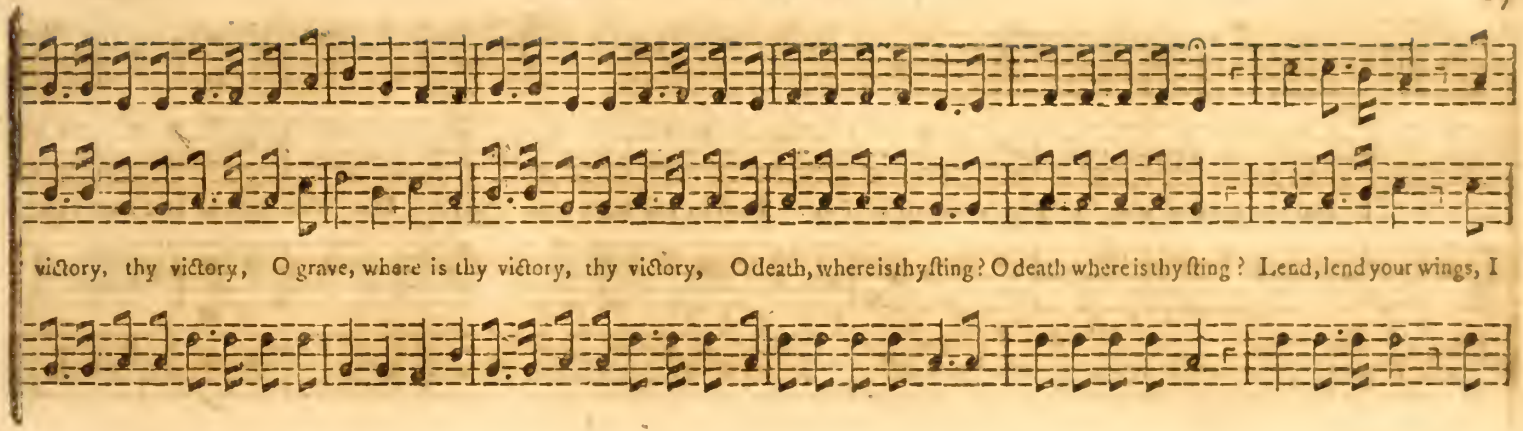

Loud.
Soft.
They whiſper, angels ſay, Hark,
angels ſay, Hark, Hark, they whiſper, angels ſay, Siſter ſpirit,
Hark, they whiſper, angels ſay,
Loud.
Soft.
come away. Siſter ſpirit, come away. What is this abſorbs me quite? Steals my ſenſes, ſhuts my ſight,

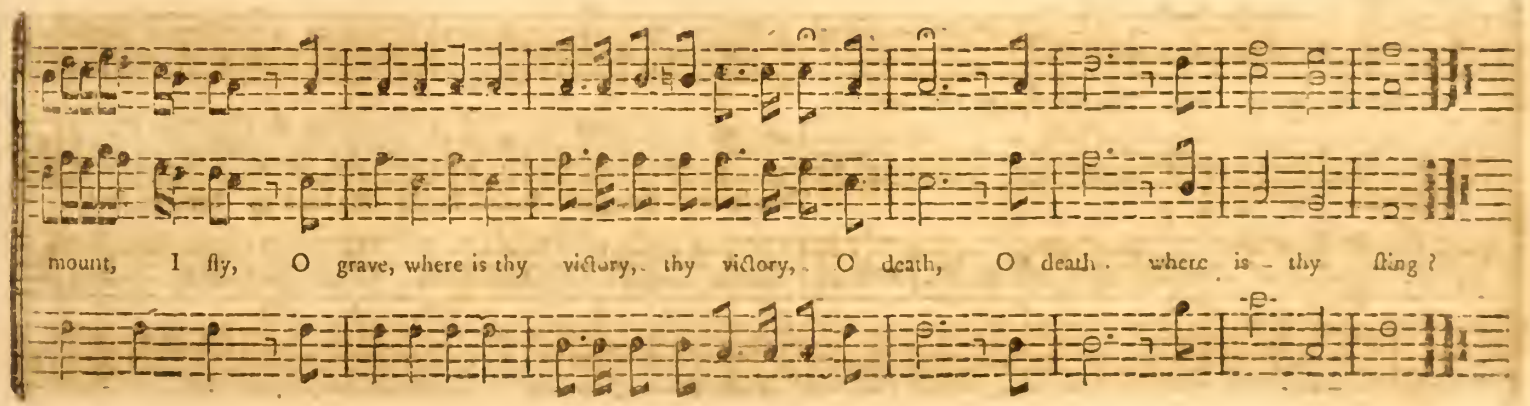

Soft.
Loud.
Louder.
Soft.
Drowns my ſpirit, Draws my breath; Tell me, my ſoul, can this be death! Tell me, my ſoul, can this be death!

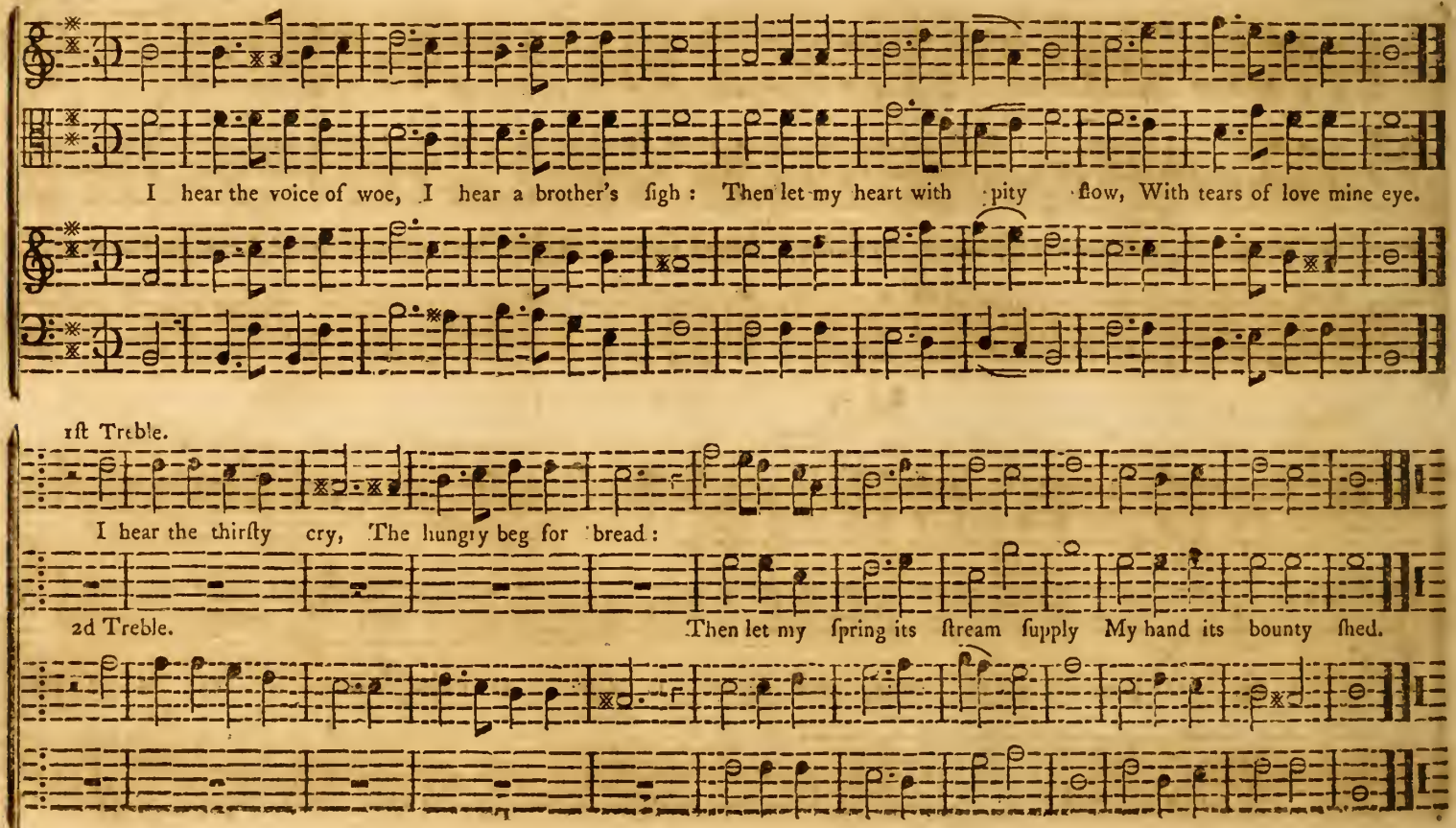

Soft. Slow.
Loud.
Softer.
Louder.
The world recedes, it diſappears, Heaven opens on my eyes, my ears With ſounds ſeraphic ring.

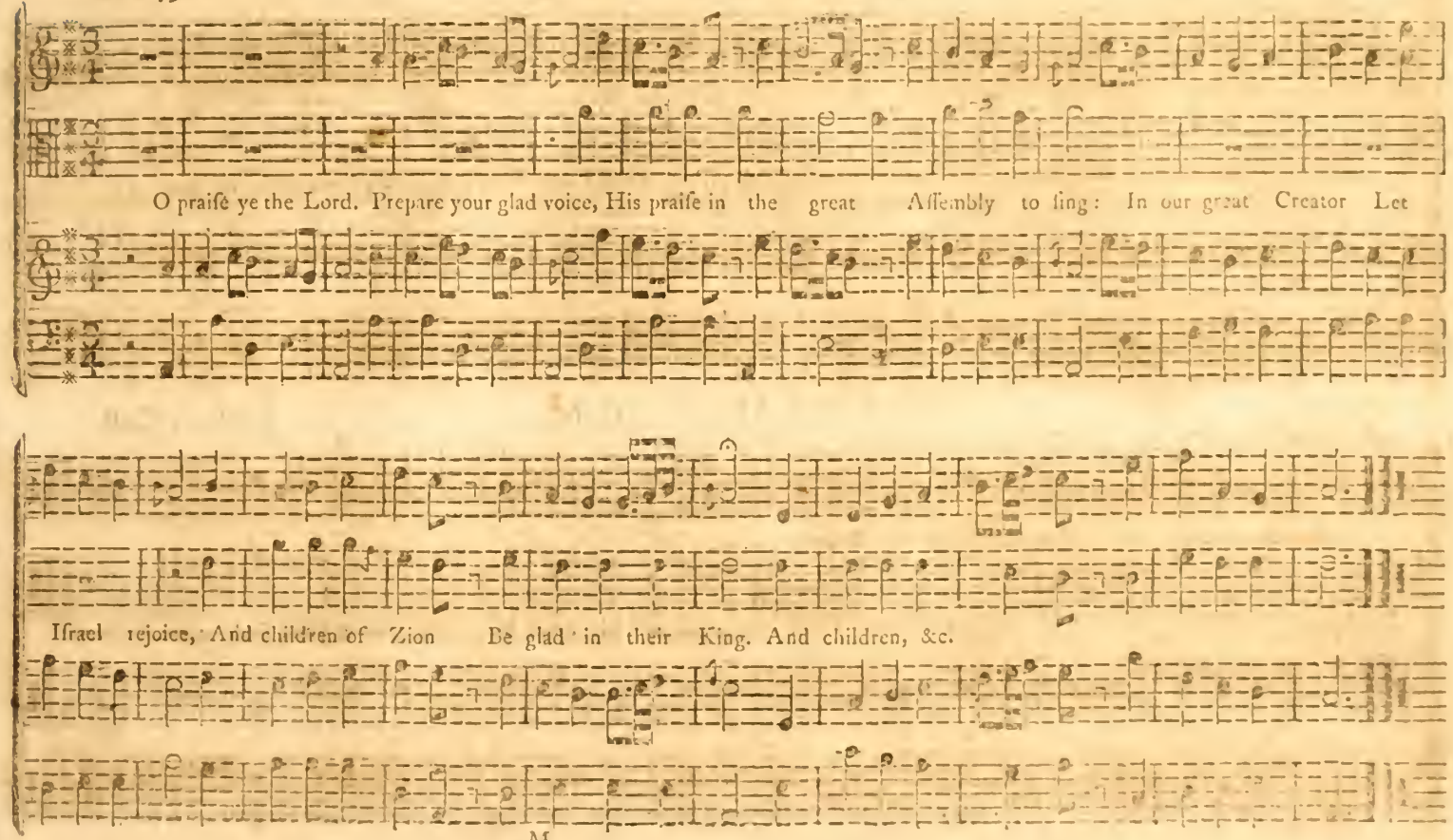
Quick and loud.

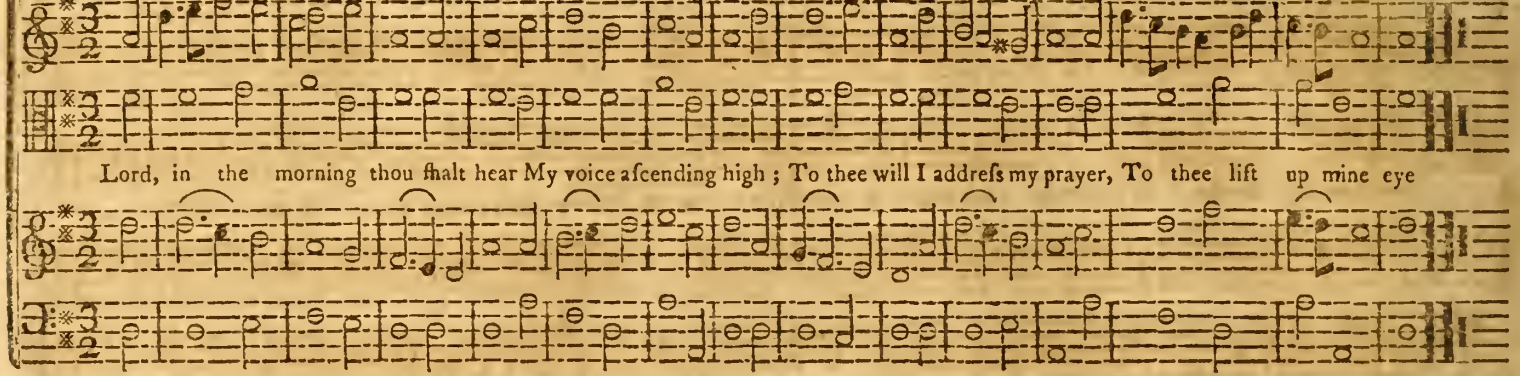



victory, thy victory, O grave, where is thy victory, thy victory, O death, where is thy sting? O death where is thy sting? Lend, lend your wings, I

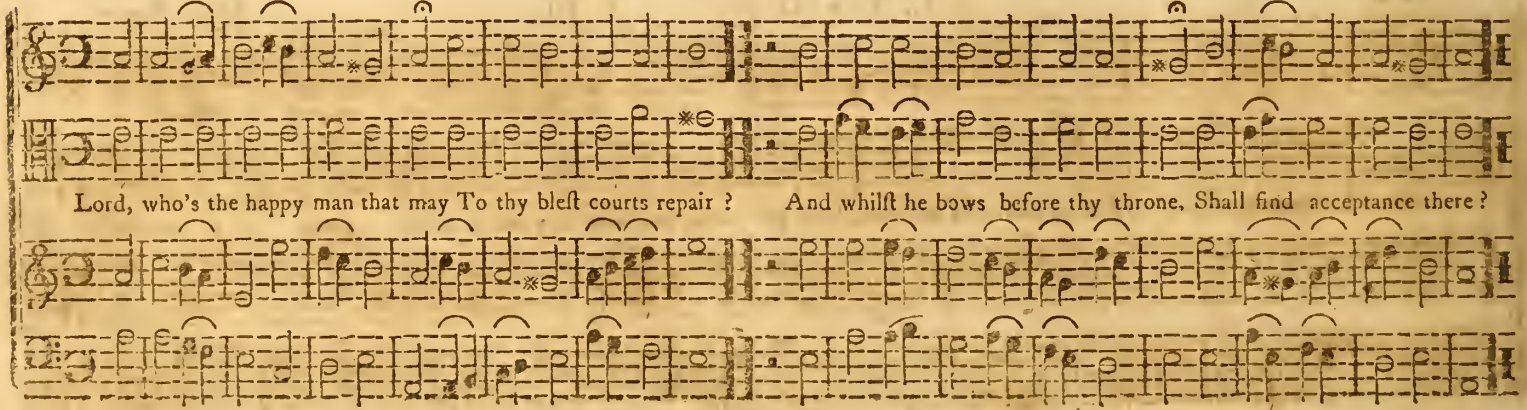

mount, I fly, O grave, where is thy victory, thy victory, O death, O death where is thy sting?

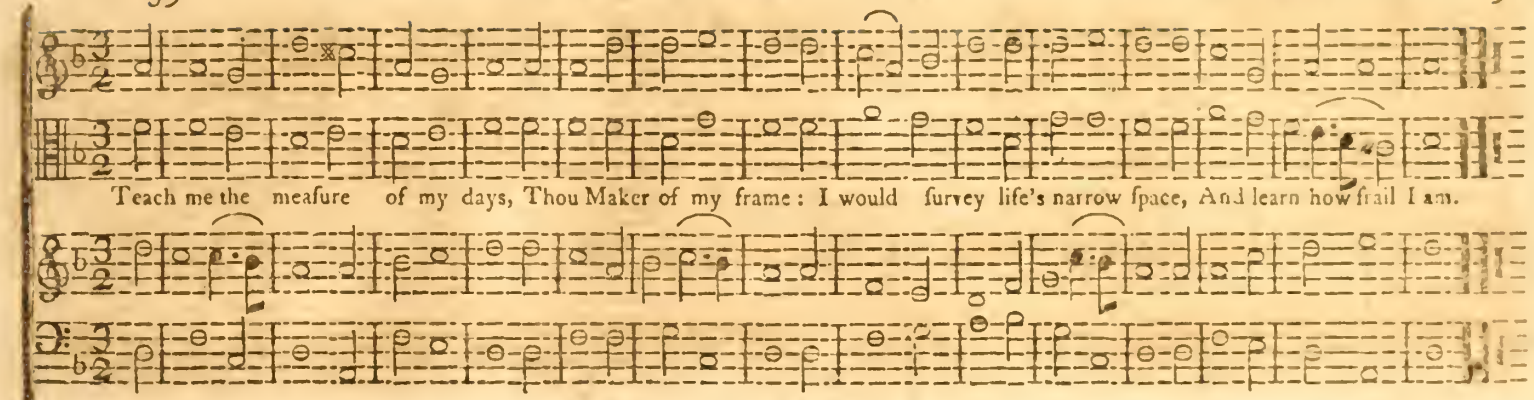

I hear the voice of woe, I hear a brother's ſigh : Then let my heart with pity flow, With tears of love mine eye.
1ſt Treble.
I hear the thirſty cry, The hungry beg for bread :
2d Treble.
Then let my ſpring its ſtream ſupply My hand its bounty ſhed.


O praiſe ye the Lord. Prepare your glad voice, His praiſe in the great Aſſembly to ſing: In our great Creator Let
Iſrael rejoice, And children of Zion Be glad in their King. And children, &c.

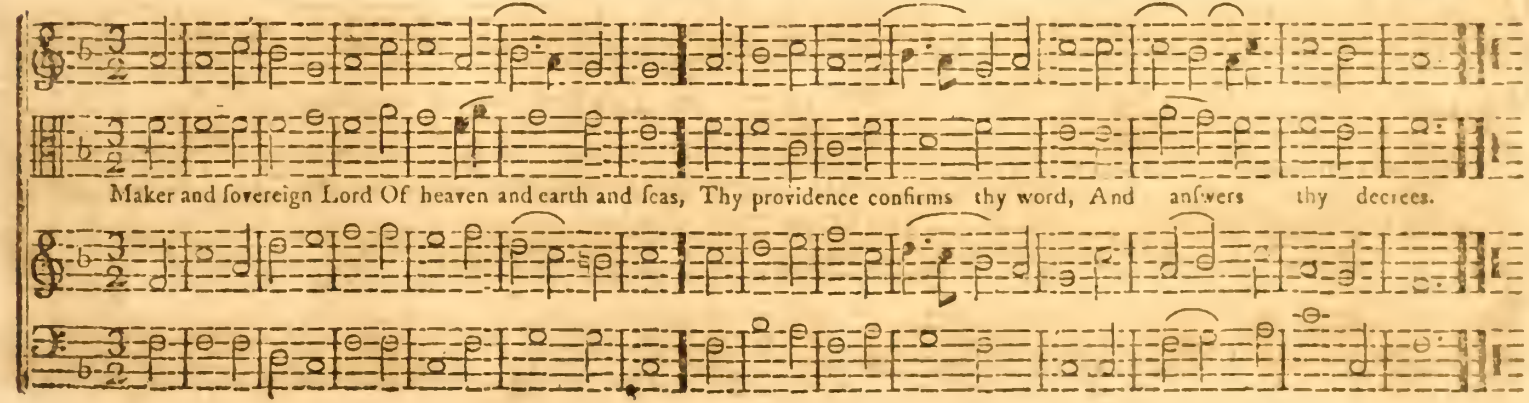


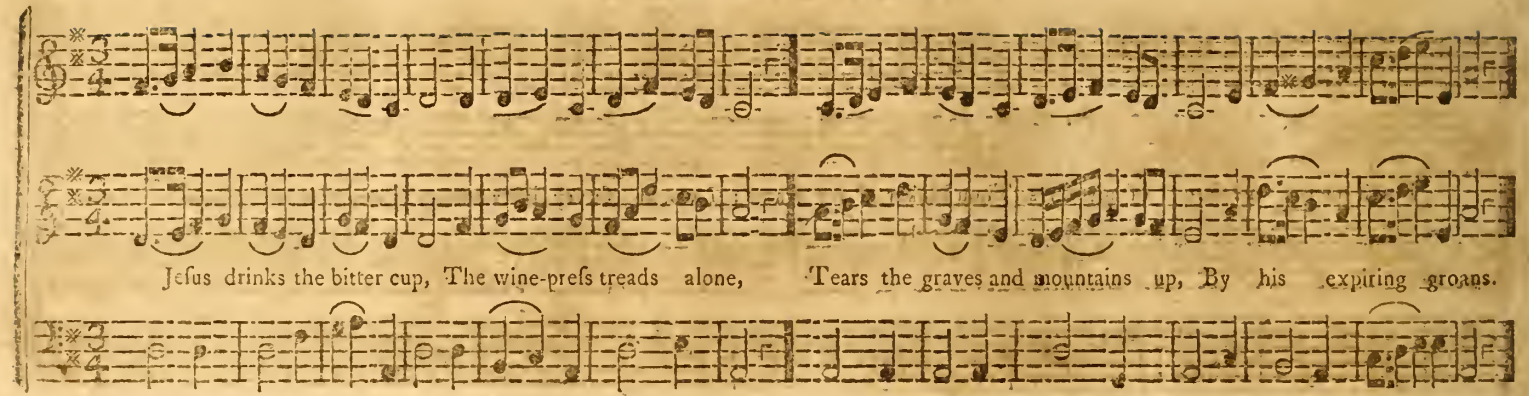
P. 15. DURHAM. C. M. Tanſur's Coll.

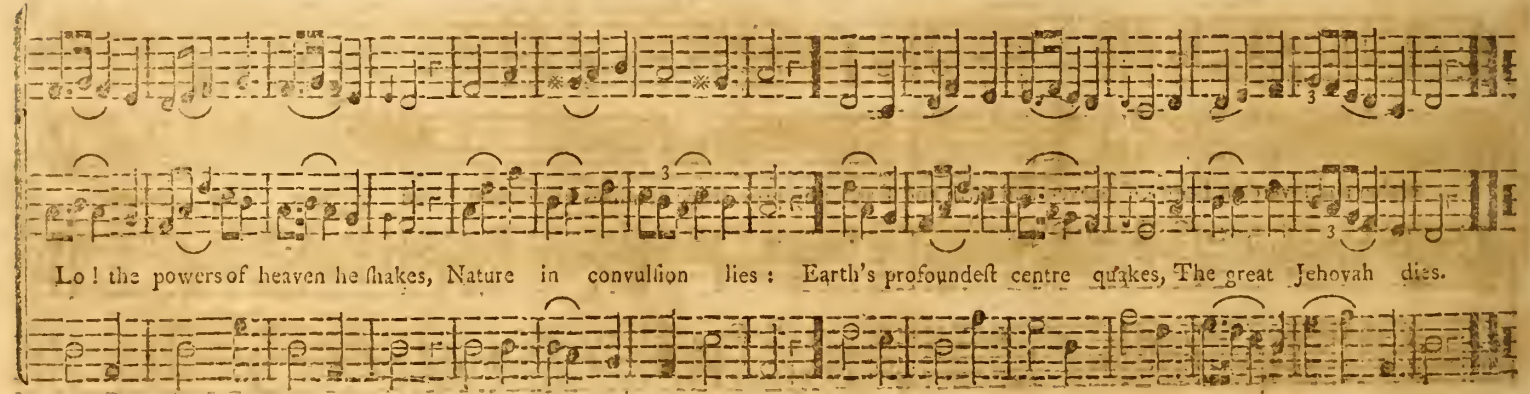


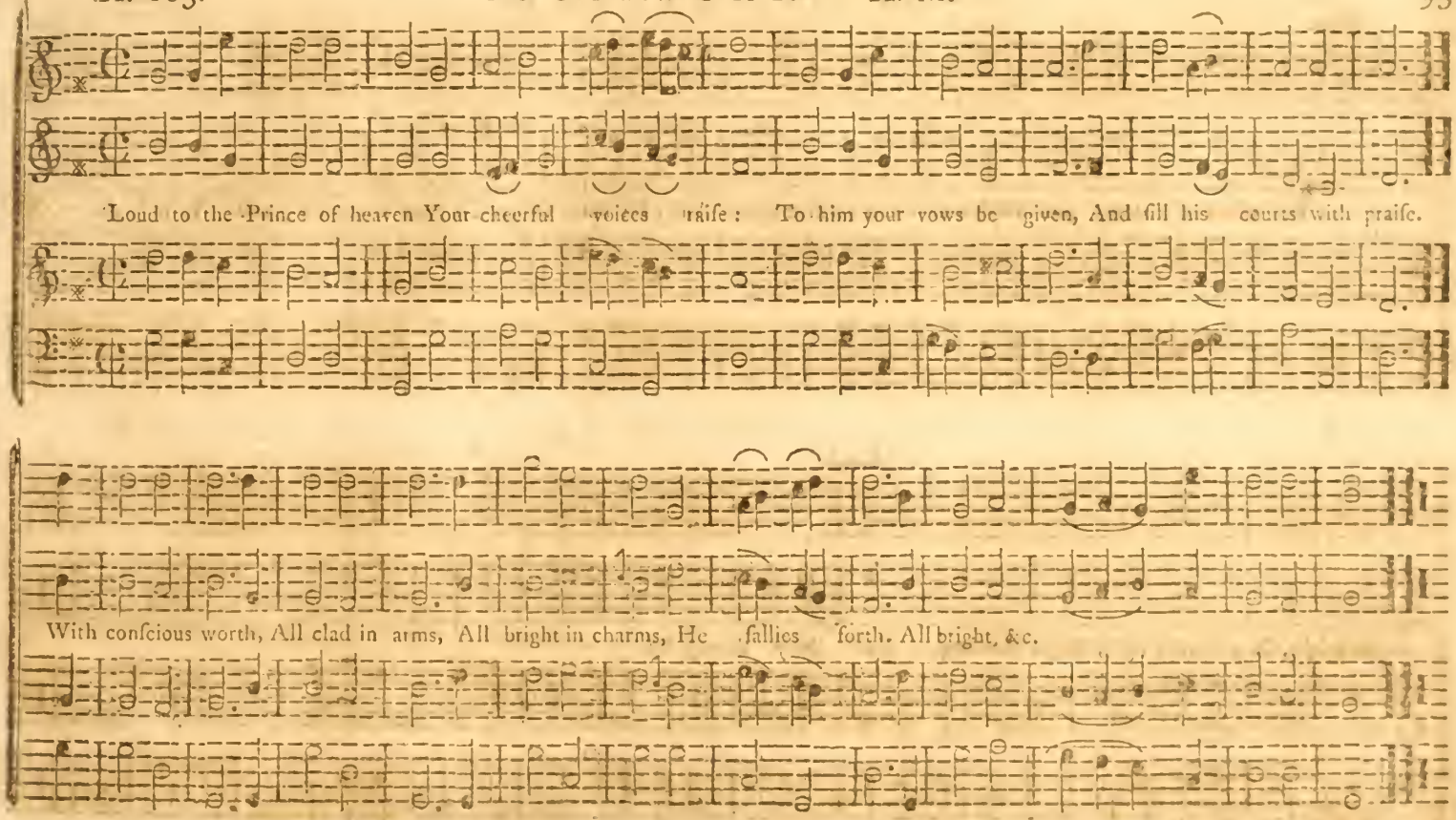


P. 2. SUTTON. S. M. Har. Sacra.




Jeſus drinks the bitter cup, The wine-preſs treads alone, Tears the graves and mountains up, By his expiring groans.

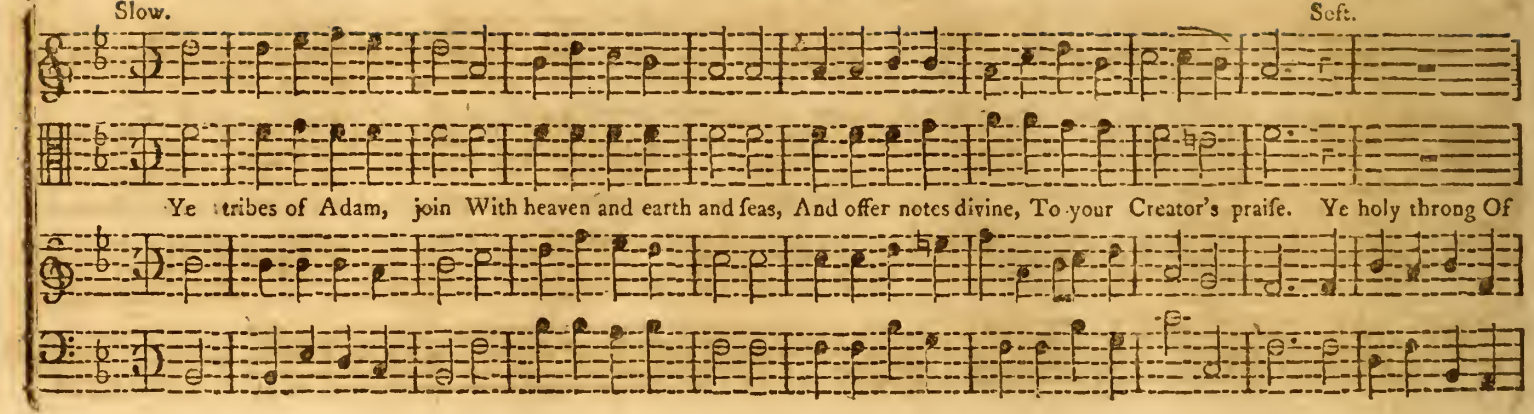

Lo! the powers of heaven he ſhakes, Nature in convulſion lies: Earth's profoundeſt centre quakes, The great Jehovah dies.


Loud to the Prince of heaven Your cheerful voices raise: To him your vows be given, And fill his courts with praise.
With conscious worth, All clad in arms, All bright in charms, He sallies forth. All bright, &c.

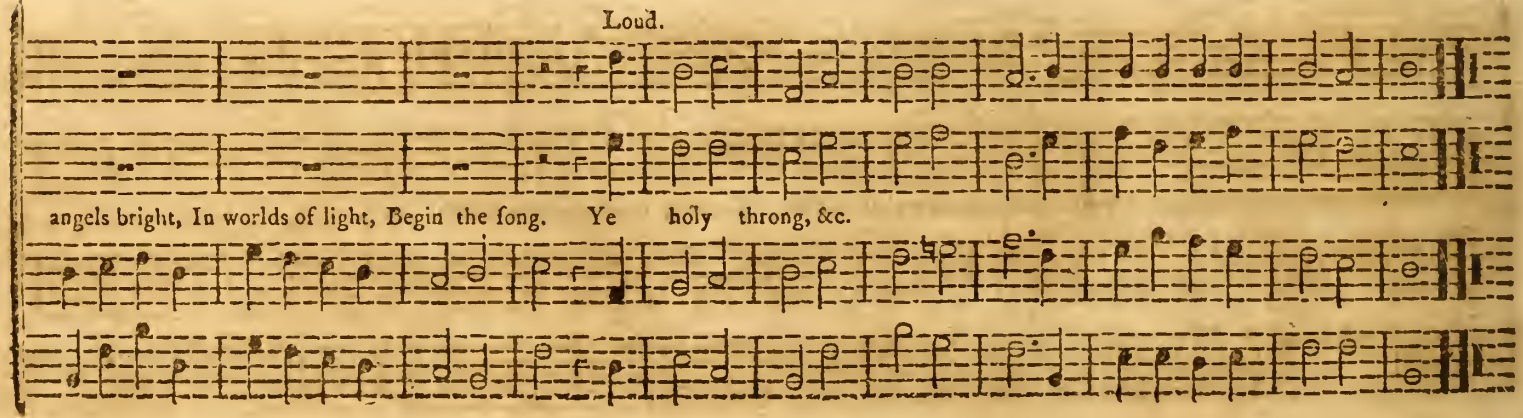
BURLINGTON. H. M.

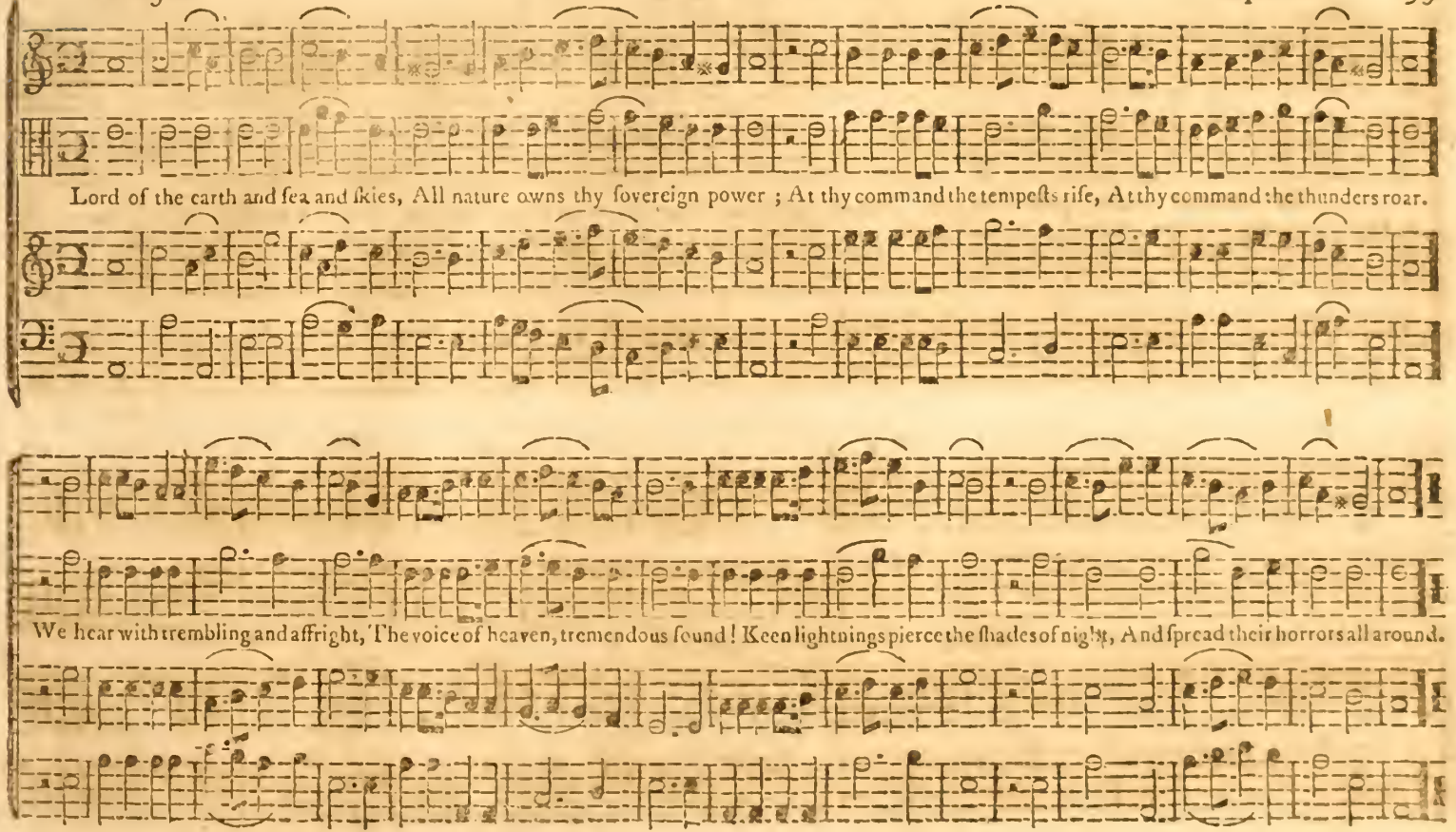
J. Cole.

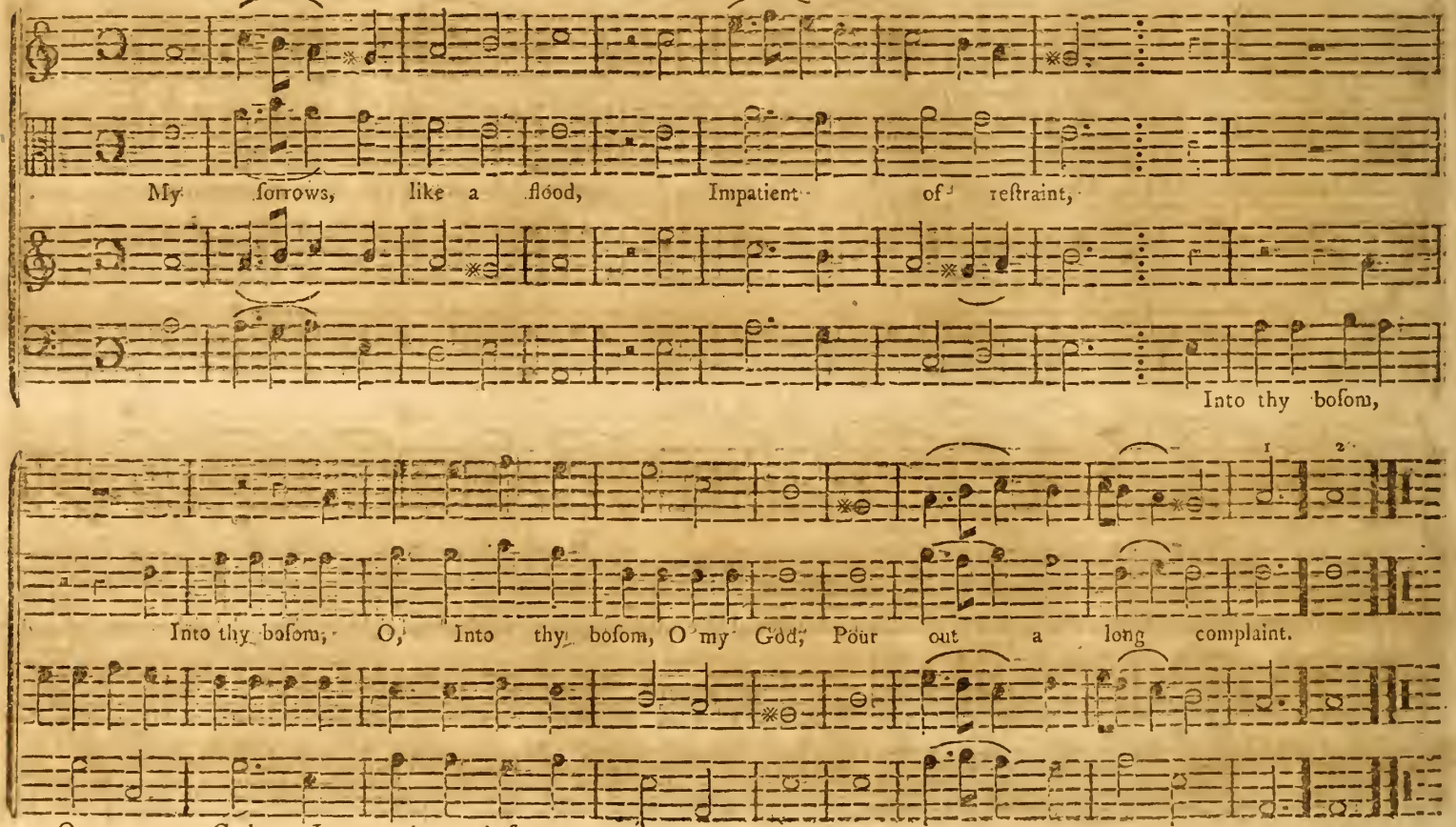
Slow. Soft.

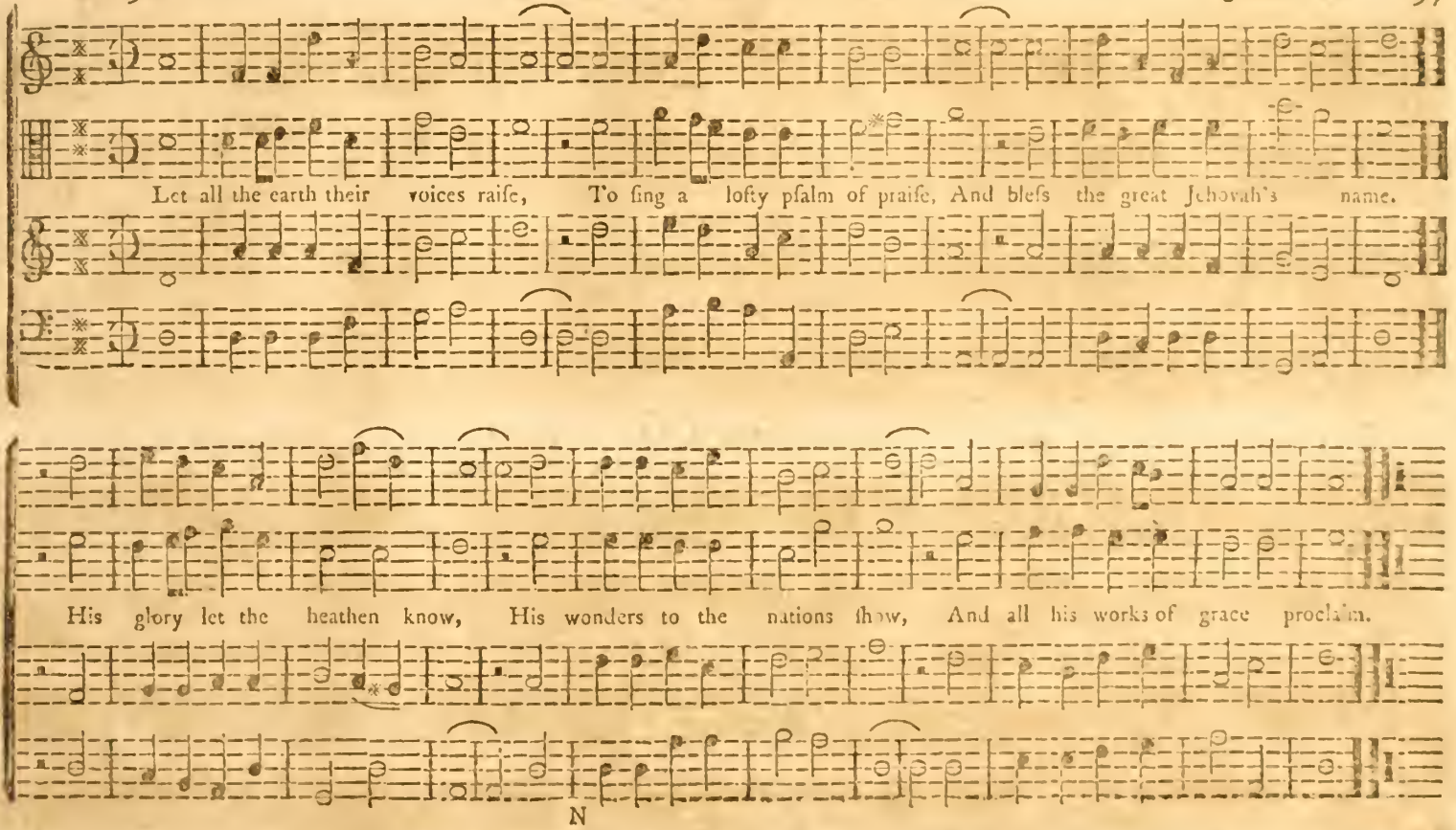


Loud.

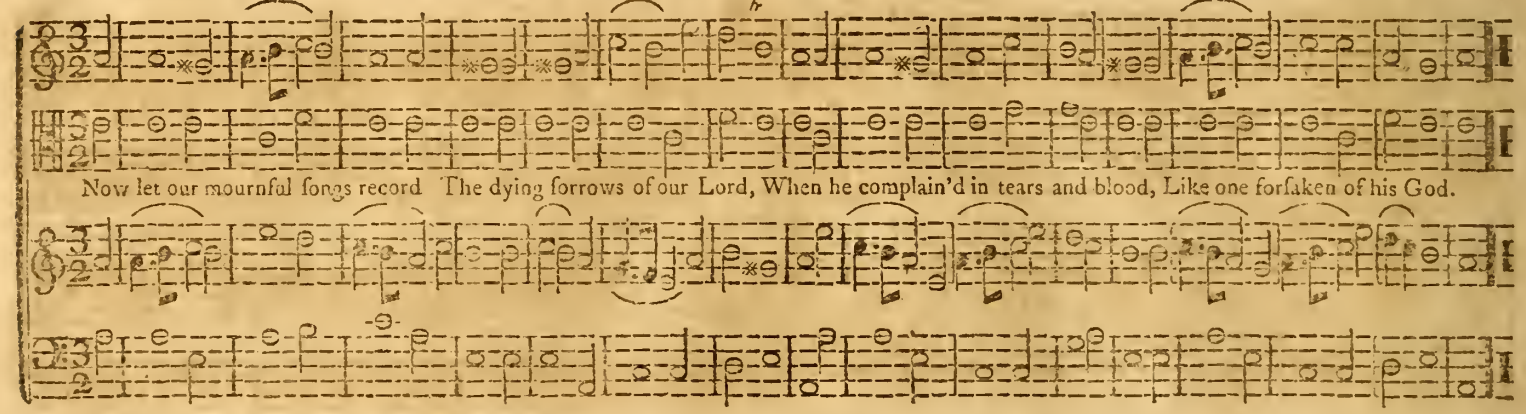



Lord of the earth and ſea and ſkies, All nature owns thy ſovereign power ; At thy command the tempeſts riſe, At thy command the thunders roar.
We hear with trembling and affright, The voice of heaven, tremendous ſound! Keen lightnings pierce the ſhades of night, And ſpread their horrors all around.

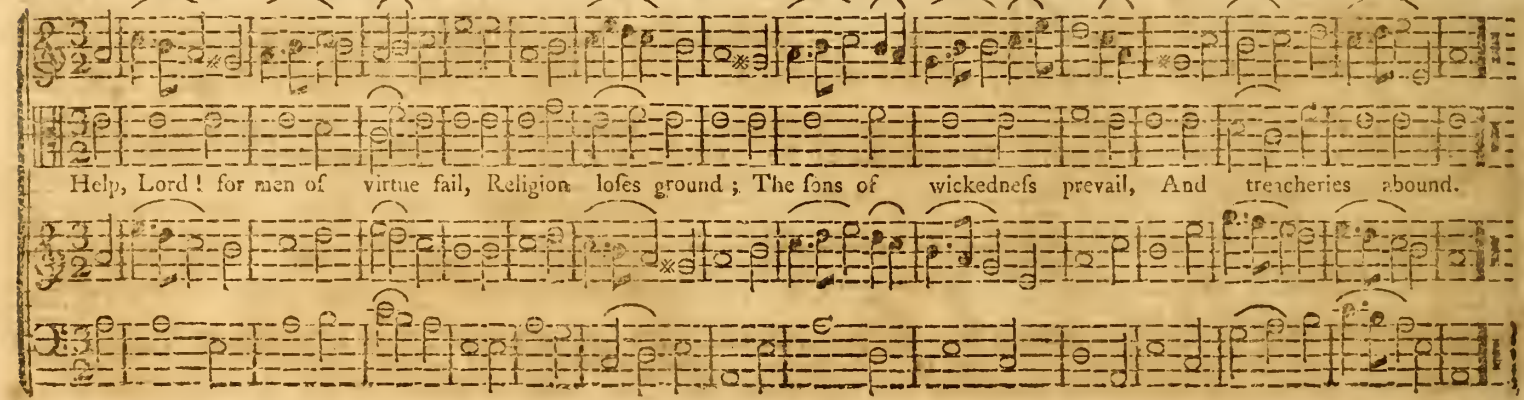

My sorrows, like a flood, Impatient of restraint,
Into thy bosom,
Into thy bosom, O, Into thy bosom, O my God, Pour out a long complaint.
O my God, Into thy bosom, &c.

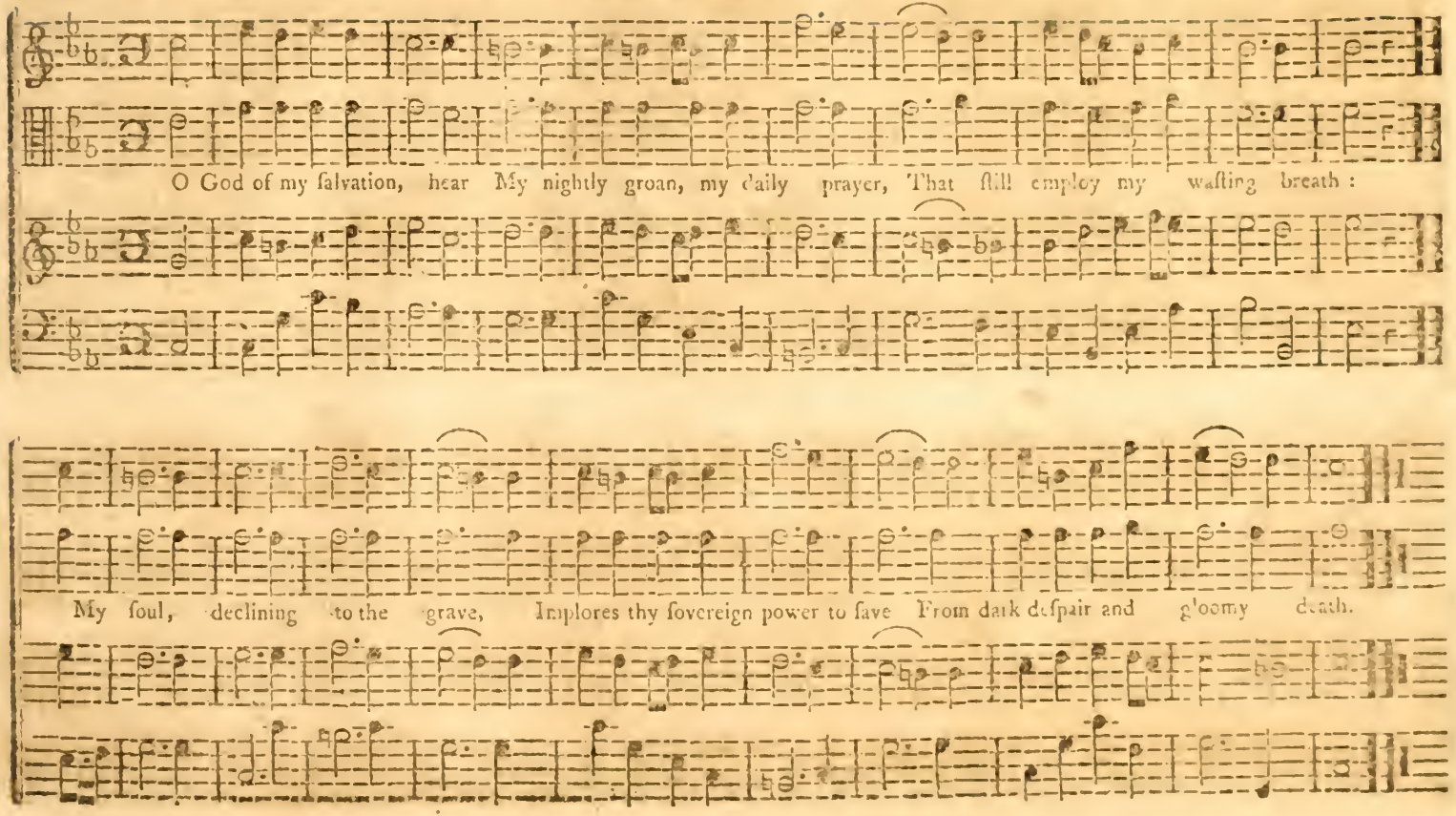

Let all the earth their voices raiſe, To ſing a lofty pſalm of praiſe, And bleſs the great Jehovah's name.
His glory let the heathen know, His wonders to the nations ſhow, And all his works of grace proclaim.

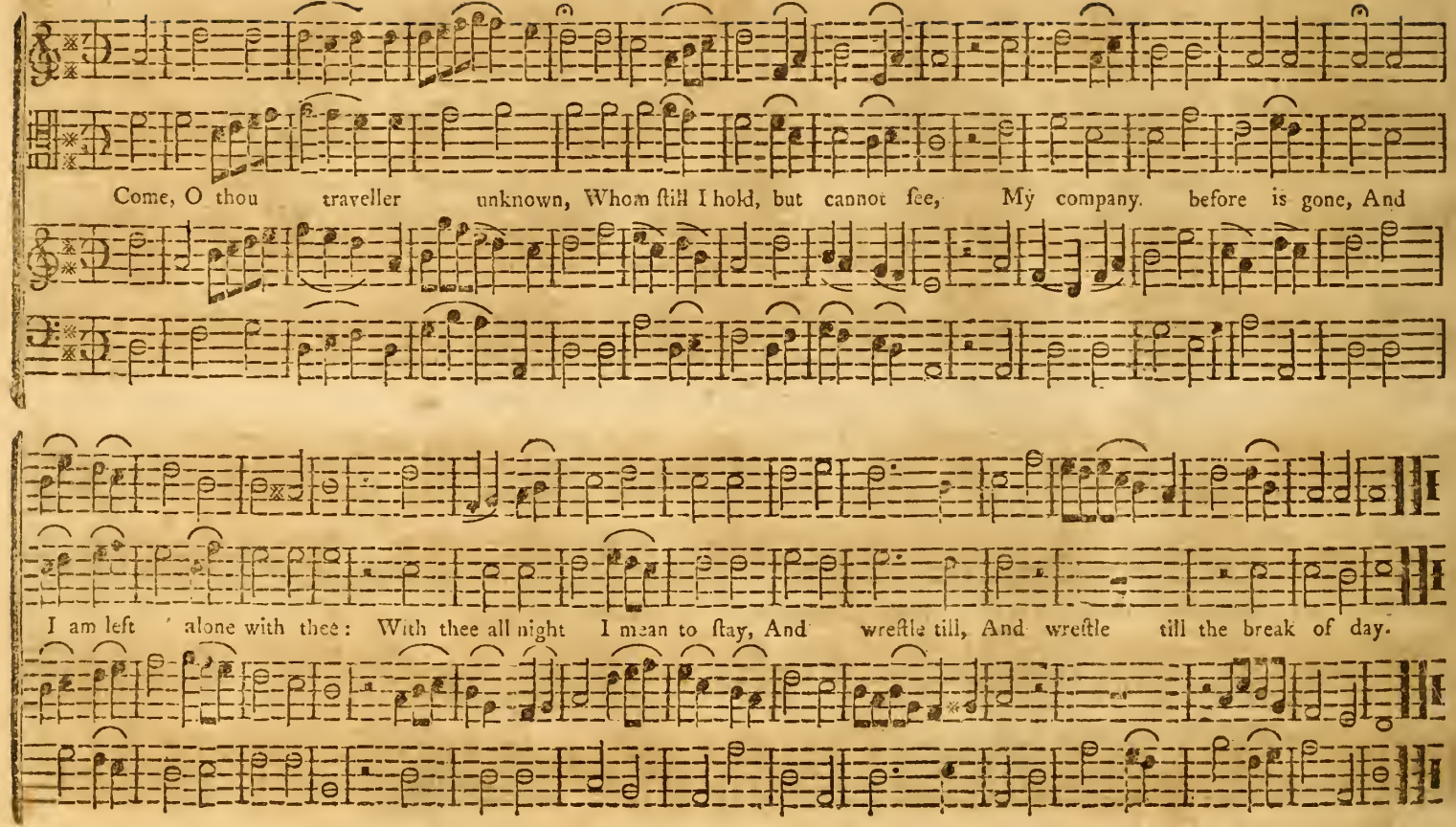
P. 22. PUTNEY. L. M. Williams's Coll.

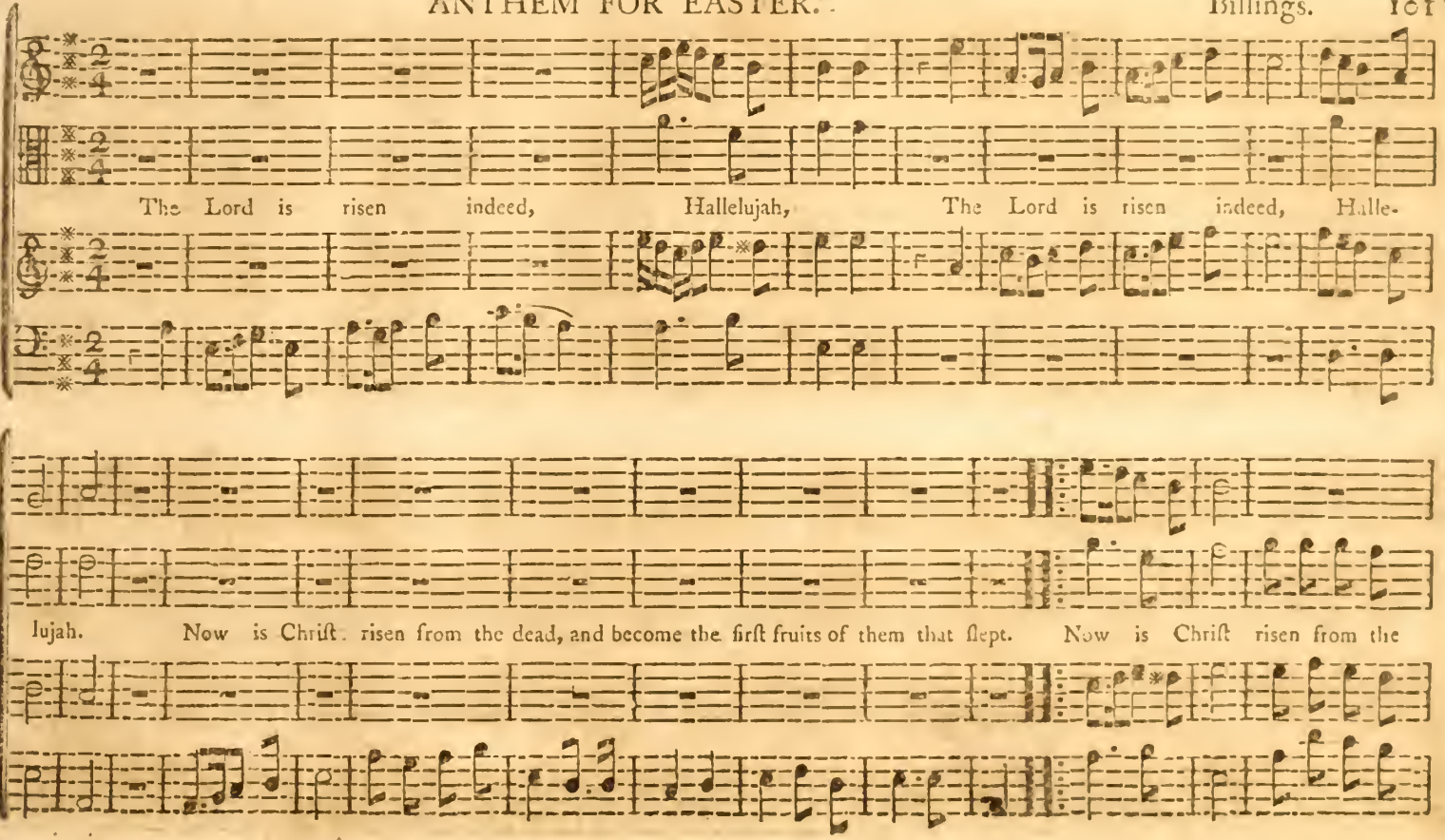


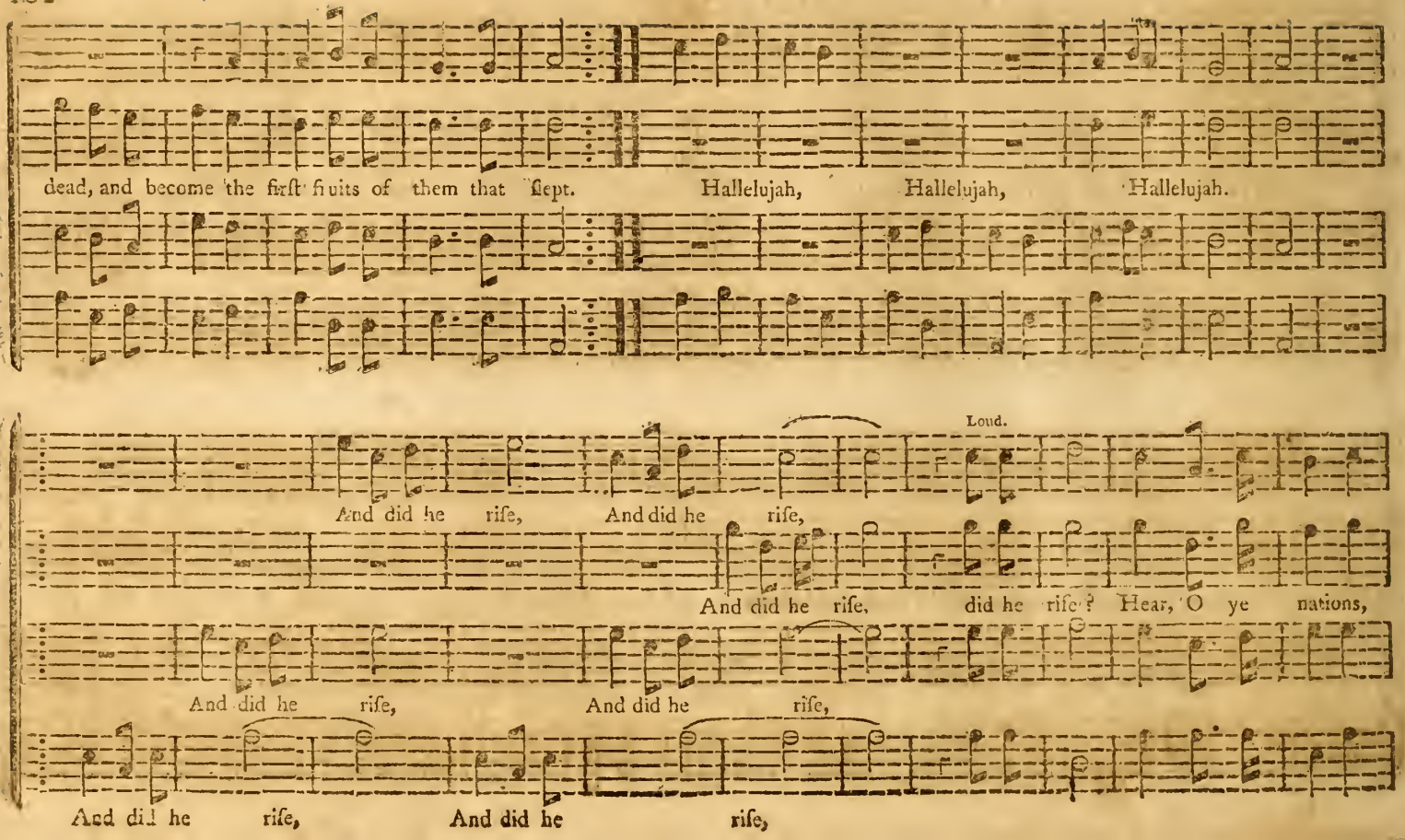
P. 12. BUCKINGHAM. C. M. Williams's Coll.

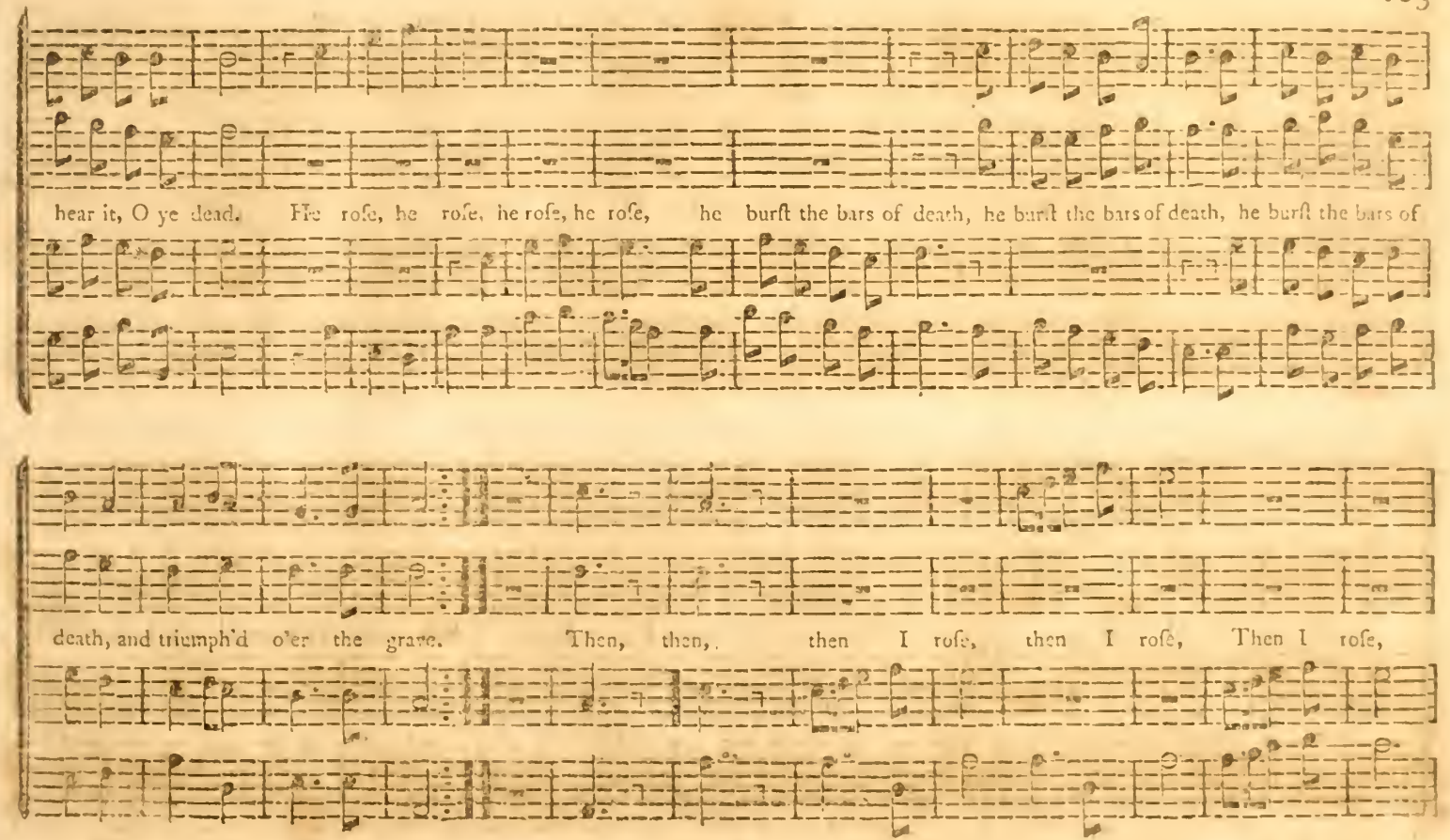


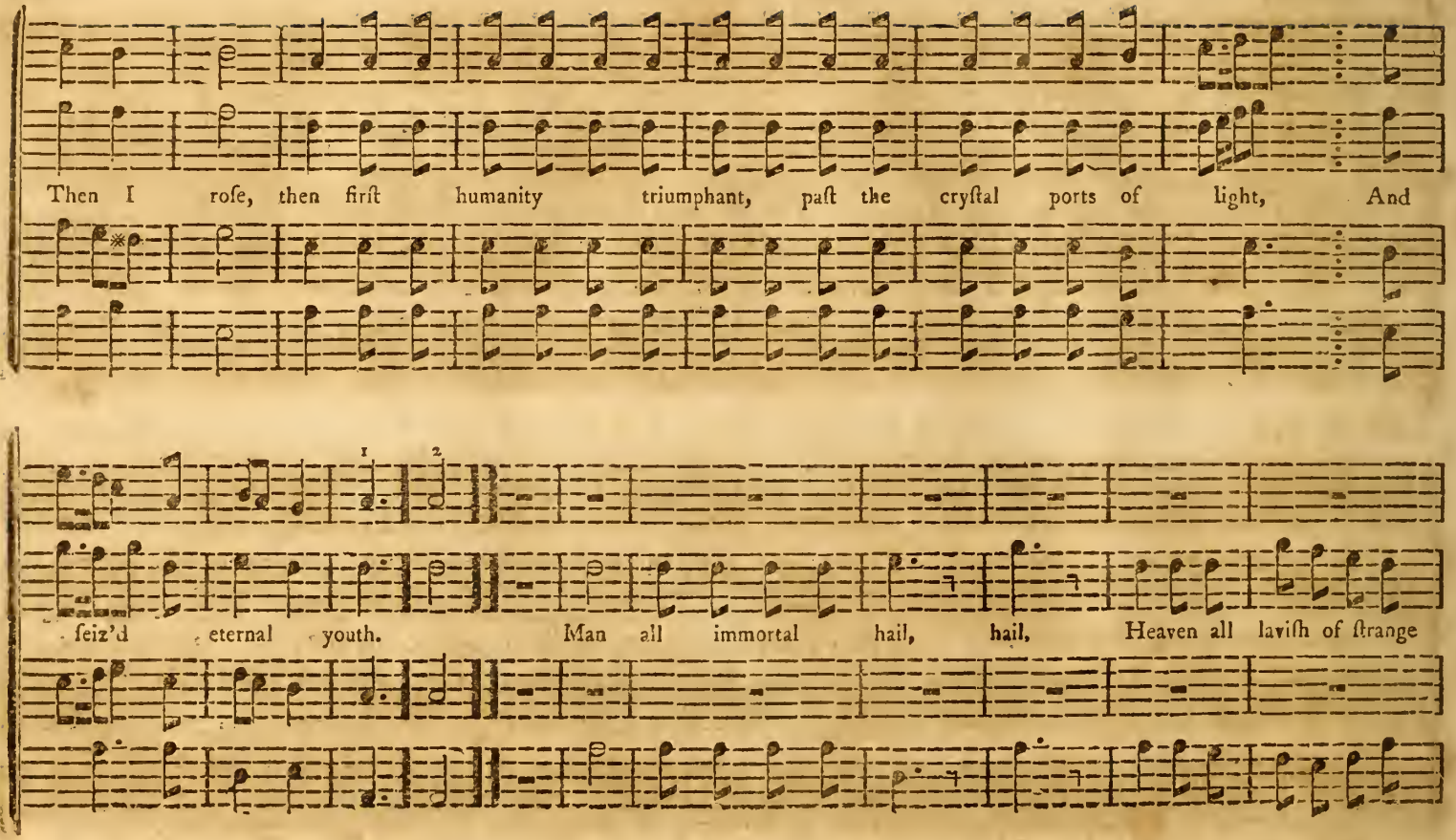

O God of my salvation, hear My nightly groan, my daily prayer, That still employ my wasting breath:
My soul, declining to the grave, Implores thy sovereign power to save From dark despair and gloomy death.

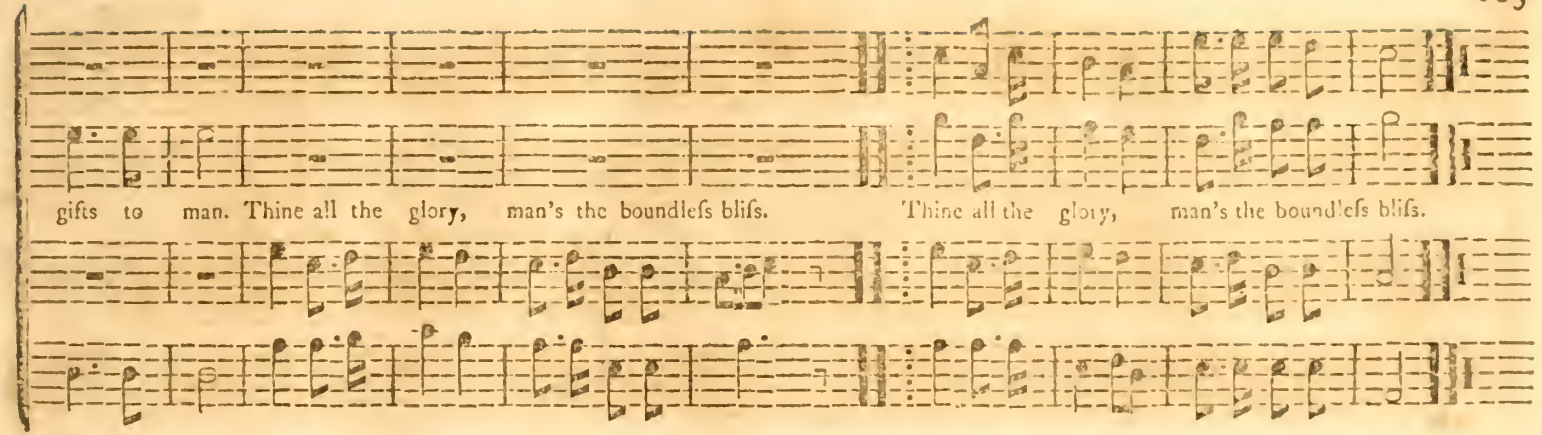

Come, O thou traveller unknown, Whom ſtill I hold, but cannot ſee, My company before is gone, And
I am left alone with thee: With thee all night I mean to ſtay, And wreſtle till, And wreſtle till the break of day.


The Lord is risen indeed, Hallelujah, The Lord is risen indeed, Halle-
lujah. Now is Christ risen from the dead, and become the first fruits of them that slept. Now is Christ risen from the

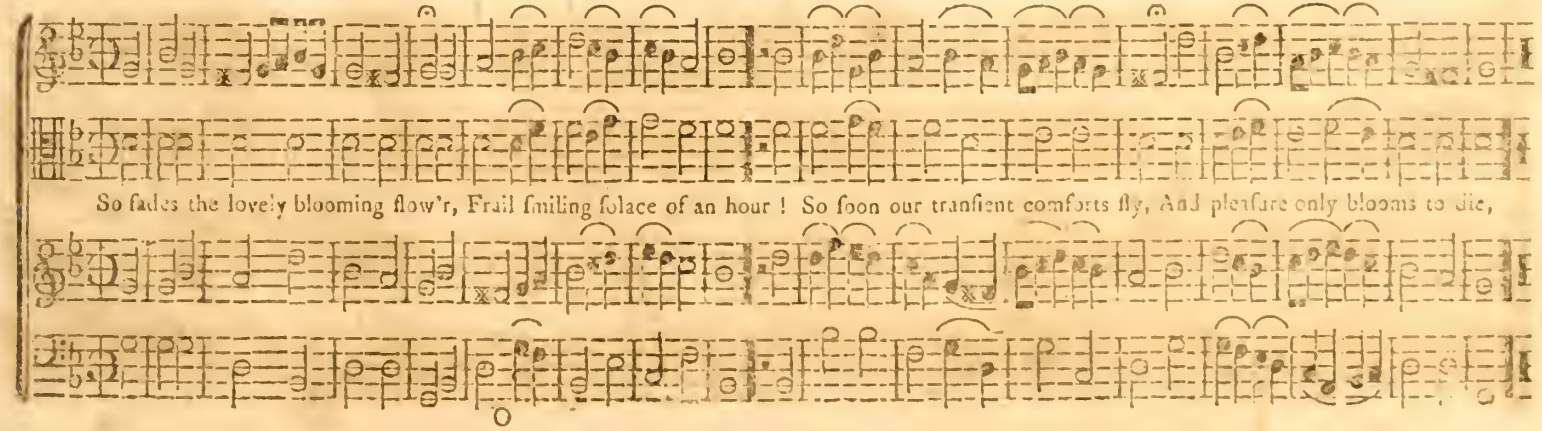

dead, and become the firſt fruits of them that ſlept. Hallelujah, Hallelujah, Hallelujah.
Loud.
And did he riſe, And did he riſe,
And did he riſe, did he riſe? Hear, O ye nations,
And did he riſe, And did he riſe,
And did he riſe, And did he riſe,

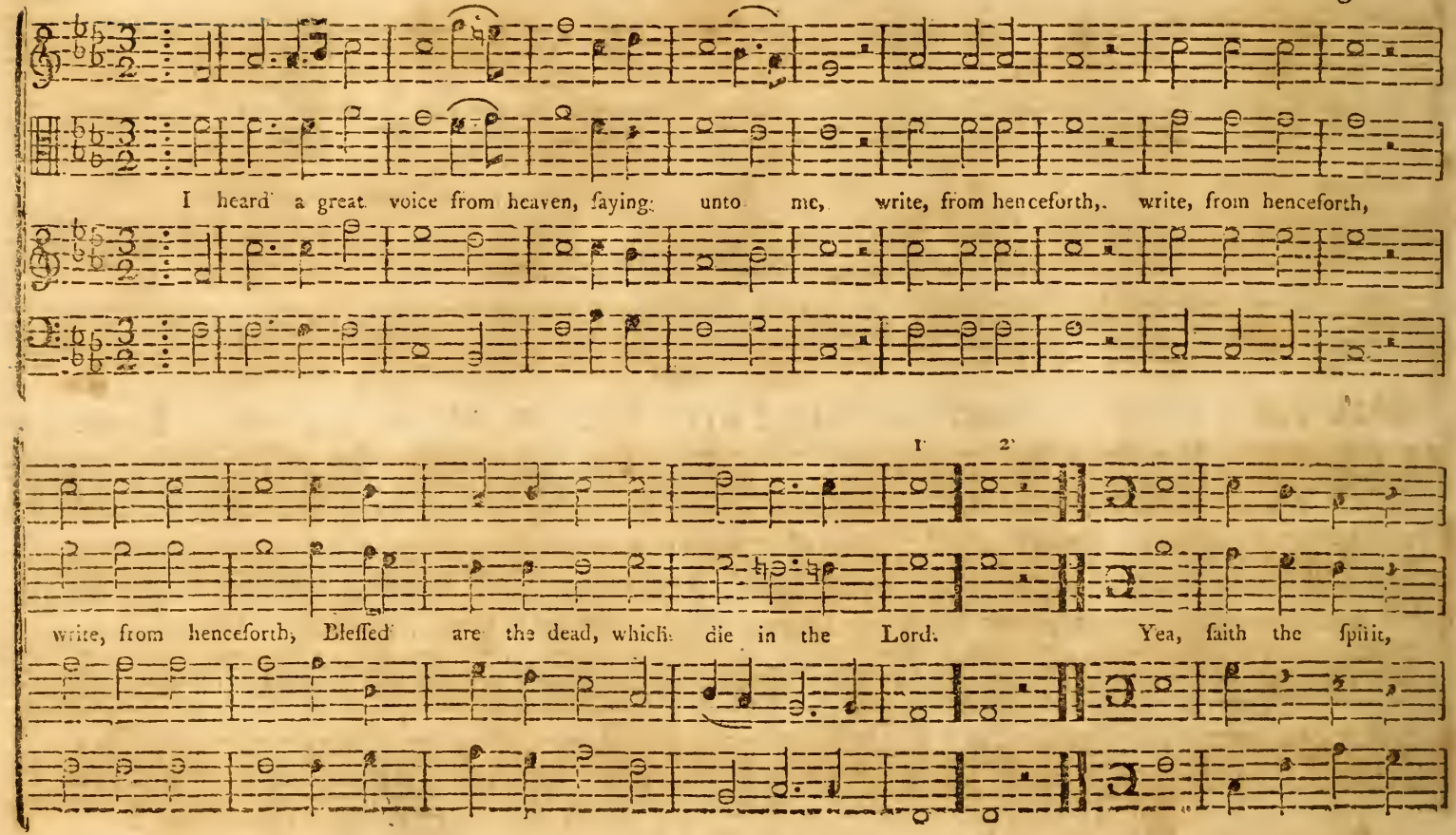

hear it, O ye dead. He roſe, he roſe, he roſe, he roſe, he burſt the bars of death, he burſt the bars of death, he burſt the bars of
death, and triumph'd o'er the grave. Then, then, then I roſe, then I roſe, Then I roſe,

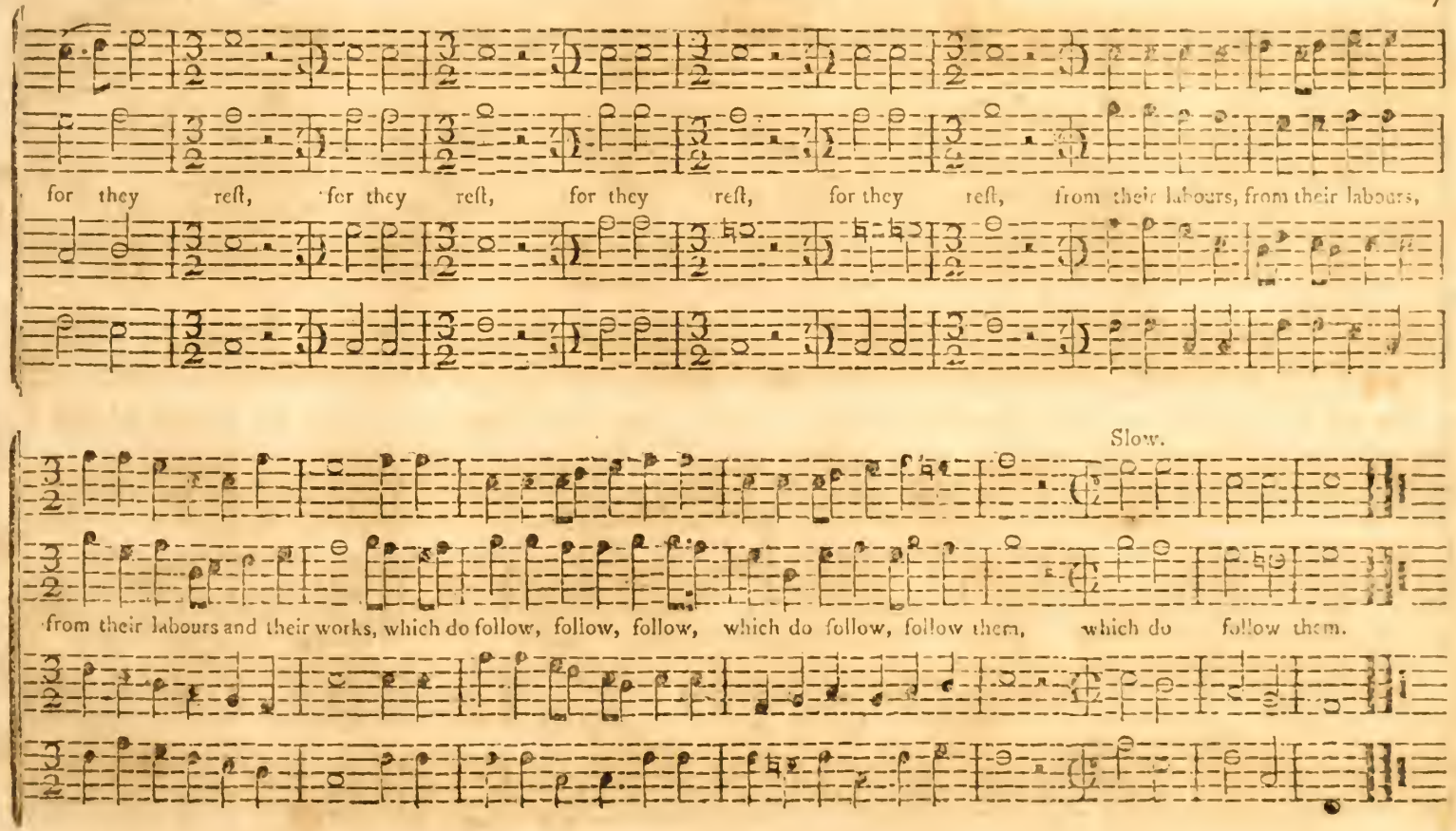

Then I roſe, then firſt humanity triumphant, paſt the cryſtal ports of light, And
1
2
ſeiz'd eternal youth. Man all immortal hail, hail, Heaven all laviſh of ſtrange

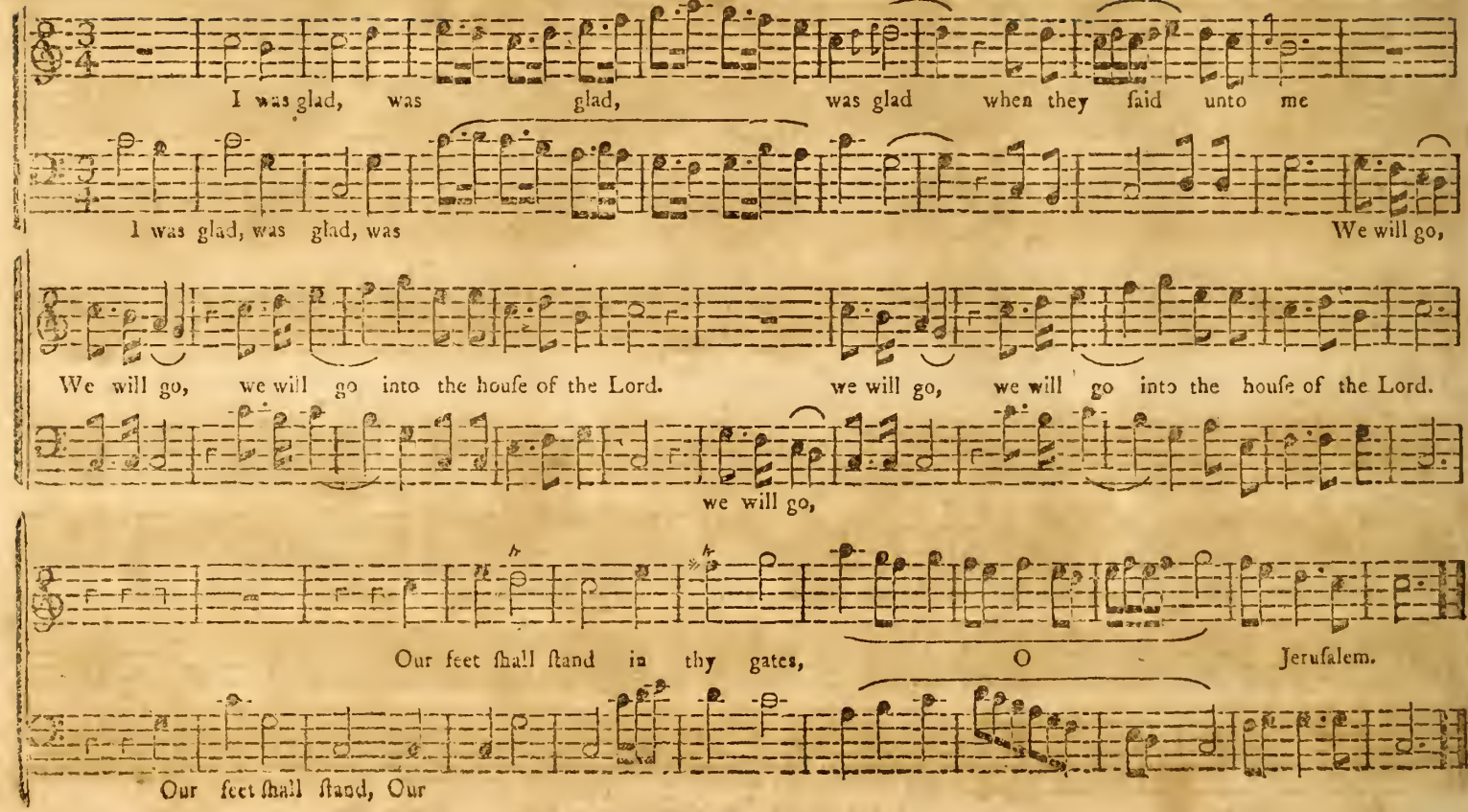


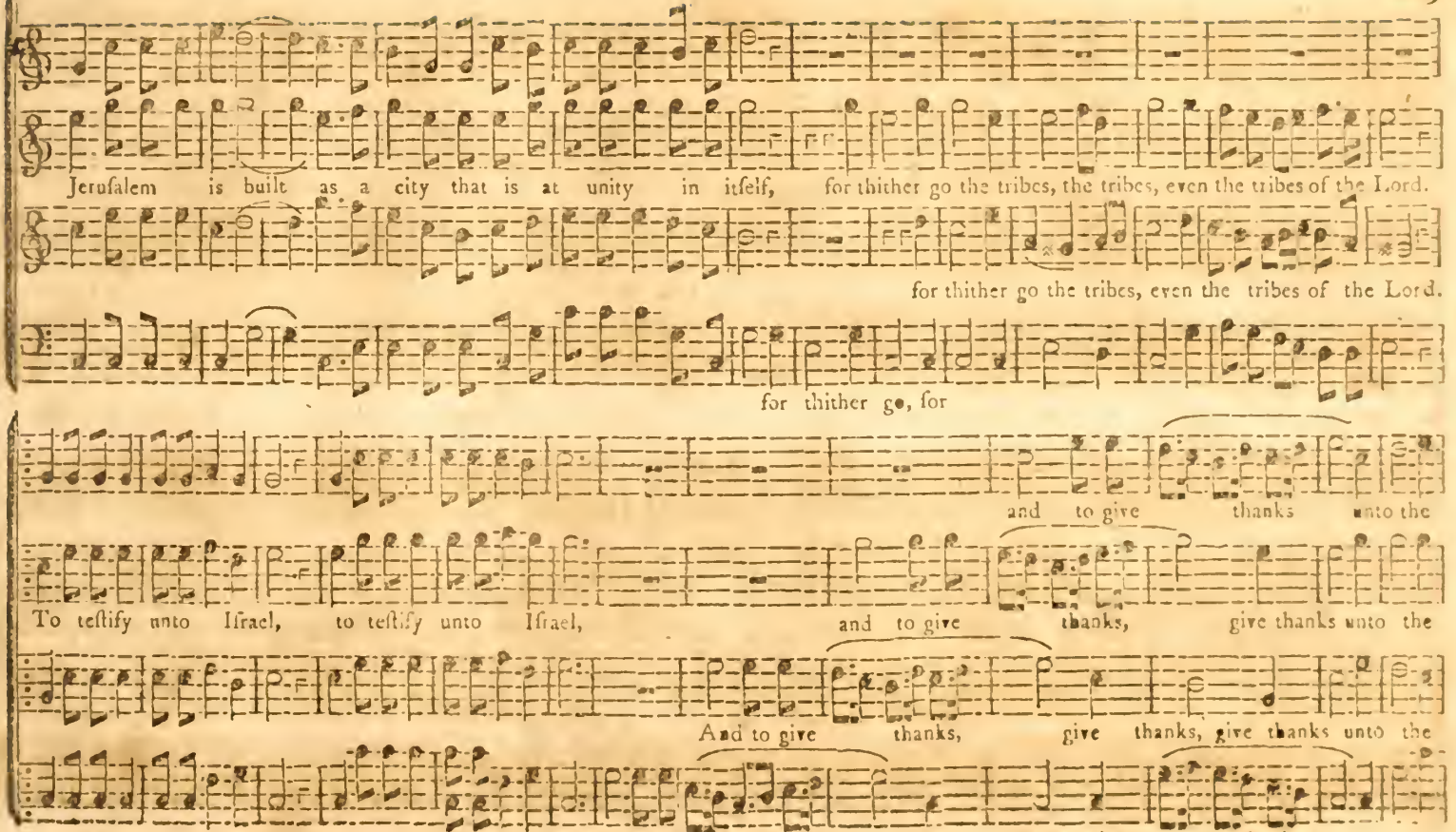
H. 228. MORNING FLOWER. L. M. Leach.

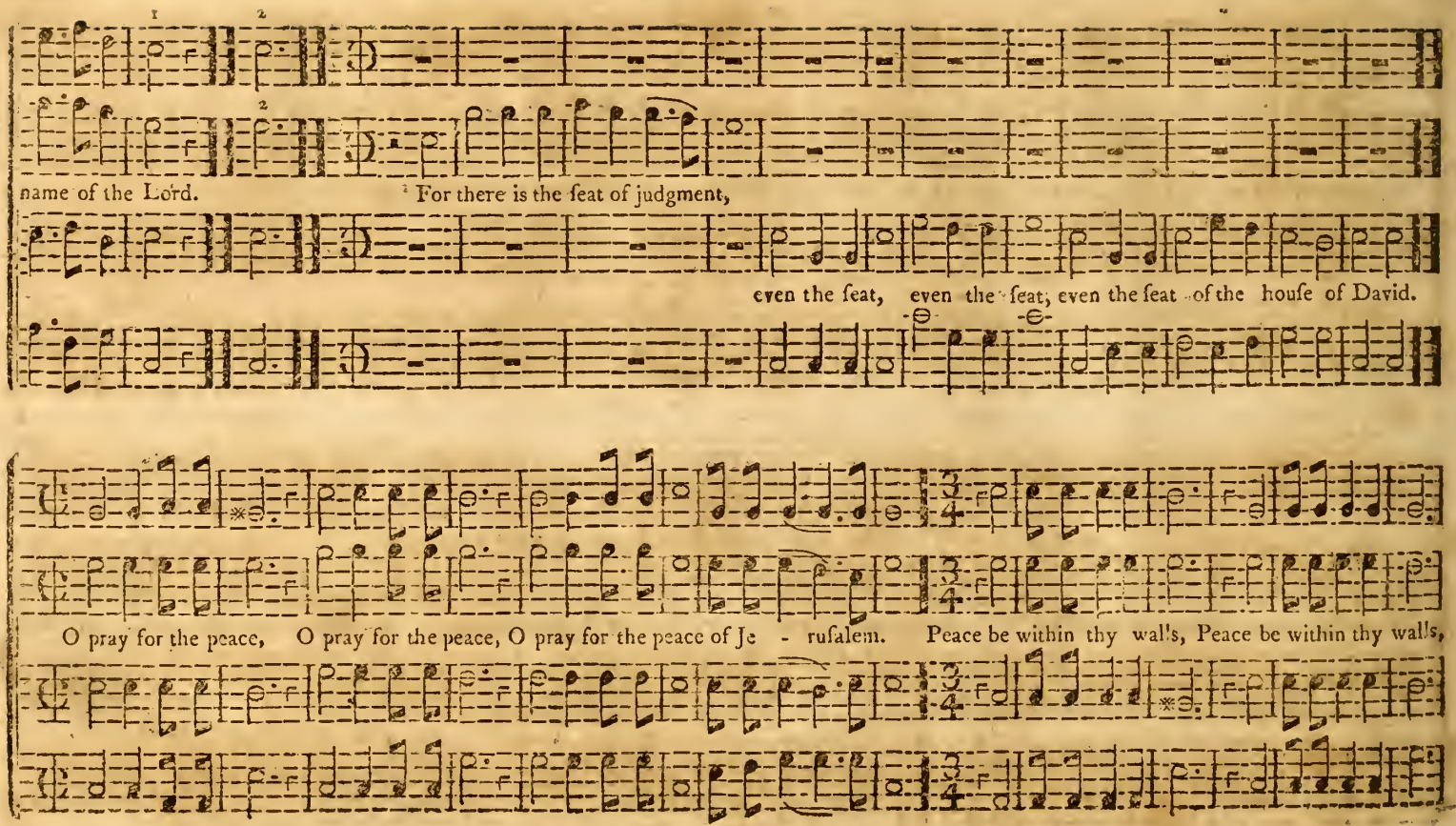


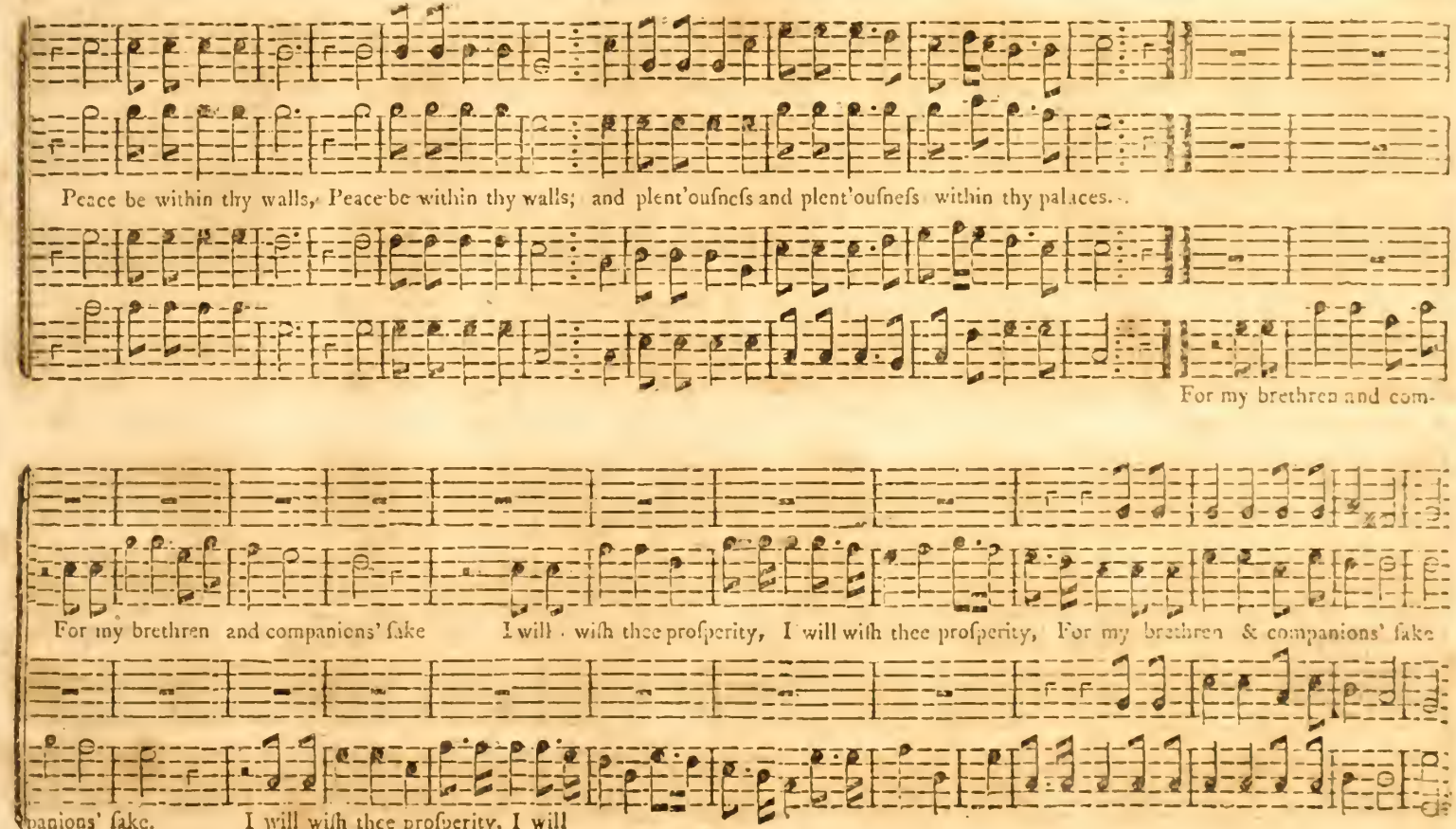

I heard a great voice from heaven, saying unto me, write, from henceforth, write, from henceforth,
1. 2.
write, from henceforth, Bleſſed are the dead, which die in the Lord. Yea, ſaith the ſpirit,

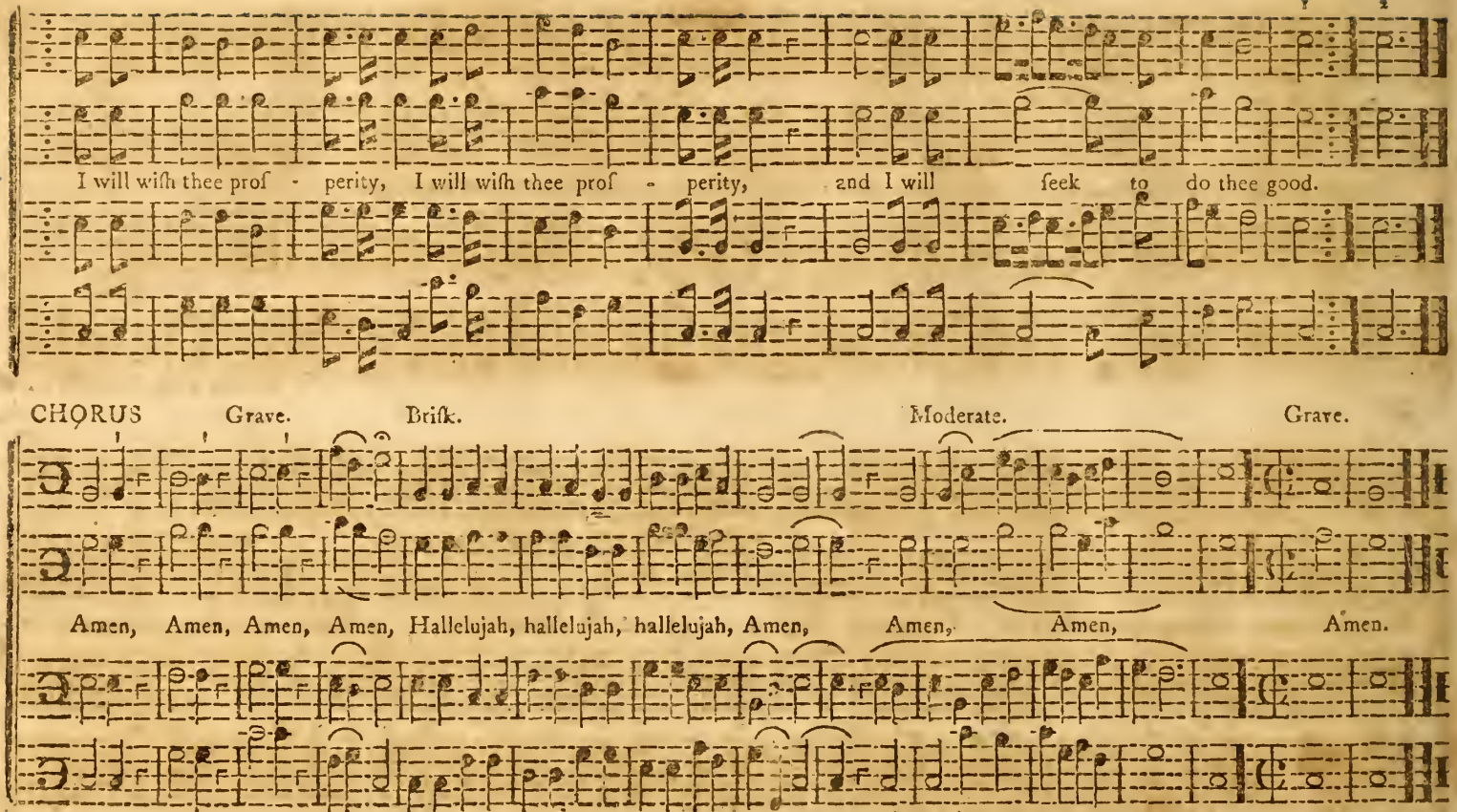

for they rest, for they rest, for they rest, for they rest, from their labours, from their labours,
Slow.
from their labours and their works, which do follow, follow, follow, which do follow, follow them, which do follow them.


I was glad, was glad, was glad when they ſaid unto me
I was glad, was glad, was
We will go,
We will go, we will go into the houſe of the Lord.
we will go, we will go into the houſe of the Lord.
we will go,
Our feet ſhall ſtand in thy gates, O Jeruſalem.
Our feet ſhall ſtand, Our

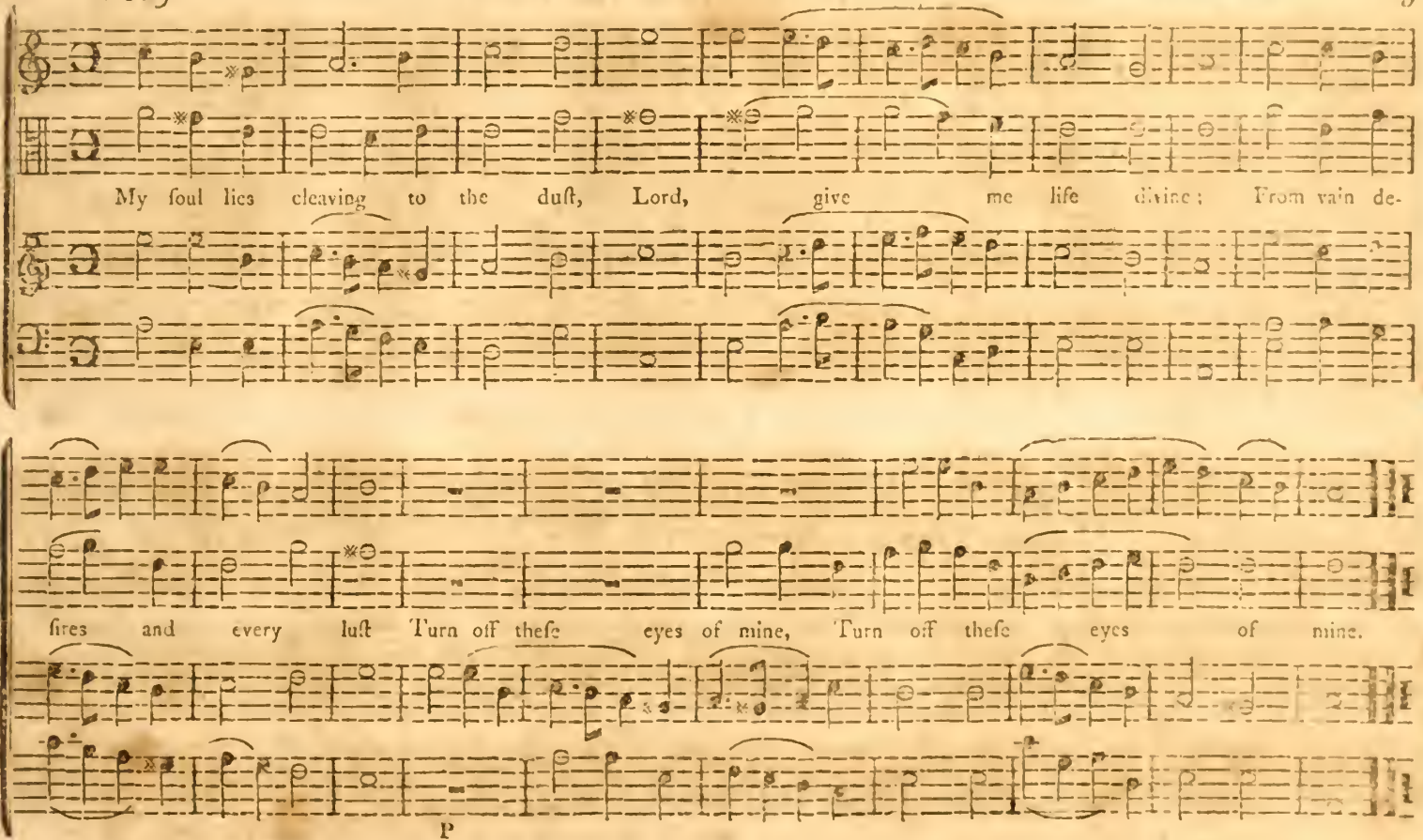

Jeruſalem is built as a city that is at unity in itſelf, for thither go the tribes, the tribes, even the tribes of the Lord.
for thither go the tribes, even the tribes of the Lord.
for thither go, for
and to give thanks unto the
To teſtify unto Iſrael, to teſtify unto Iſrael,
and to give thanks, give thanks unto the
And to give thanks, give thanks, give thanks unto the
and to give thanks, give thanks, give thanks

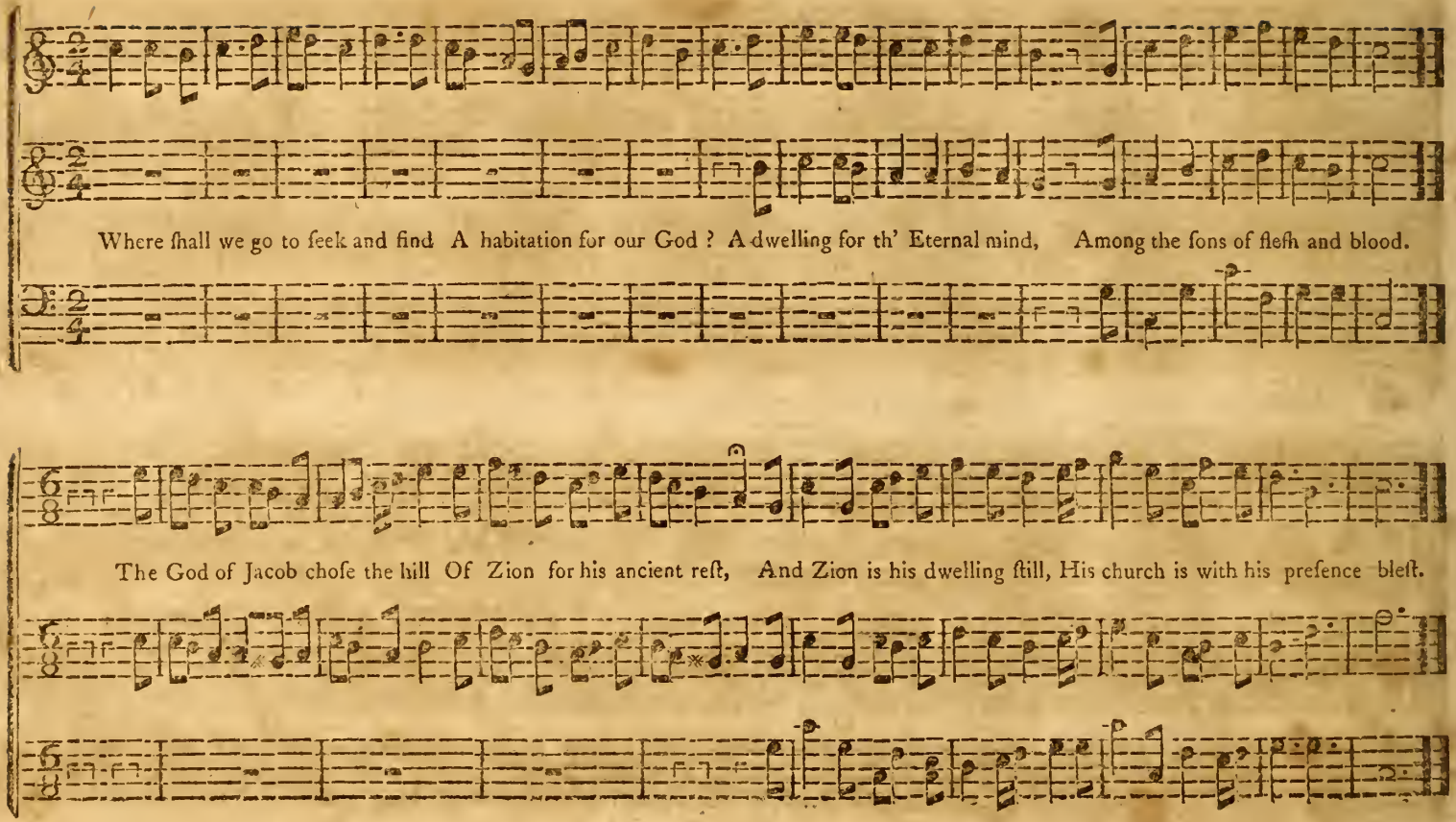

name of the Lord.
For there is the ſeat of judgment,
even the ſeat, even the ſeat, even the ſeat of the houſe of David.
O pray for the peace, O pray for the peace, O pray for the peace of Je - ruſalem. Peace be within thy walls, Peace be within thy walls,

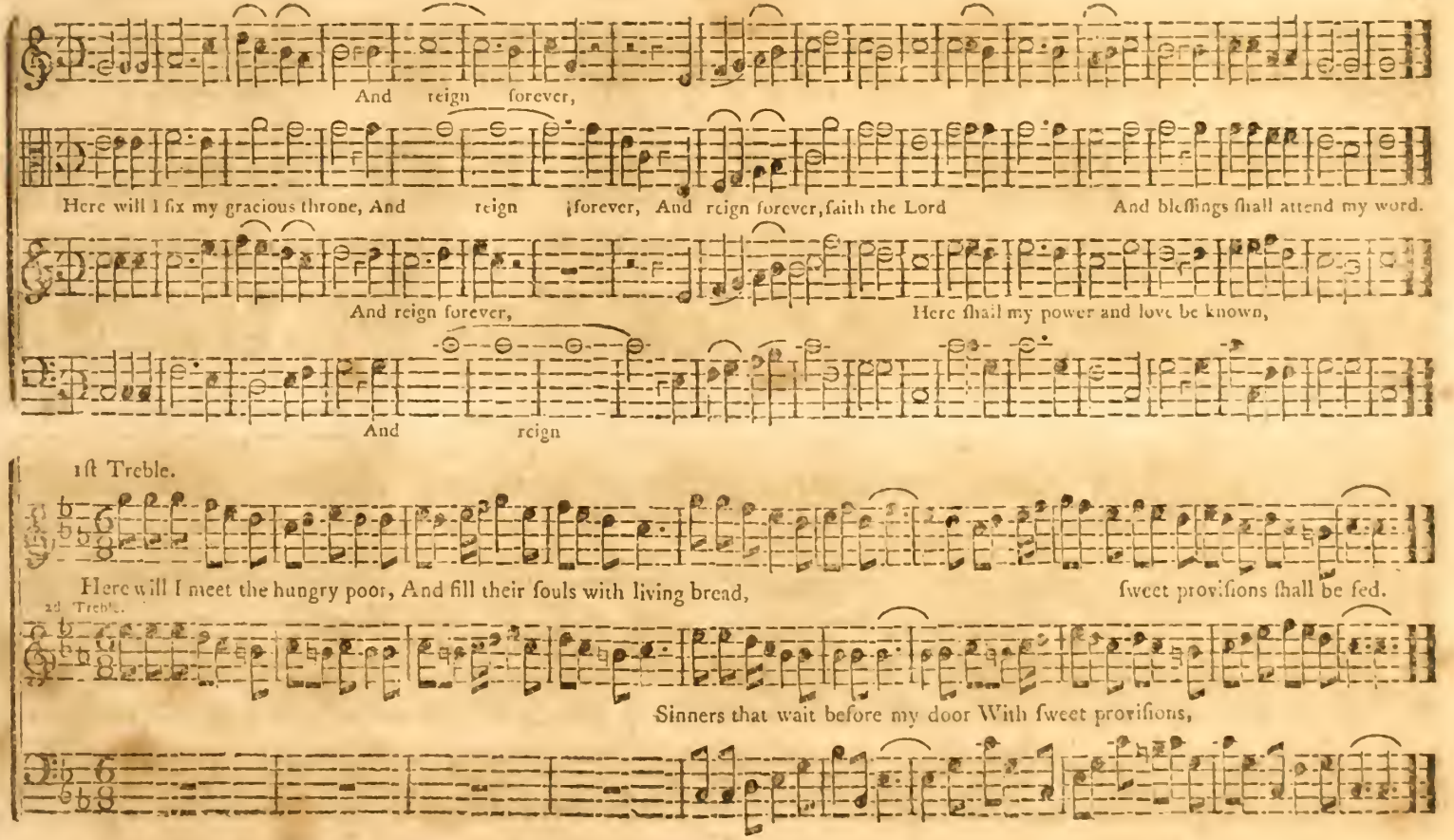

Peace be within thy walls, Peace be within thy walls; and plent'ouſneſs and plent'ouſneſs within thy palaces.
For my brethren and com-
For my brethren and companions' ſake I will wiſh thee proſperity, I will wiſh thee proſperity, For my brethren & companions' ſake
panions' ſake. I will wiſh thee proſperity, I will

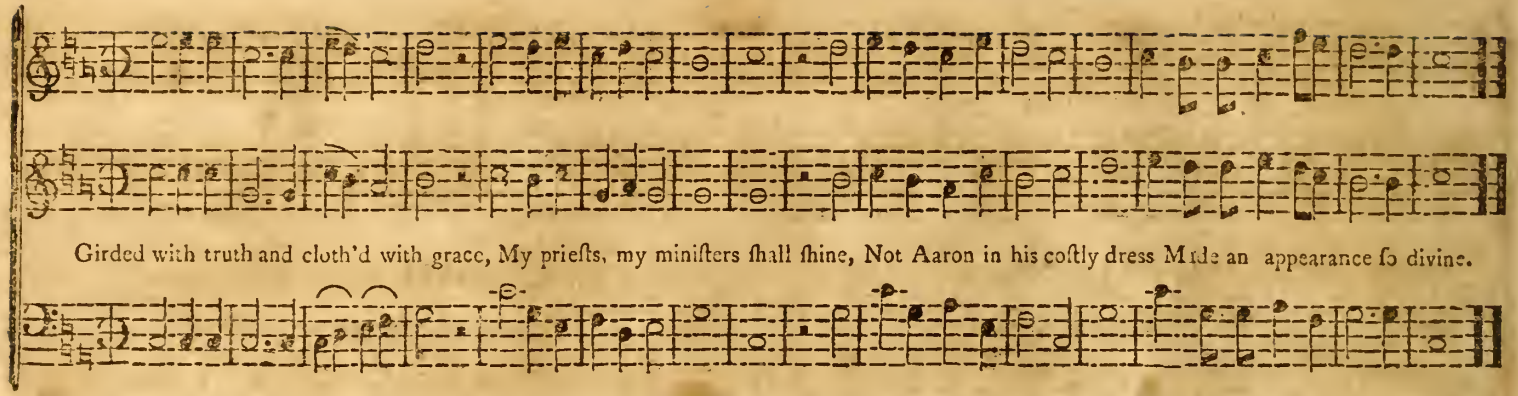


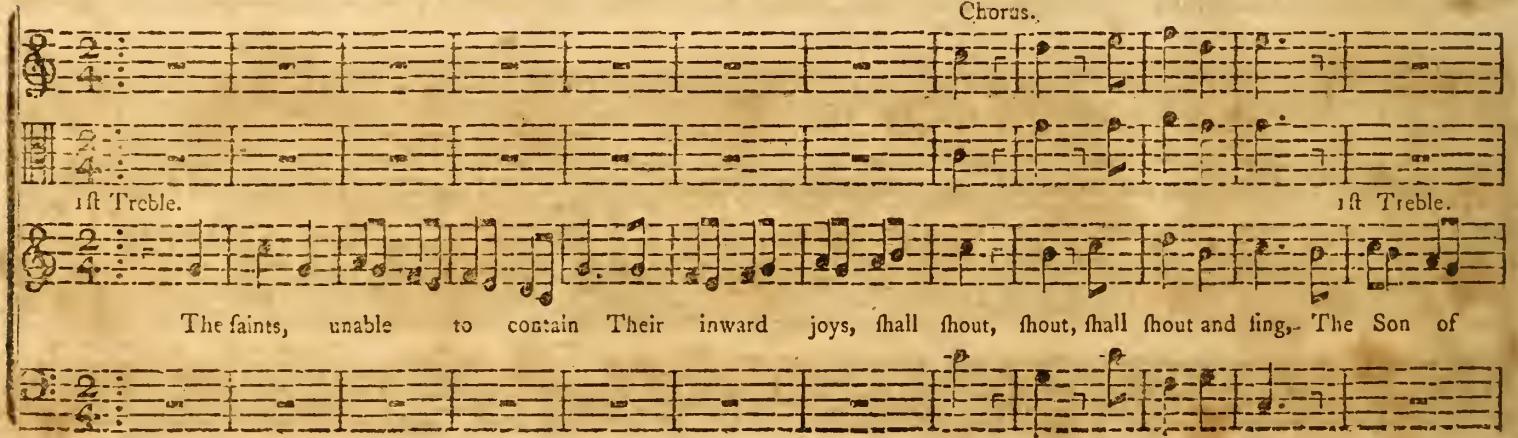
N. B. Repeat O pray for the peace, and conclude with the Chorus.


My soul lies cleaving to the duſt, Lord, give me life divine; From vain de-
ſires and every luſt Turn off theſe eyes of mine, Turn off theſe eyes of mine.
P

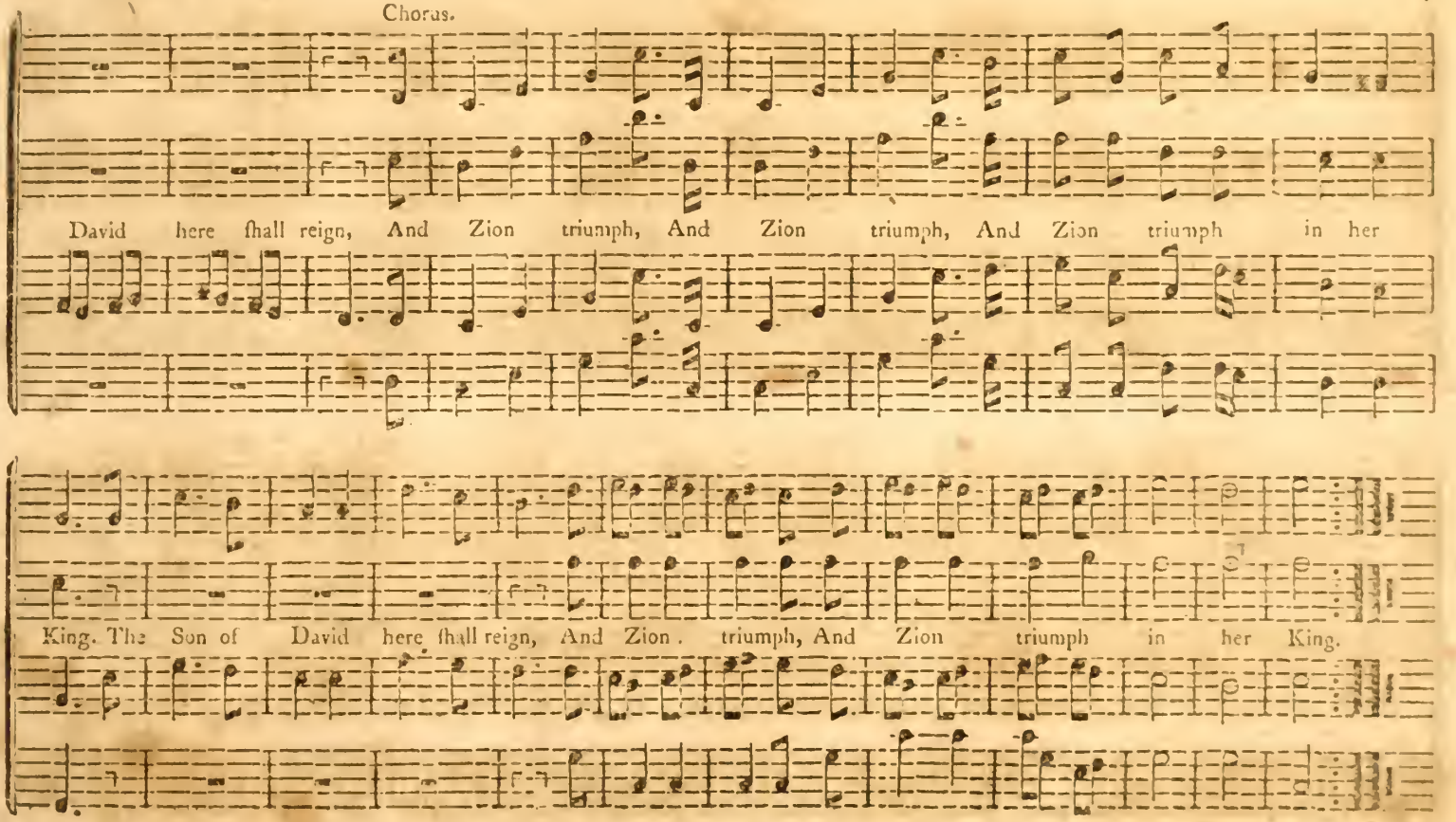

Where ſhall we go to ſeek and find A habitation for our God ? A dwelling for th' Eternal mind, Among the ſons of fleſh and blood.
The God of Jacob choſe the hill Of Zion for his ancient reſt, And Zion is his dwelling ſtill, His church is with his preſence bleſt.

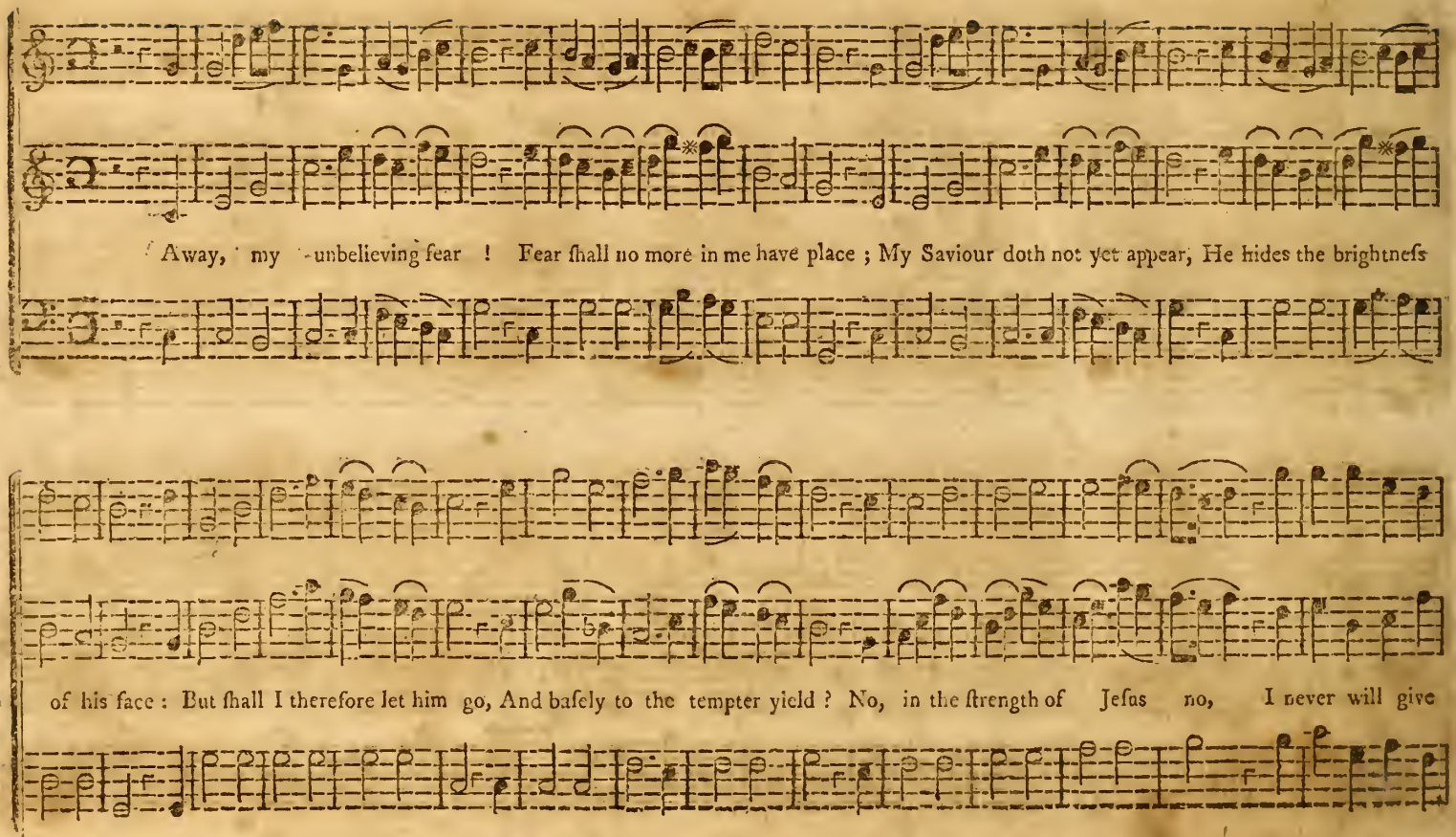

And reign forever,
Here will I fix my gracious throne, And reign forever, And reign forever, saith the Lord And blessings shall attend my word.
And reign forever,
Here shall my power and love be known,
And reign
1st Treble.
Here will I meet the hungry poor, And fill their souls with living bread,
sweet provisions shall be fed.
2d Treble.
Sinners that wait before my door With sweet provisions,

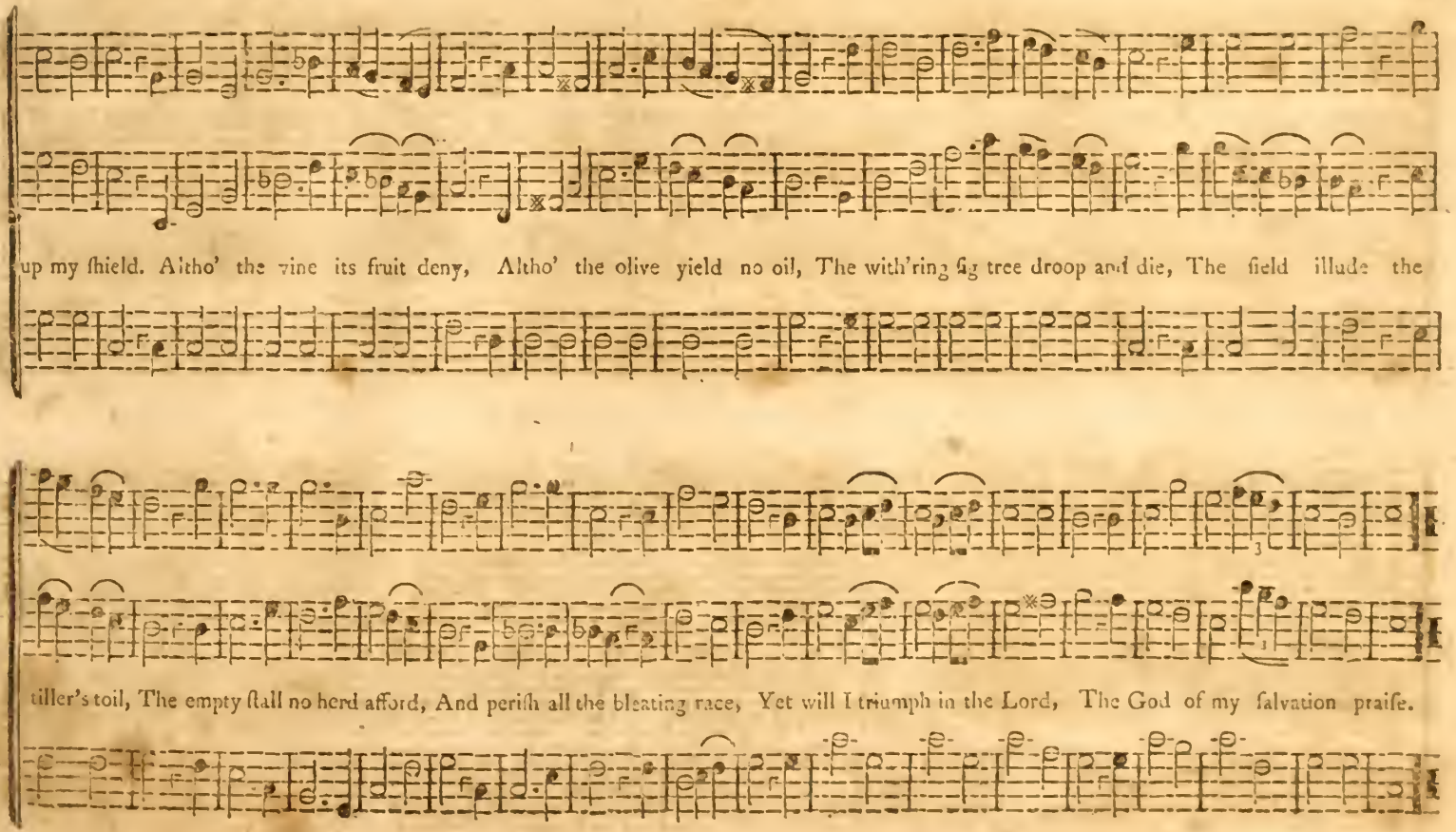

Girded with truth and cloth'd with grace, My prieſts, my miniſters ſhall ſhine, Not Aaron in his coſtly dress Made an appearance ſo divine.

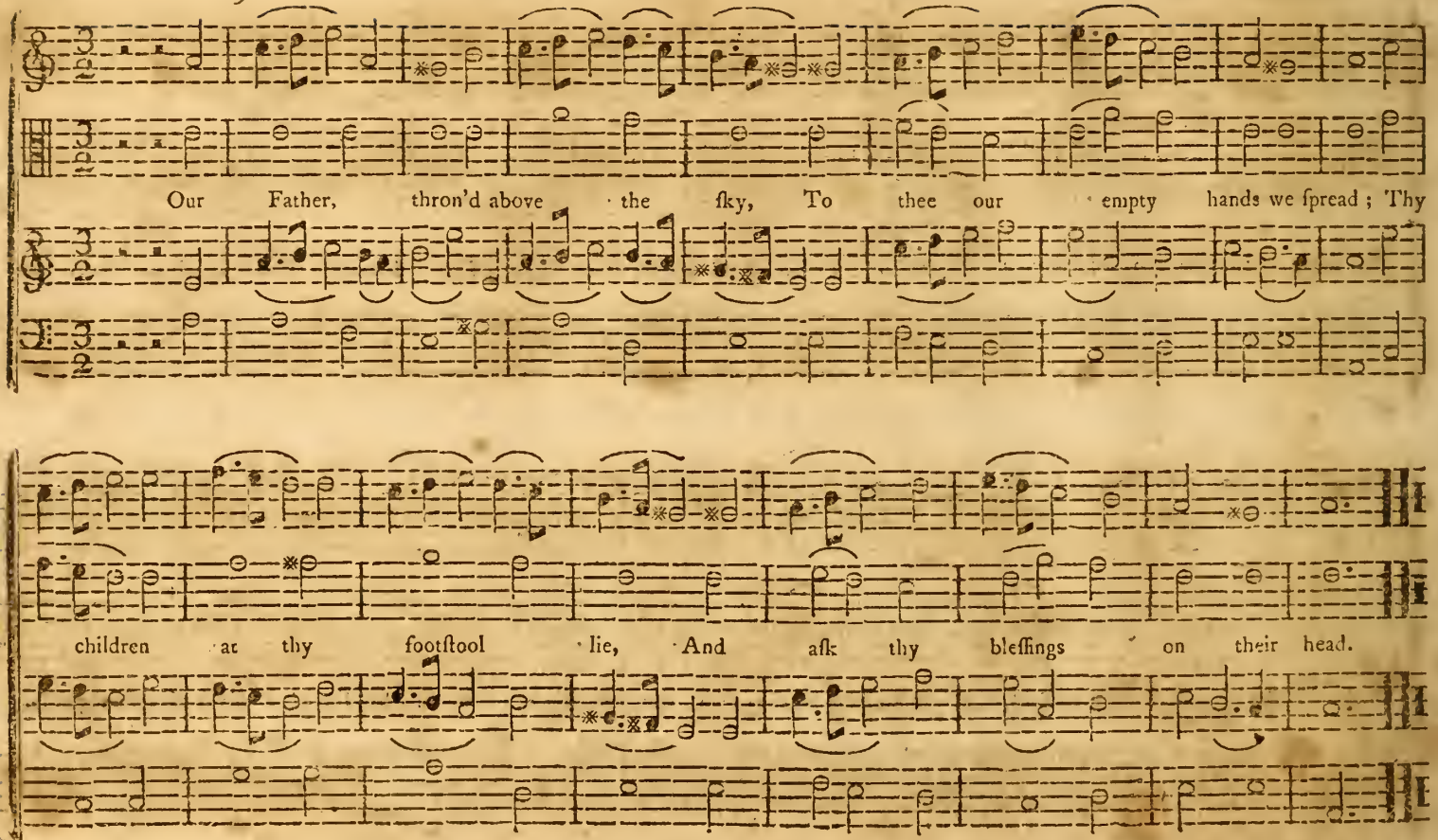

Chorus.
1ſt Treble.
1ſt Treble.
The ſaints, unable to contain Their inward joys, ſhall ſhout, ſhout, ſhall ſhout and ſing, The Son of

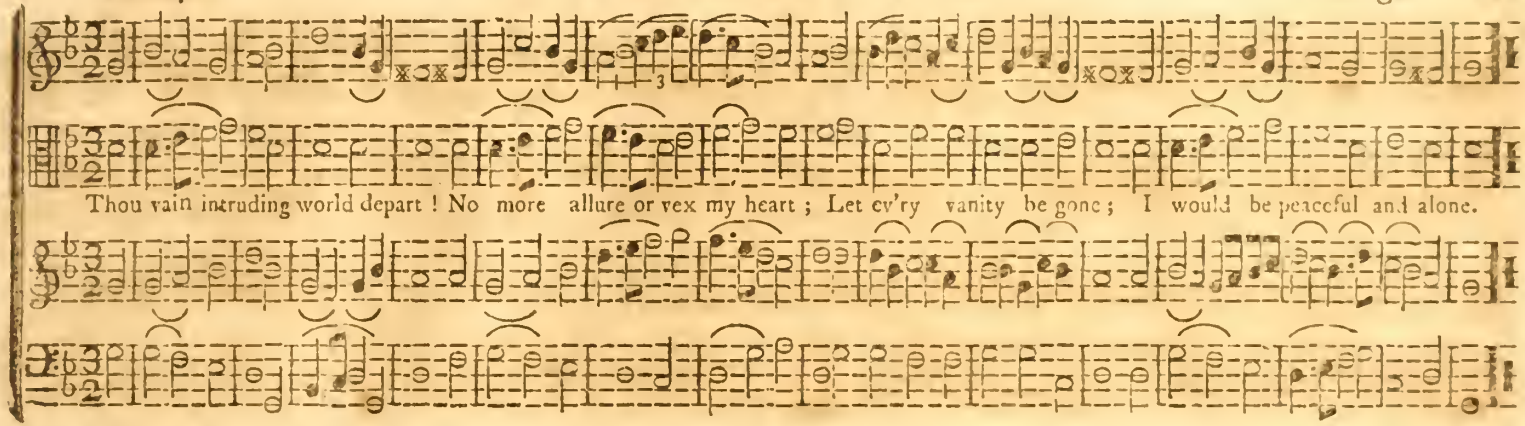
Chorus.


David here ſhall reign, And Zion triumph, And Zion triumph, And Zion triumph in her
King. The Son of David here ſhall reign, And Zion triumph, And Zion triumph in her King.

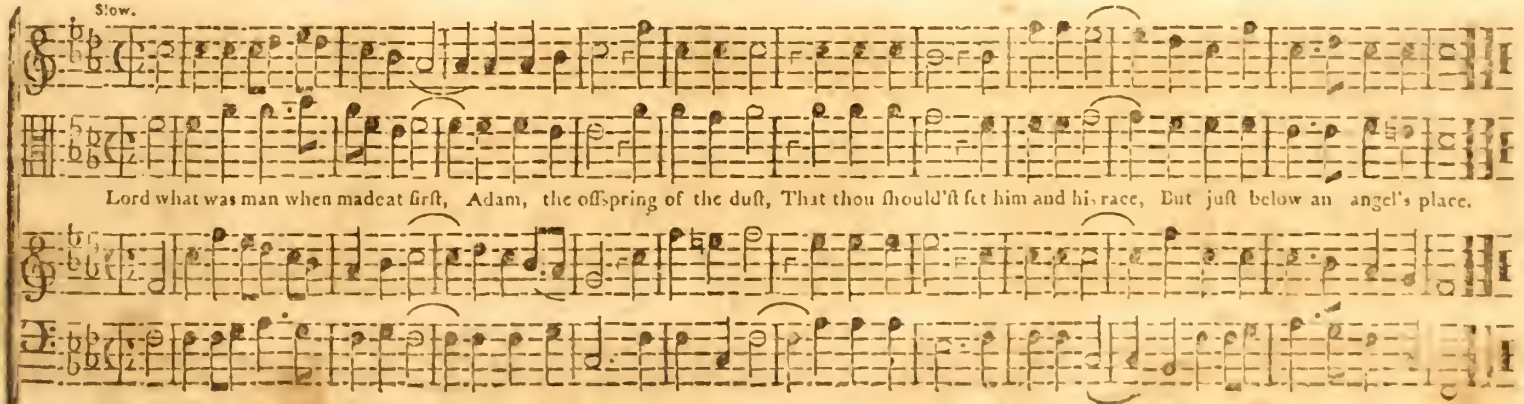

Away, my unbelieving fear ! Fear ſhall no more in me have place ; My Saviour doth not yet appear, He hides the brightneſs
of his face : But ſhall I therefore let him go, And baſely to the tempter yield ? No, in the ſtrength of Jeſus no, I never will give

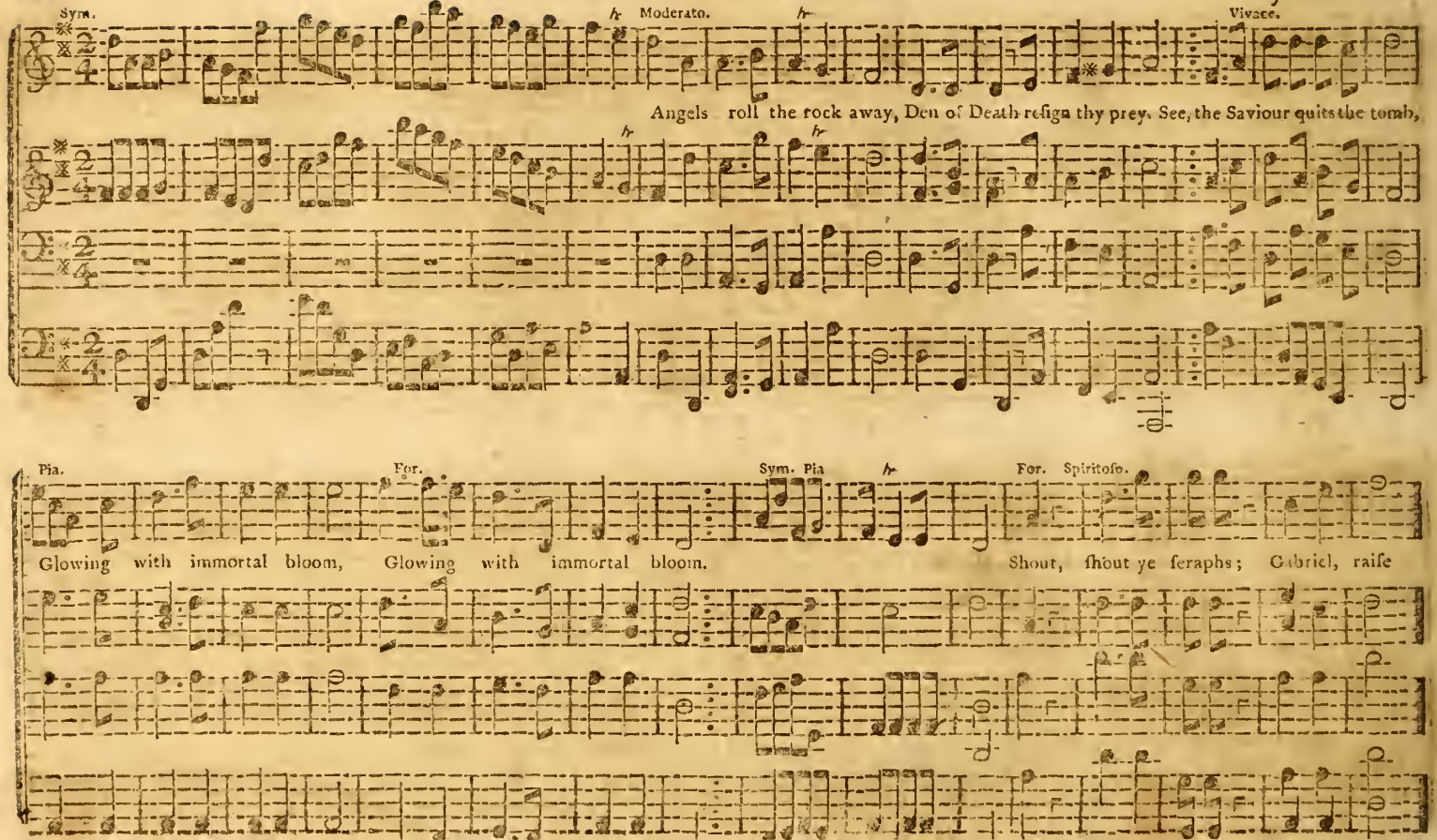

up my ſhield. Altho' the vine its fruit deny, Altho' the olive yield no oil, The with'ring fig tree droop and die, The field illude the
tiller's toil, The empty ſtall no herd afford, And periſh all the bleating race, Yet will I triumph in the Lord, The God of my ſalvation praiſe.

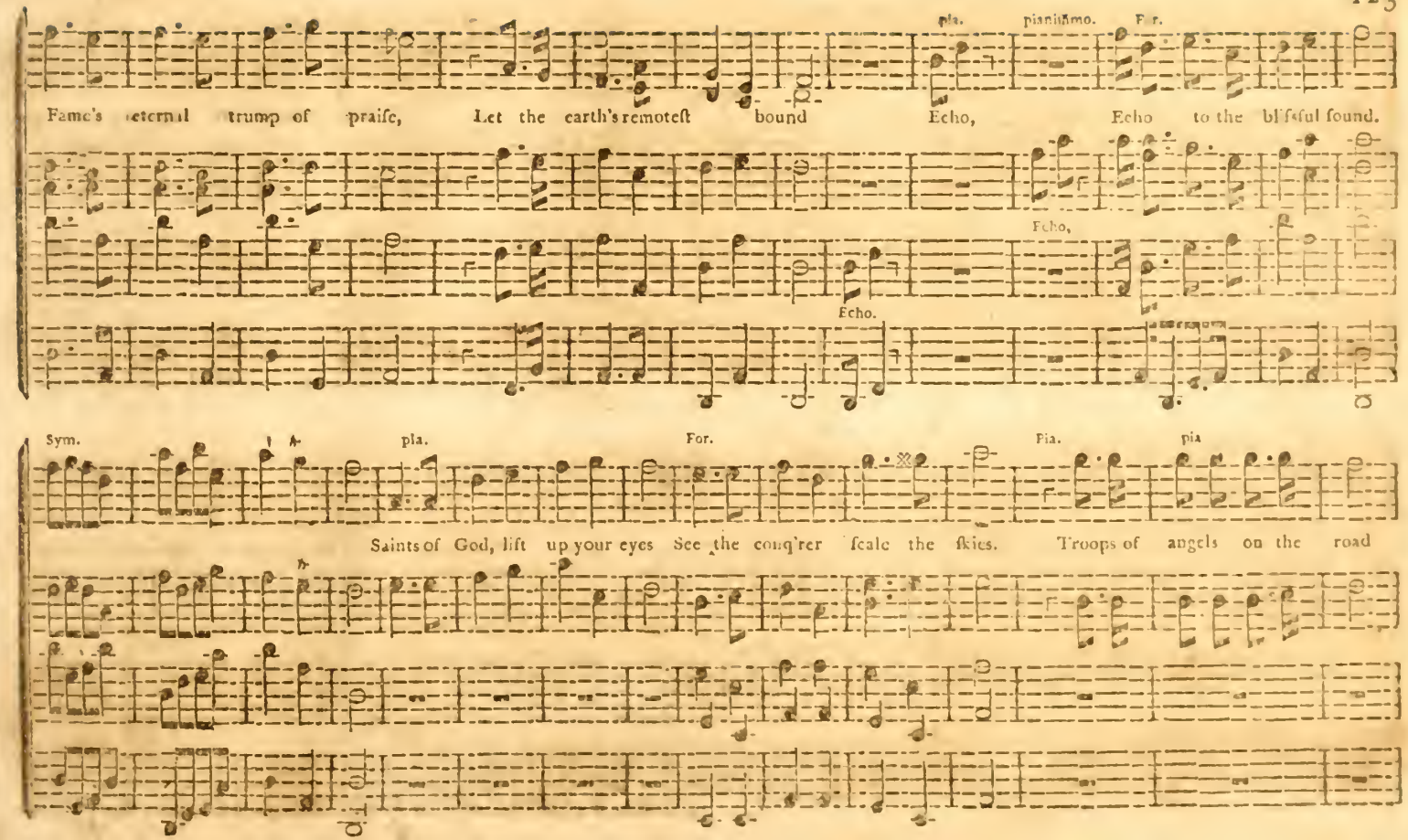

Our Father, thron'd above the ſky, To thee our empty hands we ſpread; Thy
children at thy footſtool lie, And aſk thy bleſſings on their head.

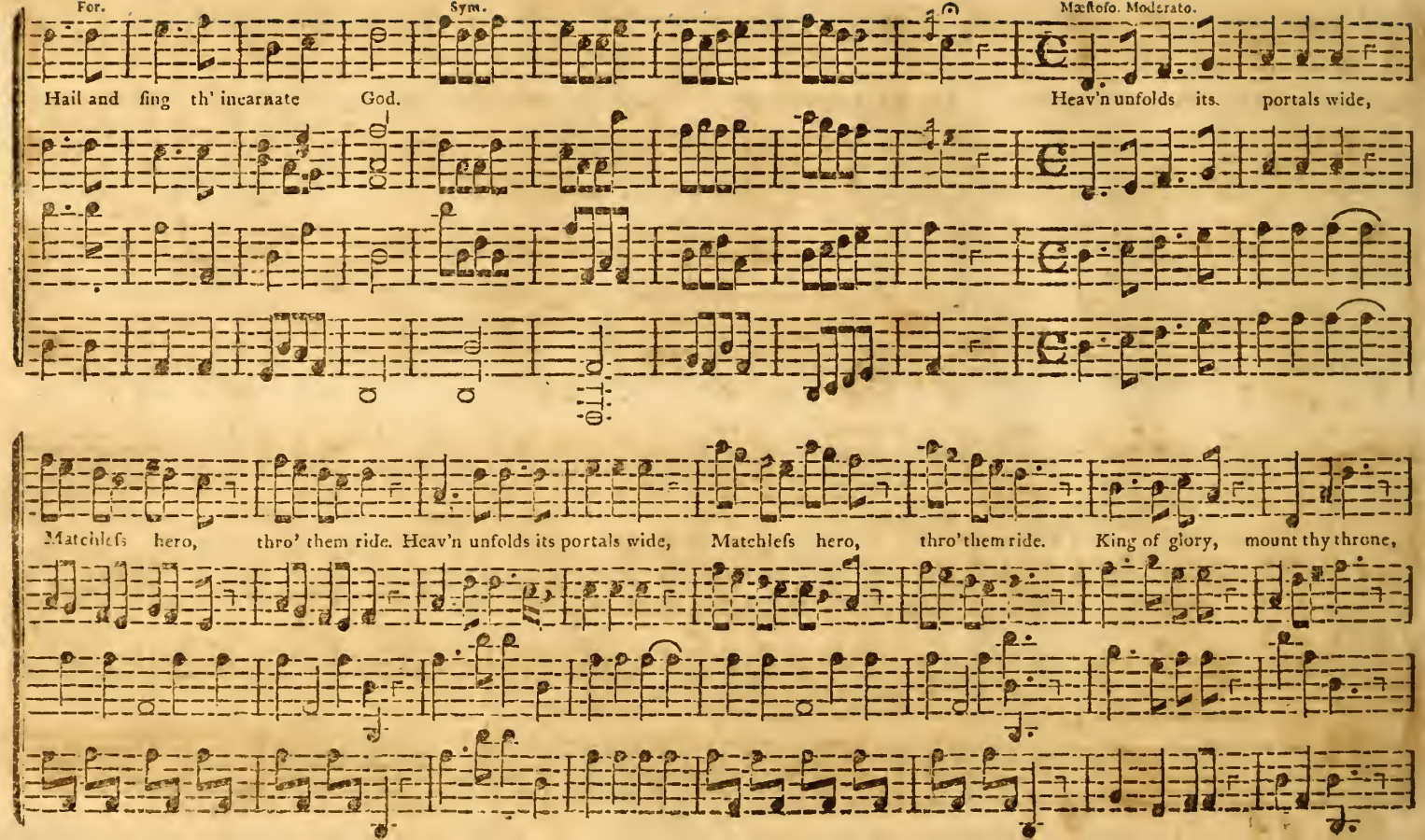


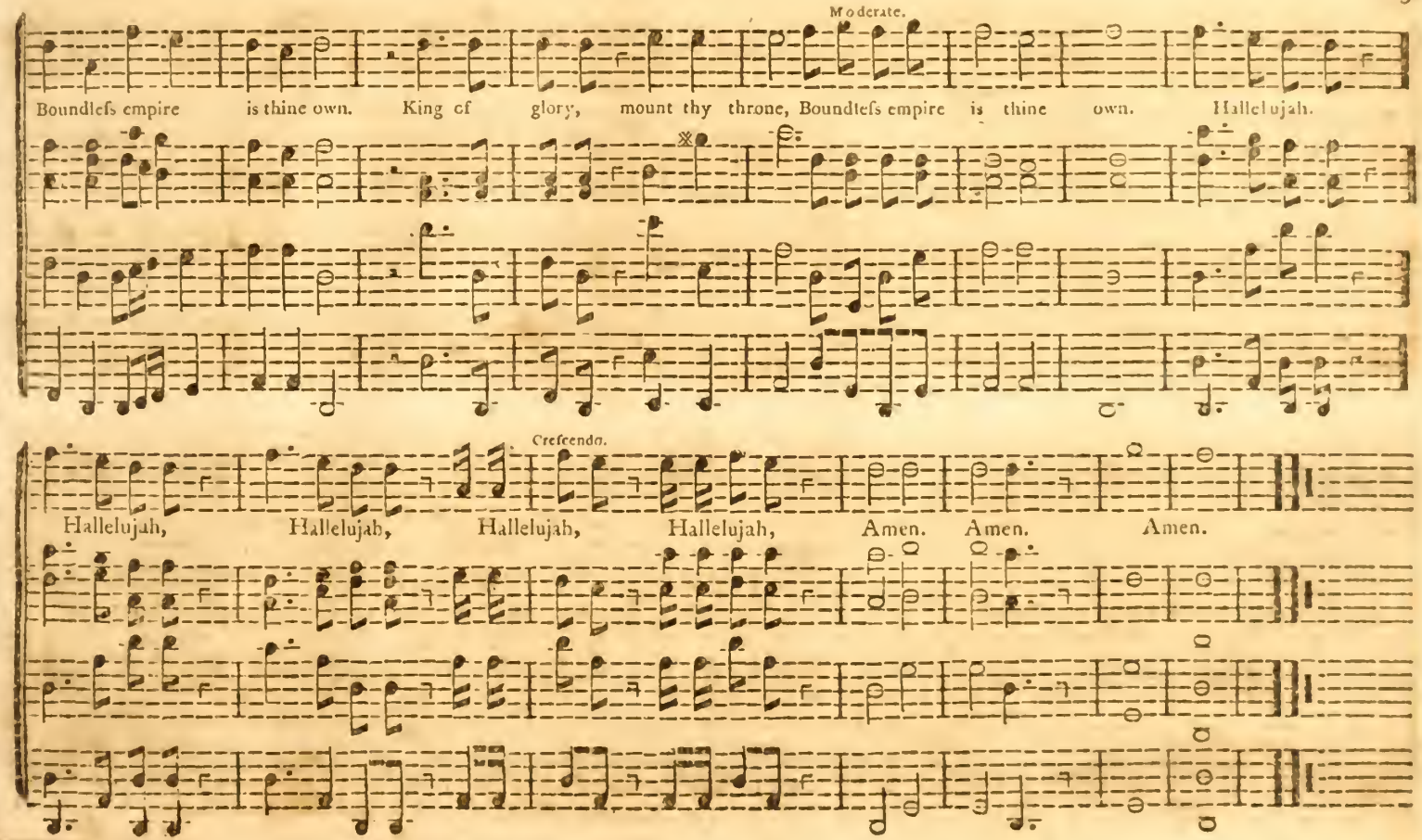
P. 8. MORTALITY. L. M. Reed.

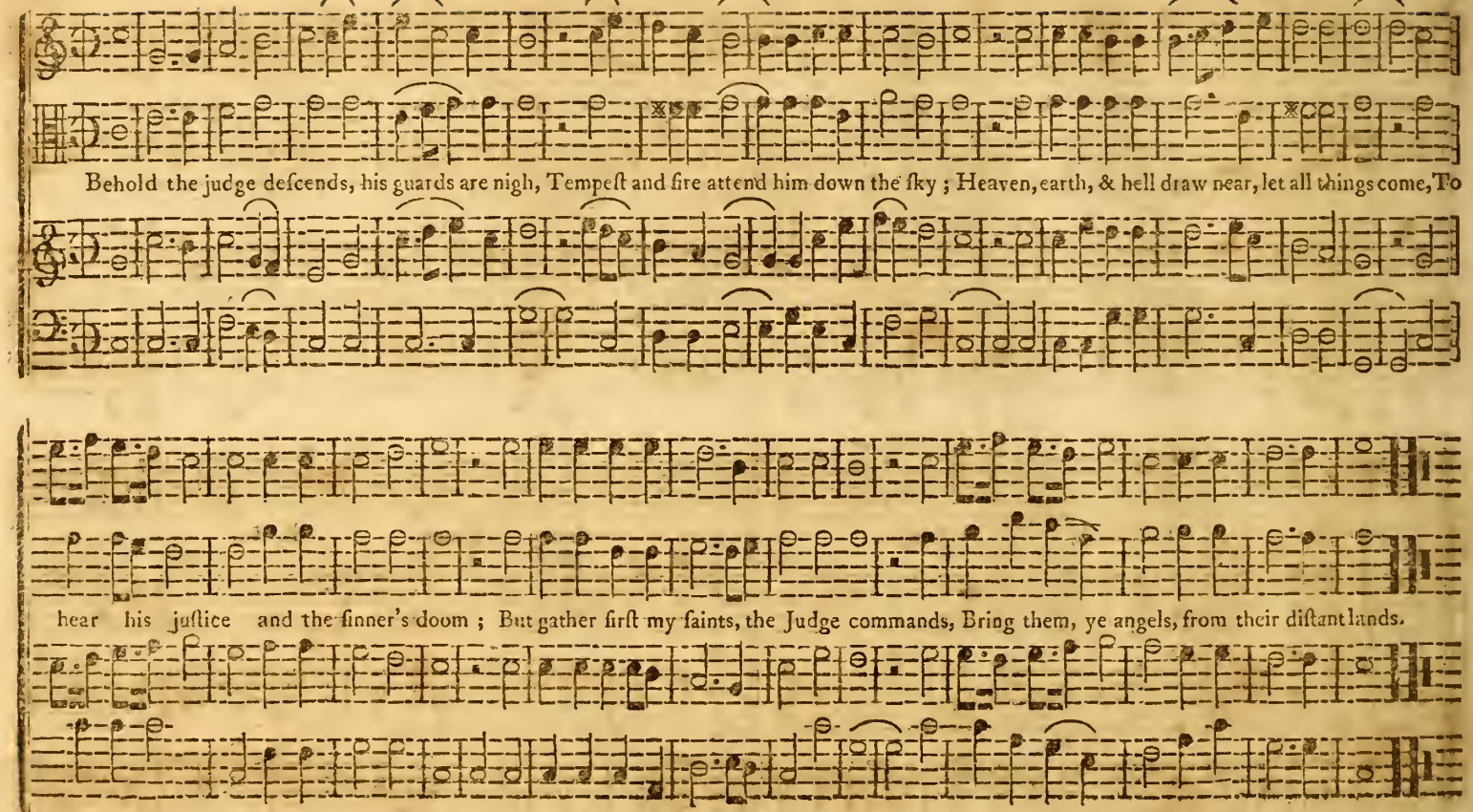


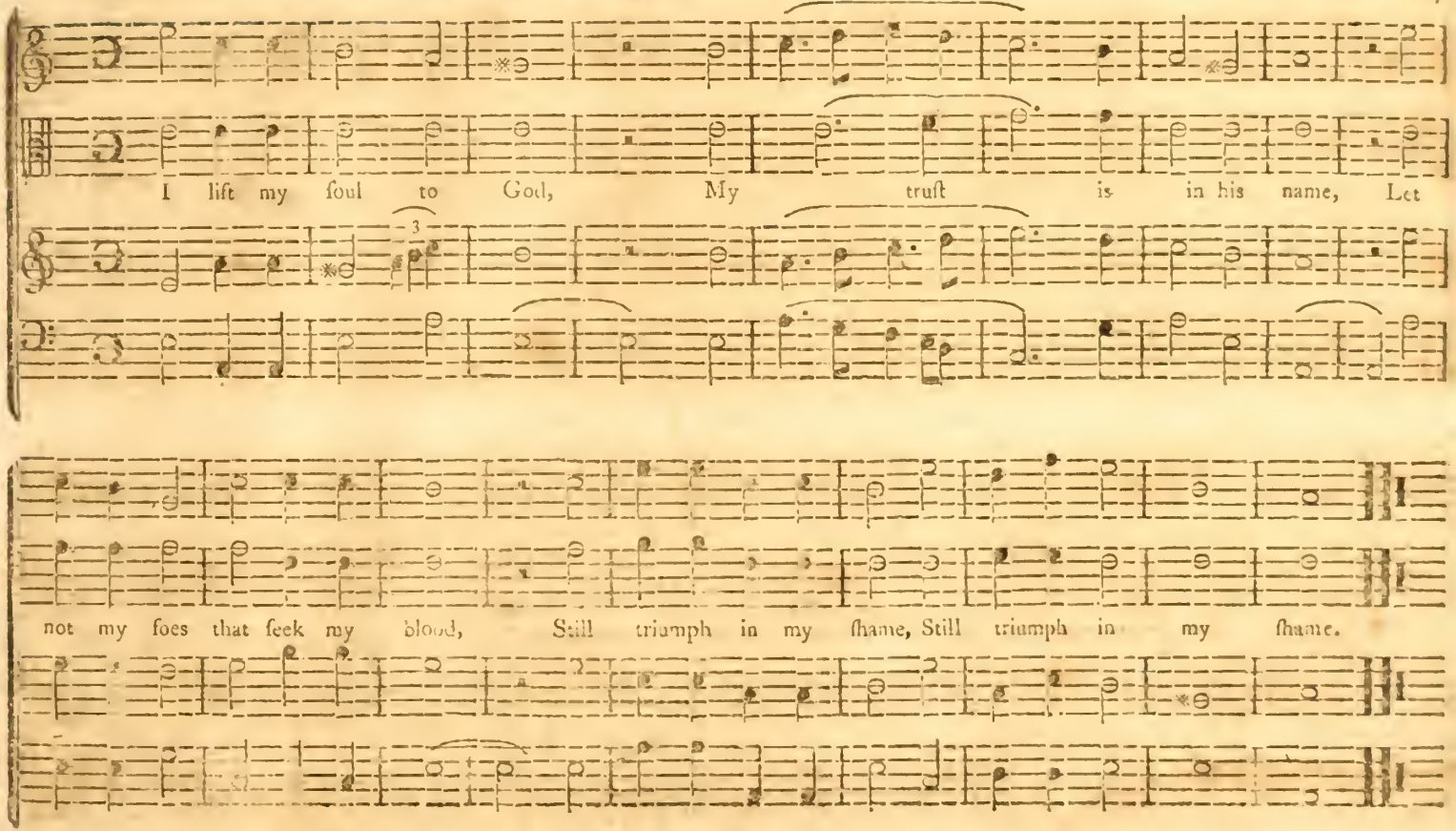

Sym.
Moderato.
Vivace.
Angels roll the rock away, Den of Death refign thy prey. See, the Saviour quits the tomb,
Pia.
For.
Sym. Pia
For. Spiritoso.
Glowing with immortal bloom, Glowing with immortal bloom.
Shout, shout ye seraphs; Gabriel, raise

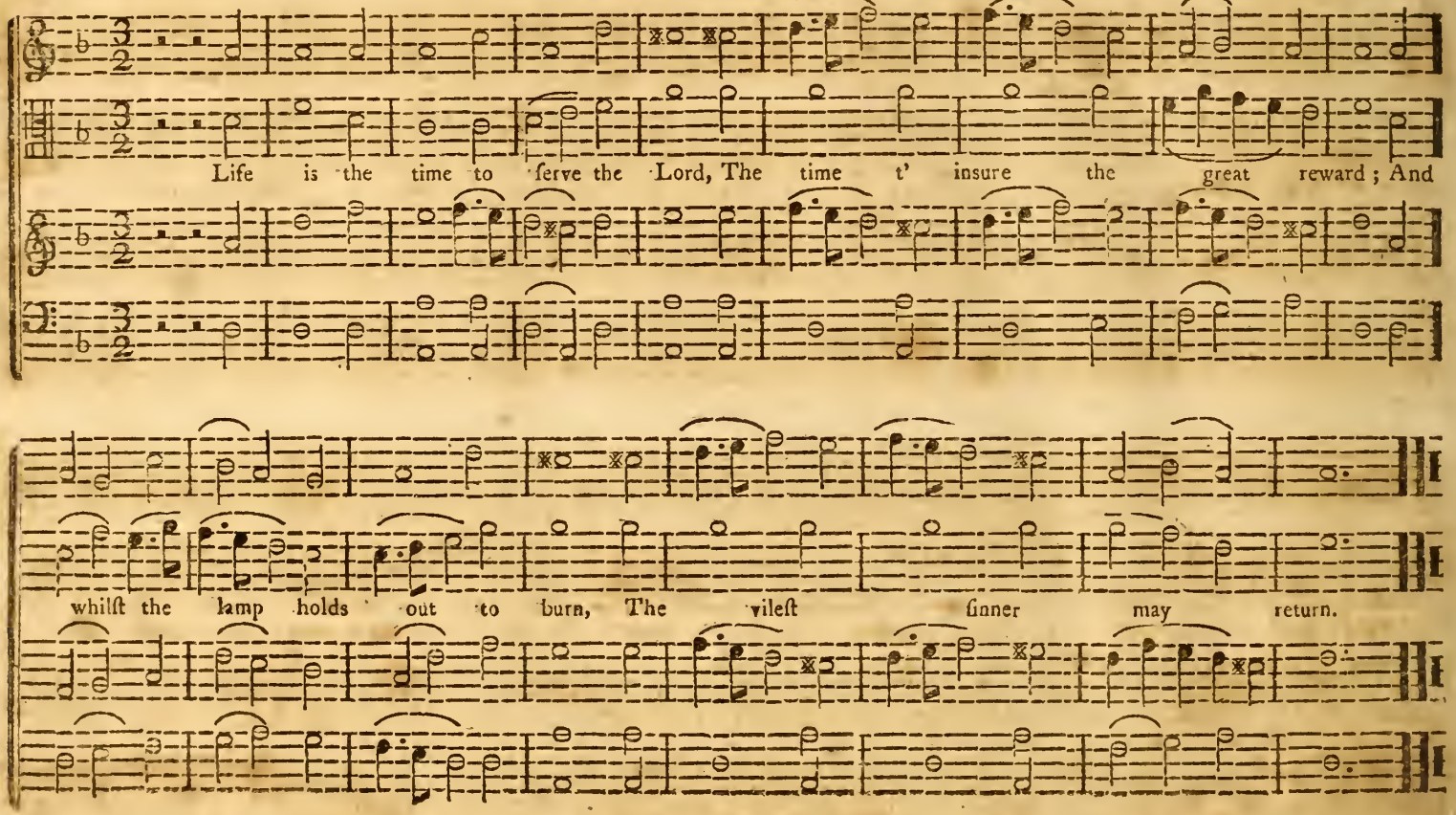

pia. pianiſſimo. For.
Fame's eternal trump of praiſe, Let the earth's remoteſt bound Echo, Echo to the bliſsful ſound.
Echo,
Echo.
Sym. pia. For. Pia. pia
Saints of God, lift up your eyes See the conq'rer ſcale the ſkies. Troops of angels on the road

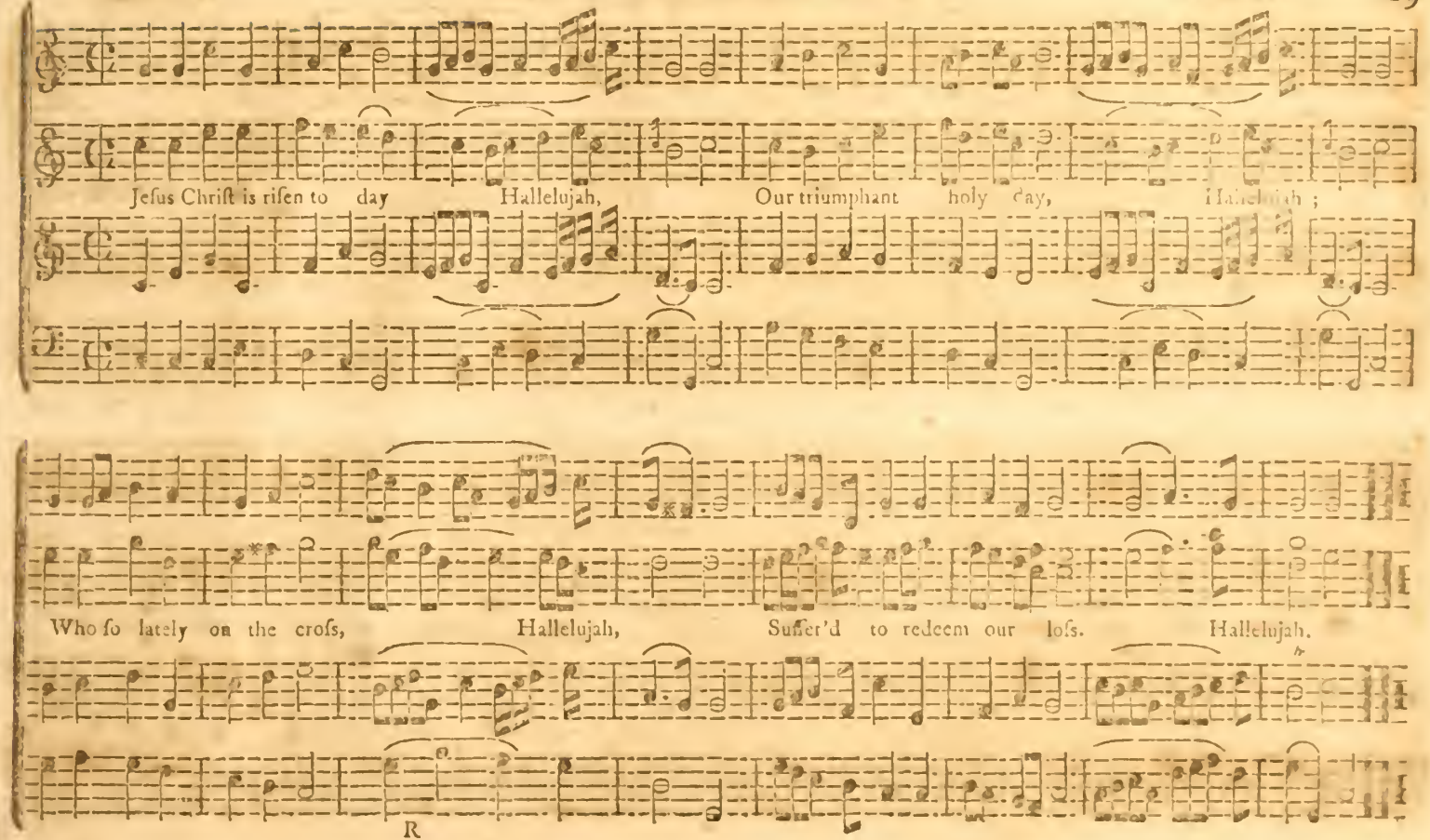

For.
Sym.
Mæſtoſo. Moderato.
Hail and ſing th' incarnate God.
Heav'n unfolds its portals wide,
Matchleſs hero, thro' them ride. Heav'n unfolds its portals wide,
Matchleſs hero, thro' them ride.
King of glory, mount thy throne,

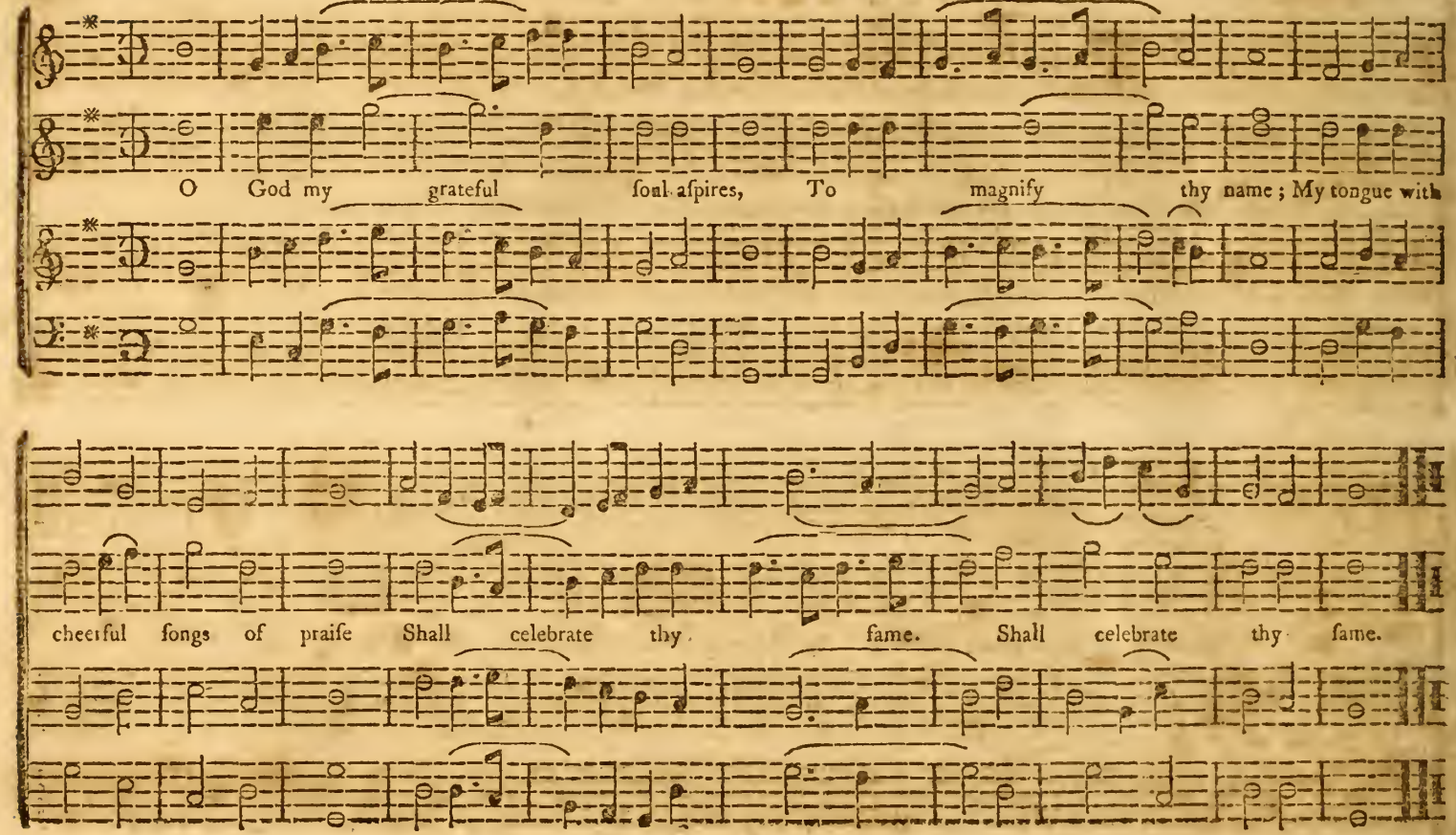

Moderate.
Boundleſs empire is thine own. King of glory, mount thy throne, Boundleſs empire is thine own. Hallelujah.
Creſcendo.
Hallelujah, Hallelujah, Hallelujah, Hallelujah, Amen. Amen. Amen.

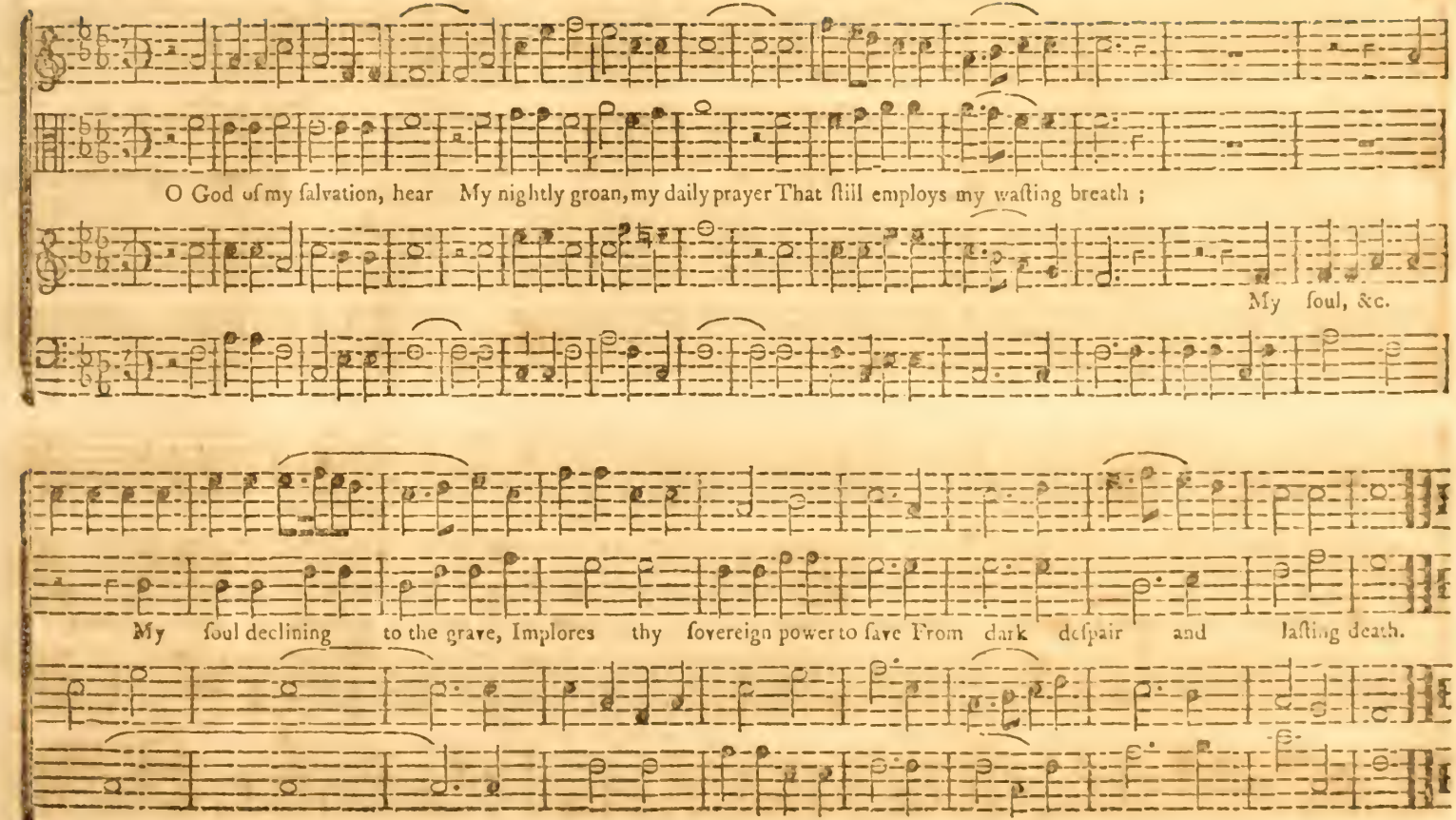

Behold the judge descends, his guards are nigh, Tempest and fire attend him down the sky ; Heaven, earth, & hell draw near, let all things come, To
hear his justice and the sinner's doom ; But gather first my saints, the Judge commands, Bring them, ye angels, from their distant lands.


I lift my ſoul to God, My truſt is in his name, Let
not my foes that ſeek my blood, Still triumph in my ſhame, Still triumph in my ſhame.

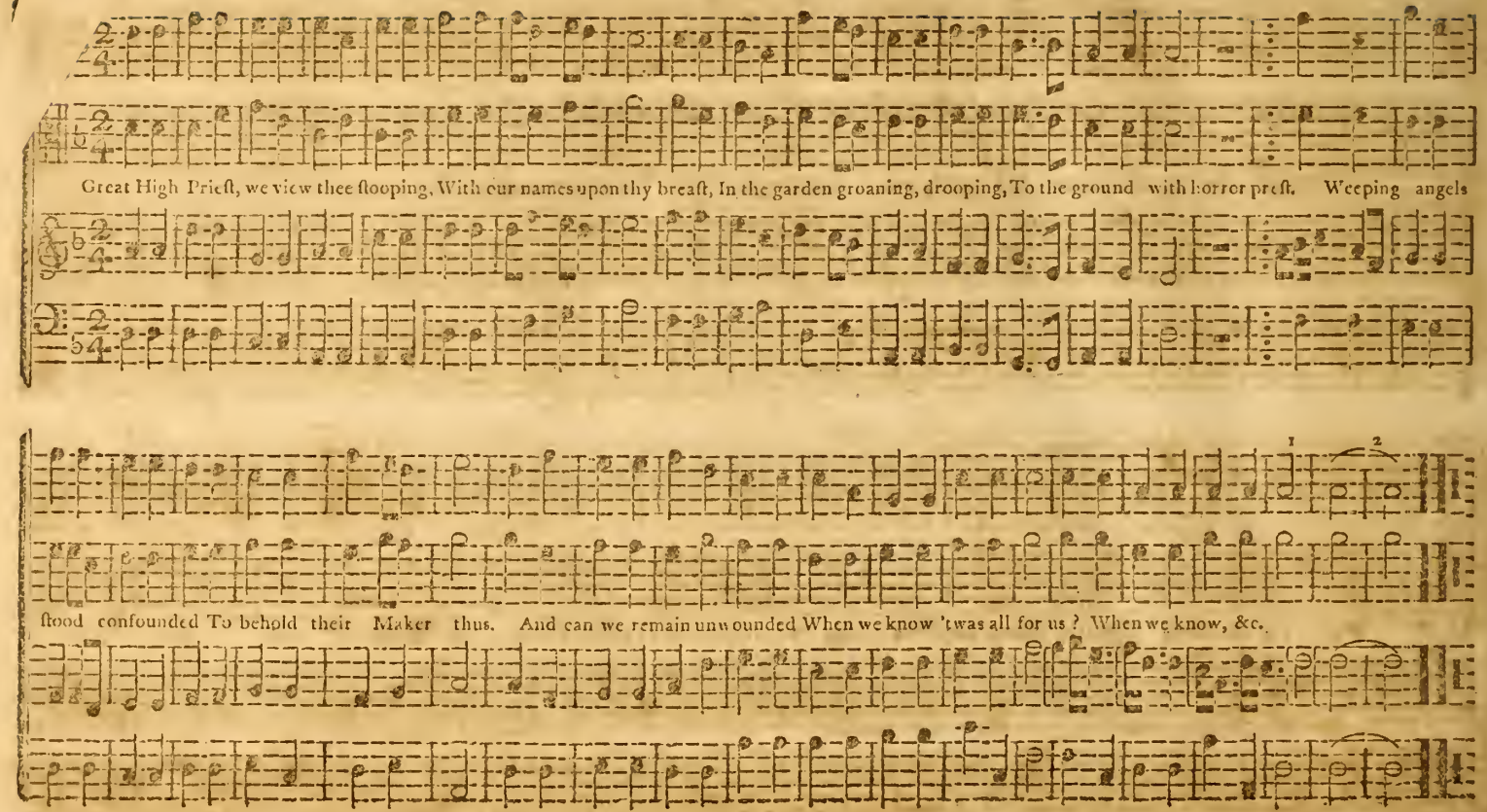

Life is the time to ſerve the Lord, The time t' inſure the great reward; And
whilſt the lamp holds out to burn, The vileſt ſinner may return.

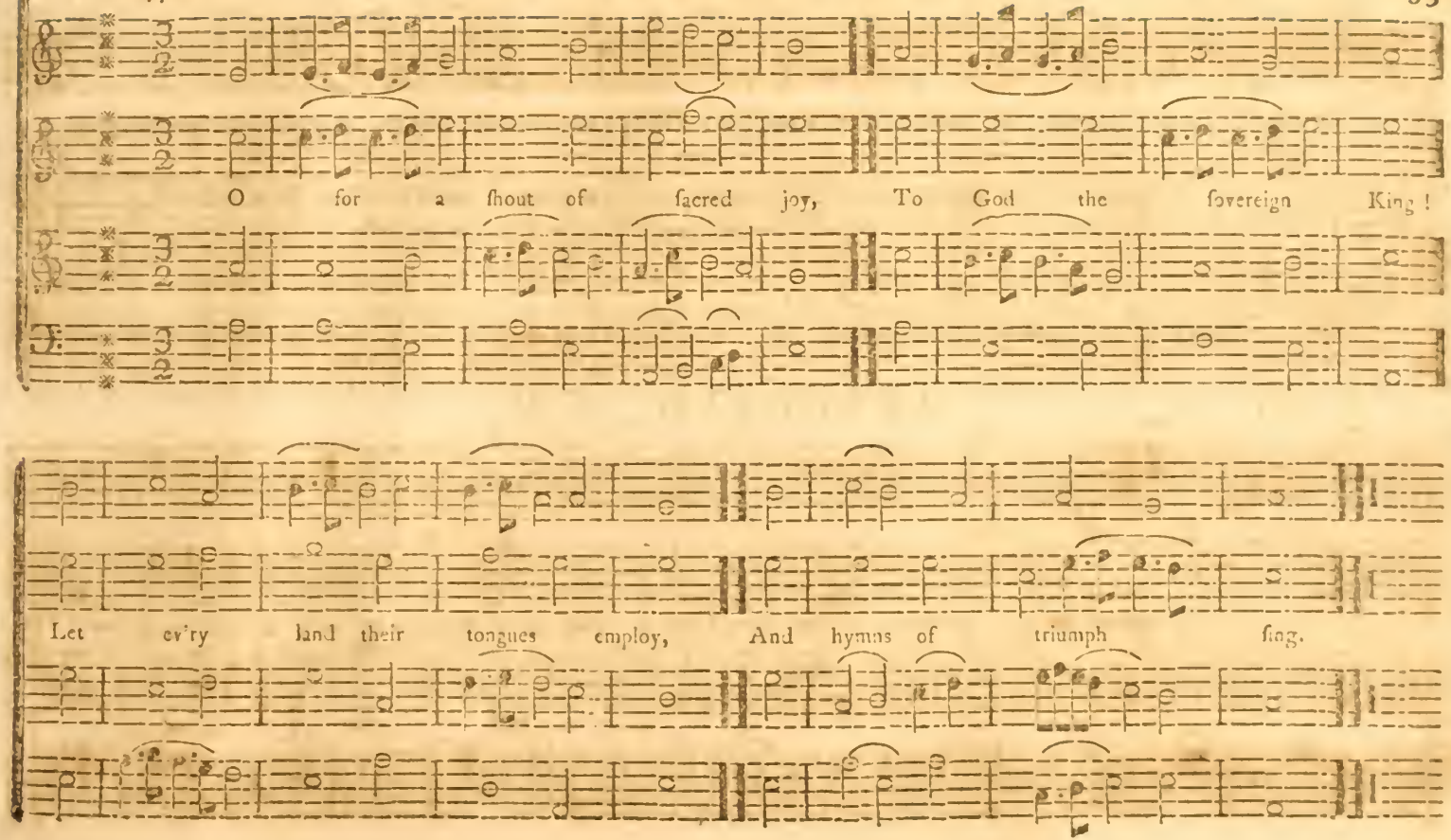

Jesus Christ is risen to day Hallelujah, Our triumphant holy day, Hallelujah;
Who so lately on the cross, Hallelujah, Suffer'd to redeem our loss. Hallelujah.


O God my grateful soul aspires, To magnify thy name; My tongue with
cheerful songs of praise Shall celebrate thy fame. Shall celebrate thy fame.

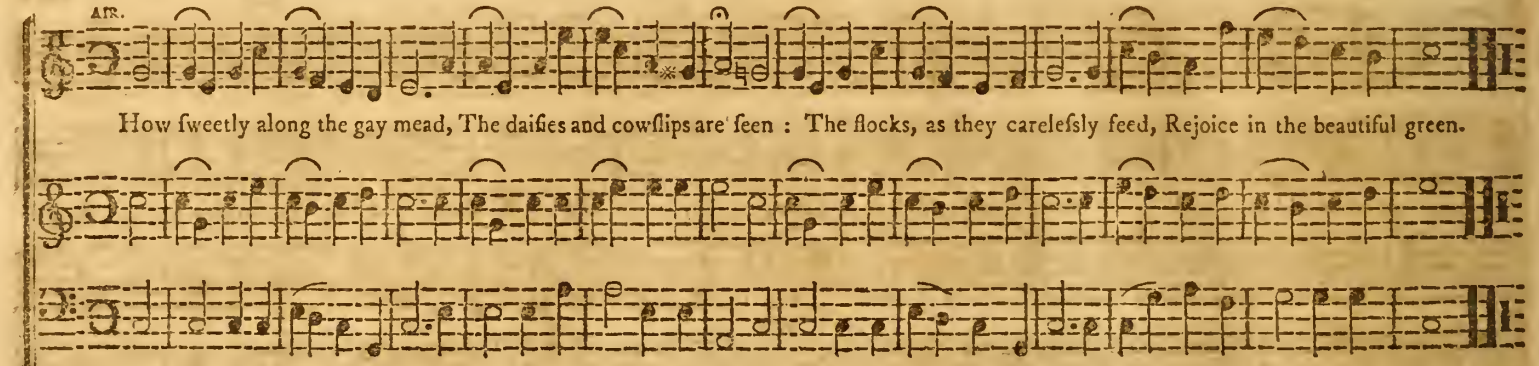

O God of my salvation, hear My nightly groan, my daily prayer That still employs my wasting breath ;
My soul, &c.
My soul declining to the grave, Implores thy sovereign power to save From dark despair and lasting death.

GETHSEMANE. P. M. Wood.



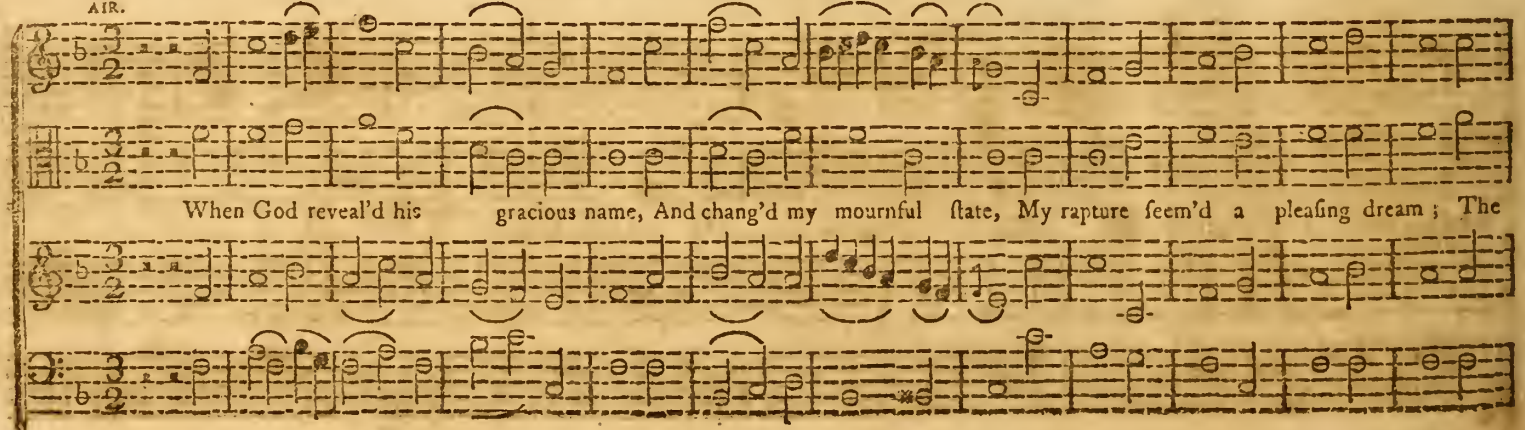

O for a ſhout of ſacred joy, To God the ſovereign King!
Let ev'ry land their tongues employ, And hymns of triumph ſing.

AIR.

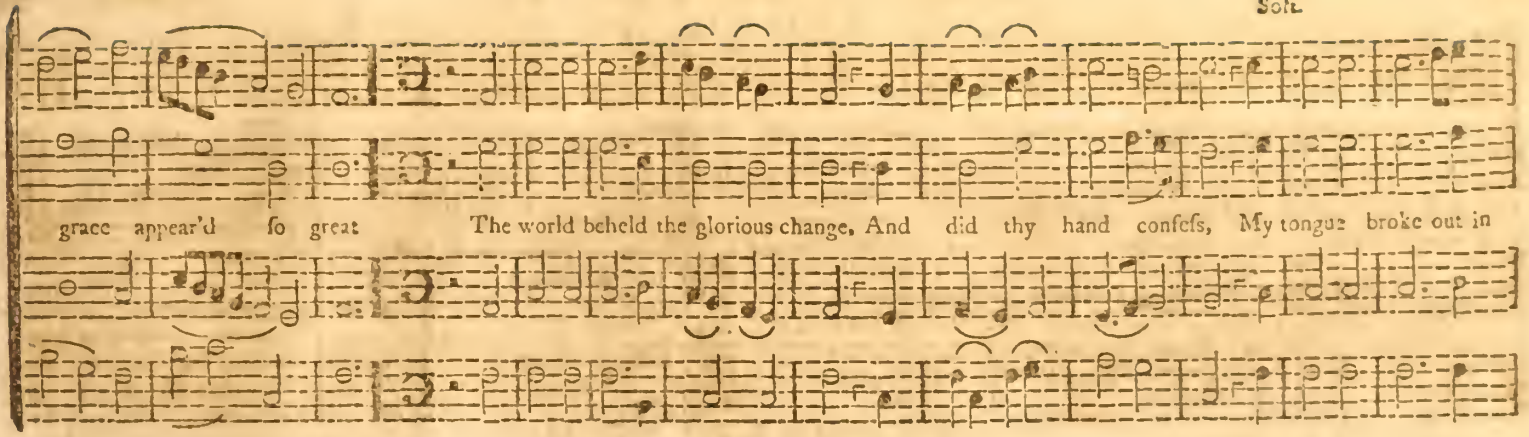


P. 118. ARCHDALE. C. M.

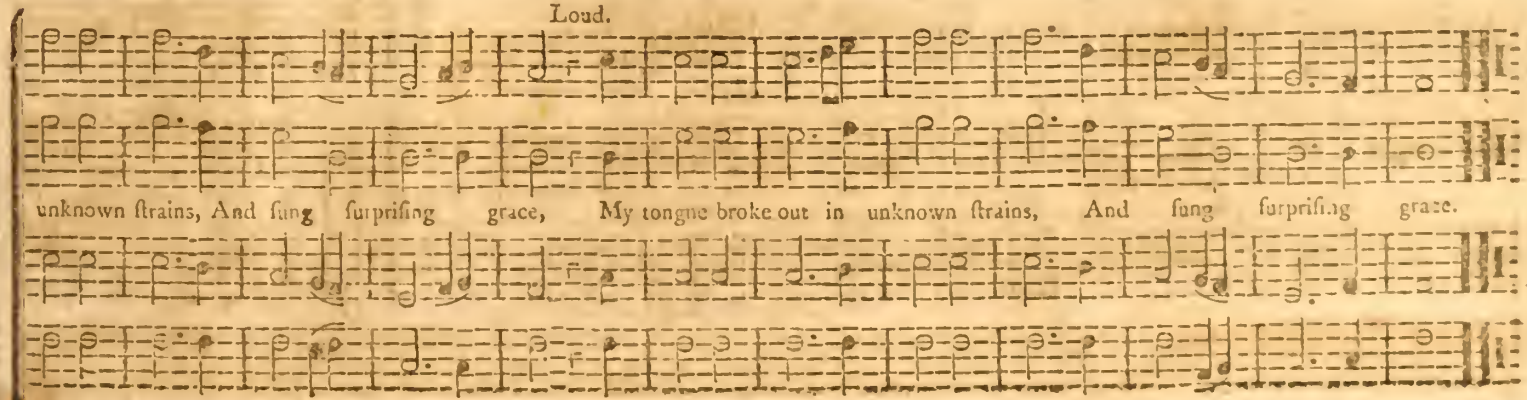
AIR.



Soft.


grace appear'd so great The world beheld the glorious change, And did thy hand confess, My tongue broke out in

Loud.


unknown strains, And sung surprising grace, My tongue broke out in unknown strains, And sung surprising grace.

INDEX.

AMHERST	H	M	67	Coronation	C	M	49	Lorrain	L	M	38	Putney	L	M	98	Tilden	L	M	46
All-Saints	L	M	80	Dalſton	P	M	22	Little Marlboro'	S	M	43	Pſalm 25th	S	M	127	Truro	L	M	60
Angel	L P	M	100	Dover	S	M	29	Majeſty	C	M	50	—— 34th	C	M	40	Vergennes	C	M	68
Archdale	C	M	134	Durham	C	M	90	Martin's Lane	L	M	11	—— 46th	L P	M	35	Walſall	P	M	73
Arnheim	L	M	16	Dunchurch	C	M	79	Mear	C	M	51	—— 58th	L P	M	42	Waterford	8 & 7		33
Ayleſbury	S	M	75	Eaſter Hymn	P	M	129	Middletown		7s	91	Renovation	S	M	12	Wantage	C	M	91
Auſpicious Morn	P	M	45	Emmaus	L	M	121	Morning Flower	L	M	105	Rickmanſworth	L	M	63	Wareham	C	M	36
Bangor	C	M	63	Enfield	C	M	25	Mortality	L	M	121	Richmond	L	M	76	Wells	L	M	24
Bath	L	M	77	Evening Hymn	C	M	78	Moulines	C	M	44	Savoy	C	M	133	Weymouth	H	M	62
Bethesda	H	M	32	Fairford	P	M	14	Mount Zion	P	M	10	School Street	8 & 7		34	Wickham	C	M	130
Beneficence		7s	69	Funeral Hymn	C	M	55	Newbury	C	M	118	Silver Street	S	M	17	Williamſburgh	L P	M	97
Brecknock	L	M	59	Funeral Thought	C	M	27	Newark	C	M	19	Sinai	L	M	95	Wincheſter	L	M	59
Brookfield	L	M	128	Georgia	C	M	16	Norfolk	S	M	82	Smyrna	C	M	56	Windham	L	M	71
Broomſgrove	C	M	80	Gethſemane	8 & 7		132	Norfolk	L	M	64	Southbury	H	M	93	Windſor	C	M	17
Buckingham	C	M	98	Germany		7s	61	Northampton	S	M	21	Stafford	S	M	65				
Burford	C	M	79	Habakkuk	L	M	118	Norwich	S	M	96	Sterling	S	M	18	ANTHEMS.			
Burlington	H	M	94	Hampton		8s	26	Old Brick	L P	M	131	Strong	S	M	88				
Canterbury	C	M	72	How Sweetly		8s	134	Old Hundred	L	M	37	St. Anne's	C	M	37	Champlain—Angels roll the rock away			122
Carthage	L	M	48	Humility	L P	M	99	Oporto	L	M	9	St. Helen's	L P	M	21	I heard a great voice			106
Caſtle Street	L	M	23	Iriſh	C	M	24	Oſnaburgh	L	M	60	St. Lawrence	H	M	20	I was glad			108
Chapel	P	M	15	Italy	L	M	28	Paris	L	M	72	St. Martin's	C	M	39	The Lord hath riſen indeed			101
Chriſtmas Hymn	L	M	74	Jordan	C	M	41	Pelham	S	M	72	St. Michael's	P	M	58	Vital ſpark of heavenly flame			83
Clark	P	M	92	Judgment		10s	126	Pentonville	S	M	61	St. Thomas	S	M	82	Where ſhall we go to ſeek and find			114
Colcheſter	C	M	90	Kew	P	M	52	Peckham	S	M	75	Submiſſion	C	M	54				
Complaint	L	M	57	Kingſbridge	L	M	120	Plymouth	C	M	78	Sutton	S	M	91				
Concord	S	M	71	Lancaſter		7s	13	Plympton	C	M	30	Suſſex	P	M	89				
Confidence	L	M	70	Lenox	H	M	66	Portugal	L	M	47	Sweet Surpriſe	C	M	13				